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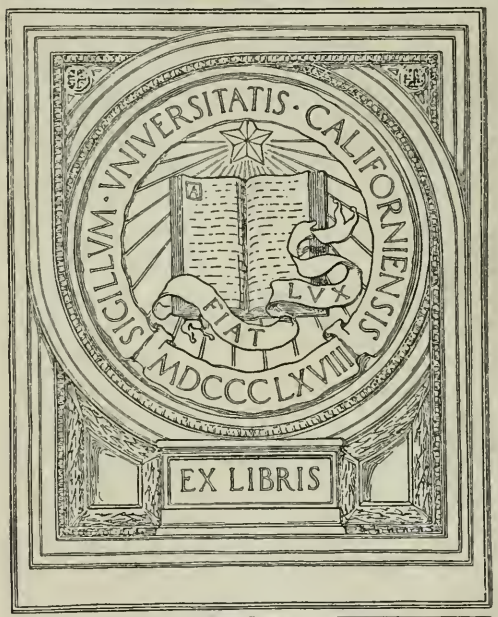

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EDITION DE LUXE

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William Shakespeare

HAMLET TESTS THE GUILT OF THE KING

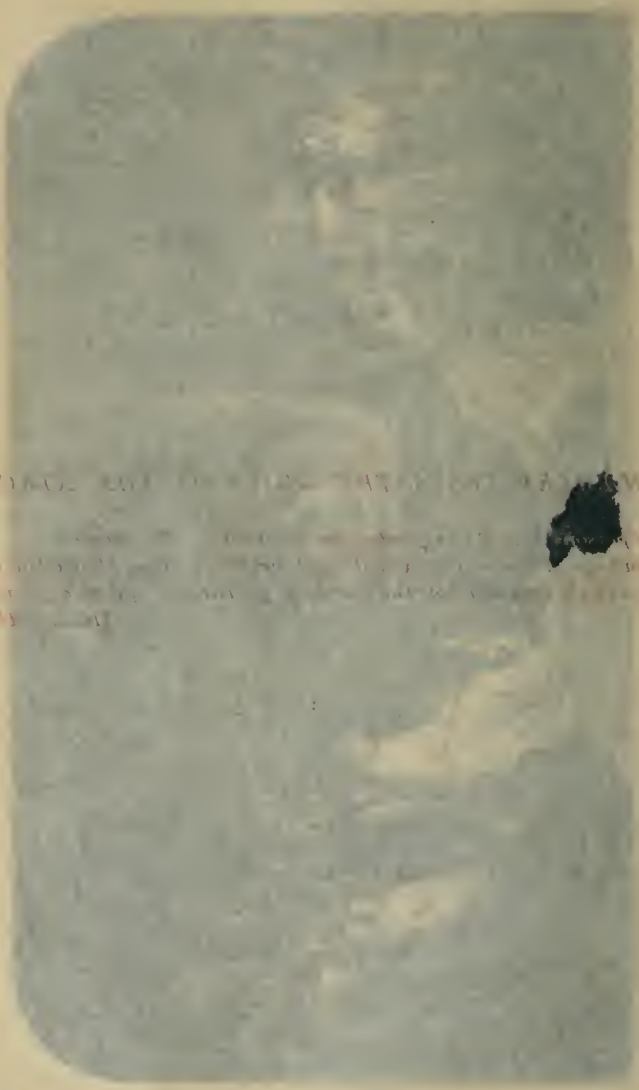
"He p[illegible] him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon how the murderer get the love of Gonzago's wife."

III. 2. HAMLET

28623

Henry V
As You Like It
Much Ado About Nothing
Hamlet

BIGELOW SMITH & COMPANY
NEW YORK



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With Prefaces, Introductions, Notes and Comments by Gollancz, Henry Norman Hudson, C. H. Herford and numerous other authorities embodying the final results of three centuries of Shakespearian Scholarship. :: :: ::

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME V

28623

Henry V
As You Like It
Much Ado About Nothing
Hamlet

BIGELOW, SMITH & COMPANY
NEW YORK

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A. B., A. M., M. D., L. L. D.
IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

EDITIONS

The earliest edition of *King Henry the Fifth* is a quarto published in 1600, with the following title:—

"The | Chronicle | History of Henry the Fifth | with his battell fought at *Agin Court* in | *France.* Together with *Auntient Pistoll.* | *As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right honorable* | *the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.* | London | Printed by *Thomas Creede,* for Tho. Milling | ton, and Iohn Busby. And are to be | sold at his house in Carter Lane, next | the Powle head. 1600. | "

This quarto was reprinted in 1602 and 1608.

In the First Folio the title of the play is *The Life of Henry the Fift.*[1]

The text of the quarto edition differs in many important respects from that of the folio; (i) it omits all the prologues and the epilogue; (ii) some five hundred lines besides are in no wise represented therein; (iii) the speeches of certain characters are transferred to other characters, so that the actors are fewer;[2] confusion in time-indications; (iv) corruptions, obscurities, and minor discrepancies abound.[3] The Quarto is obviously derived from an edition abridged for acting purposes, evidently an imperfect and

[1] Edited by W. G. Stone, *New Shak. Soc.,* 1880.

[2] Ely, Westmoreland, Bedford, Britany, Rambures, Erpingham, Grandpré, Macmorris, Jamy, Messenger, II. iv., and IV. ii., and the French Queen, have no speeches assigned to them in the Quarto.

[3] *Cp.* Henry V, *Parallel Texts,* ed. Nicholson, *with Introduction,* by P. A. Daniel; *New Shak. Soc.*

unauthorized version made up from shorthand notes taken at the theater, and afterwards amplified. The original of this abridged edition was in all probability the Folio text, more or less, as we know it. This view of the question is now generally accepted, and few scholars are inclined to maintain that "the original of the Quarto was an earlier one without choruses, and following the Chronicle historians much more closely." [1]

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

The reference to Essex in the Prologue to Act V (*vide* Note) shows that *Henry the Fifth* must have been acted between March 27 and September 28, 1599; [2] the play is not mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, though *Henry IV* is included in this list; the Epilogue to 2 *Henry IV* makes promise of *Henry V*, but "our humble author" has modified his original conception; [3] this change of plan is intimately connected with the composition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor;* the play is found in the Stationers' Register under August 4, 1600 (together with

[1] *Vide* Fleay, *Life and Work of Shakespeare*, p. 206. Besides thus differentiating the two editions, Mr. Fleay takes the scene with the Scotch and Irish captains (III. ii. l. 69 to the end of the scene) to be an insertion for the Court performance, Christmas, 1605, to please King James, who had been annoyed that year by depreciation of the Scots on the stage.

This scene is certainly a contrast to the anti-Scottish feeling in Act I. sc. ii. The late Richard Simpson made some interesting, though doubtful, observations on the political teaching of Henry V in a paper dealing with *The politics of Shakespeare's Historical Plays* (*New Shak. Soc.*, 1874).

[2] It is fair to assume that the choruses were written for the first performances, though Pope, Warburton, and others held that these were inserted at a later period; they must, however, have formed an integral portion of Shakespeare's original scheme; considerations of time may have necessitated their omission in the abridged acting edition.

[3] "Our humble author will continue the story, *with Sir John in it*, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat," etc.

As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing, and Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*), marked, "to be staied," though ten days afterwards it is again entered among the copies assigned to Thomas Pavyer; in the same year we have the publication of the Quarto edition; finally, the Globe Theater, built by Burbage in 1599, is somewhat emphatically referred to in the Prologue; all these considerations seem to fix with certainty the year 1599 as the date of this play.

THE SOURCES

The main authority for the history of *Henry V* was the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles*, published in 1587, though he departs occasionally from his original for the sake of dramatic effect. For two or three minor points Shakespeare was indebted to the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth* [1] (*e. g.*, a few touches in Act I, sc. ii; the episode of Pistol and the French soldier; the wooing scene, etc.).[2]

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of *Henry V* covers ten days, with intervals, embracing altogether a period of about six years, from the opening of the Parliament at Leicester, April 30, 1414, to Henry's betrothal to Katherine, May 20, 1420:—

1*st Chorus.* Prologue, "sets forth the claims of the dramatist on the imagination of the audience."

Day 1. Act I, sc. i and ii. Ante-chamber in the King's palace; the presence-chamber.

[1] *The Famous Victories* was licensed in 1594; in 1592 Nash, in *Pierce Pennilesse,* alludes to this or some other play on the same subject:—"What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner," etc.

[2] *Cp.* W. G. Stone's Introduction to *Henry the Fifth* (*New Shak. Soc.*); an exhaustive study of the historical aspect of the play; also, Courtenay's *Historical Plays of Shakespeare;* Warner's *English History in Shakespeare.*

2nd Chorus; "tells of the preparations for war; of the discovery of the plot against the king, who is set from London, and that the scene is to be transported to London." *Interval.*

Day 2. Act II, sc. i. London (? Eastcheap). *Interval.*

Day 3. Act II, sc. ii. Southampton; scene iii, London (Falstaff is dead). *Interval.*

Day 4. Act II, sc. iv. France, the King's Palace.

3rd Chorus; "tells of the King's departure from Hampton; his arrival at Harfleur, and of the return of his Ambassador with proposals." *Interval.*

Day 5. Act III, sc. i to iii. Before Harfleur. *Interval.* [Act III, sc. iv. *Interval*, following Day 4].

Day 6. Act III, sc. v. Rouen. *Interval.*

Day 7. Act III, sc. vi; [*Interval*] first part of scene vii; Blangy.

Day 8. Act III, sc. vii. (French camp near Agincourt.)

4th Chorus (*Interval*). Act IV, sc. i–viii (*with Intervals*); English camp.

5th Chorus; "tells of Henry's journey to England and of his reception by his people; then, with excuses for passing over time and history, brings his audience straight back again to France. The historic period thus passed over dates from October 1415 to Henry's betrothal to Katherine, May 1420." *Interval.*

Day 9. Act V, sc. ii; (perhaps, better, the last scene should reckon as the tenth day, *vide* W. G. Stone, p. ciii).

6th Chorus. Epilogue. (*cp.* Daniel's *Time Analysis; Trans. Shak. Soc.* 1877–79.)

In no other play has Shakespeare attempted so bold an experiment in the dramatization of war; nowhere else has

he made so emphatic an apology for disregarding the unities of time and place, nor put forth so clear a vindication of the rights of the imagination in the romantic drama; he seems, indeed, to point directly to Sidney's famous comment on the scenic poverty of the stage,[1]—"*Two armies flye in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field,*"—when his Chorus makes the mock avowal:—

> "O for pity;—we shall much disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt." [2]

The theme, as well as its treatment and the spirit which informs the whole, is essentially epic and lyrical rather than dramatic, and the words addressed by Ben Jonson to the arch-patriot among English poets, the poet of the *Ballad of Agincourt*, "his friend, Michael Drayton," [3] might more justly be applied to the patriot-dramatist of Agincourt:—

> "Look how we read the Spartans were inflamed
> With bold Tyrtæus' verse; when thou art named
> So shall our English youths urge on, and cry
> An Agincourt! an Agincourt! or die."

[1] *Cp. Apology for Poetry* (Arber's *Reprint*, pp. 63, 64).

[2] Prol. iv. 49–52.

[3] Ben Jonson's *Vision on the Muses of his Friend, Michael Drayton.* Jonson seems to have objected to Shakespeare's method in *Henry V. Cp.* Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour* (added to the play after 1601):—

> *"He rather prays, you will be pleased to see*
> *One such, to-day, as other plays should be;*
> *Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,"* &c.

Towards the end of his career, in his *Winter's Tale*, Shakespeare spoke again, in the person of the Chorus Time, in defense of his *"power to overthrow law and in one self-born hour to plant and o'erwhelm custom.*

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Life of Henry the Fifth, as it is called in the folio of 1623, was doubtless originally written in pursuance of the promise given out in the Epilogue of the preceding play: "Our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France." Both *The First and Second Parts of Henry IV* were probably written before February 25, 1598; and it is but reasonable to suppose that both parts were included in the mention of *Henry IV* by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, which was made that year. Henry V being so great a favorite with the English people, both historically and dramatically, it is natural to presume that the Poet would not long delay the fulfilling of his promise.

We have almost certain proof that *Henry V* was not originally written as it now stands. This play, along with two others of Shakespeare's and one of Ben Jonson's, was entered in the Stationers' Register, August 4, 1600; and that opposite the entry was an order "to be stayed." It was entered again on the 14th of the same month; and in the course of that year was issued a quarto pamphlet of twenty-seven leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "*The Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth, with his battle fought at Agincourt in France: Together with Ancient Pistol. As it hath been sundry times played by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. London: Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and John Busby: And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane. 1600.* The same text was reissued in 1602, and again in 1608, both issues being "printed for Thomas

Pavier." In none of these editions is the author's name given, and all of them appear to have been published without his sanction: the play, moreover, is but about half as long as we have it, all the Choruses being entirely wanting, as are also the whole of the first scene, more than half of the king's long speech to the conspirators in Act II, sc. ii, his speech before Harfleur, Act III, sc. i, his reflections on ceremony in Act IV, sc. i, and more than two-thirds of Burgundy's fine speech on peace in Act V, sc. i; besides more or less of enlargement and the marks of a careful finishing hand running through the whole play: all which appeared first in the folio of 1623.

That the quarto edition of *Henry V* was surreptitious, is on all hands allowed. But much controversy has been had, whether it was printed from a full and perfect copy of the play as first written, or from a mangled and mutilated copy, such as could be made up by unauthorized reporters. Many things might be urged on either side of this question; but as no certain conclusion seems likely to be reached, the discussion probably may as well be spared. Perhaps the most considerable argument for the former position is, that the quarto has in some cases several consecutive lines precisely as they stand in the folio; while again the folio has many long passages, and those among the best in the play, and even in the whole compass of the Poet's writings, of which the quarto yields no traces whatsoever. This, to be sure, is nowise decisive of the point, since, granting that some person or persons undertook to report the play as spoken, it is not impossible that he or they may have taken down some parts very carefully, and omitted others altogether. And the editors of the first folio tell us in their preface that there were "divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors, that expos'd them."

The only internal evidence as to the date of the writing occurs in the Chorus to Act V:

> "Were now the general of our gracious empress
> (As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,

> Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
> How many would the peaceful city quit,
> To welcome him!"

This passage undoubtedly refers to the Earl of Essex, who set forth on his expedition against the Irish rebels in the latter part of March, 1599, and returned September 28, the same year. Which makes it certain that this Chorus, and probable that the other Choruses were written before September 28, 1599. The most reasonable conclusion, then, seems to be, that the first draught of the play was made in 1598, pretty much as it has come down to us in the quarto editions; that the whole was carefully rewritten, greatly enlarged, and the Choruses added, during the absence of Essex, in the summer of 1599; and that a copy of the first draught was fraudulently obtained for the press, after it had been displaced on the stage by the enlarged and finished copy of the play, as we have it in the folio of 1623.

The historical matter of this drama was taken, as usual, from the pages of Holinshed; and a general outline thereof may be presented in a short space, leaving the particular obligations to appear in the form of notes.—Henry V came to the throne in March, 1413, being then at the age of twenty-six. The civil troubles that so much harassed his father's reign naturally started him upon the policy of busying his subjects' minds in foreign quarrels. And in his second parliament a proposition was made, and met with great favor, to convert a large amount of church property to the uses of the state; which put the clergy upon adding the weighty arguments of their means and counsel in furtherance of the same policy. In effect the king was easily persuaded that the Salique law had no right to bar him from the throne of France; and ambassadors were sent over to demand the French crown and all its dependencies: the king offering, withal, to take the Princess Katharine in marriage, and endow her with a part of the possessions claimed; and at the same time threatening that, if this were refused, "he would recover his right and inheritance with

mortal war, and dint of sword." An embassy being soon after received from France, the same demand was renewed, and peremptorily insisted on. The French king being then incapable of rule, the government was in the hands of the Dauphin, who having seen fit to play off some merry taunts on the English monarch, the latter dismissed his ambassadors with the following speech: "I little esteem your French brags, and less set by your power and strength: I know perfectly my right, which you usurp, as yourselves also do, except you deny the apparent truth. The power of your master you see; mine you have not yet tasted. If he have loving subjects, I am not unstored of the same; and before a year pass I trust to make the highest crown of your country stoop. In the mean time, tell your master that within three months I will enter France as my own true and lawful patrimony, meaning to acquire the same, not with brag of words, but with deeds of men. Further matter I impart not to you at present, save that with warrant you may depart safely to your country, where I trust sooner to visit you than you shall have cause to bid me welcome."

This took place in June, 1415, and before the end of July the king's preparations were complete, and his army assembled at Southampton; and as he was just on the eve of embarking he got intelligence of a conspiracy against his life by the earl of Cambridge, the lord Scroop of Marsham, and Sir Thomas Grey; who being soon convicted in due course and form of law, and executed, the king set forth with a fleet of fifteen hundred sail, carrying six thousand men-at-arms, and twenty-four thousand archers, and landed at Harfleur August 15. By September 22 the town was brought to an unconditional surrender, and put under the keeping of an English garrison. The English army was now reduced to about half its original numbers; nevertheless, the king, having first sent a personal challenge to the Dauphin, to which no answer was returned, took the bold resolution of marching on through several hostile provinces to Calais. After a slow and toilsome march,

during which they suffered much from famine and hostile attacks, the English army came, on October 24, within sight of Agincourt, where the French were strongly posted in such sort that Henry must needs either surrender or else cut his way through them. The French army has been commonly set down as not less than a hundred thousand; and they, never once doubting that the field would be theirs, spent the following night in revelry and debate, and in fixing the ransom of King Henry and his nobles. The night being cold, dark, and rainy, numerous fires were kindled in both camps; and the English, worn out with labor, want, and sickness, passed the hours in anxious preparation, making their wills and saying their prayers, and hearing every now and then peals of laughter and merriment from the French lines. During most of the night the king was moving about among his men, scattering words of comfort and hope in their ears, and arranging the order of battle, and before sunrise had them called to matins, and from prayer led them into the field. From the confident bearing of the French, it was supposed that they would hasten to begin the fight, and the purpose of the English was to wait for the attack; but when it was found that the French kept within their lines, the king gave order to advance upon them, and Sir Thomas Erpingham immediately made the signal of onset by throwing his warder into the air. The battle was kept up with the utmost fury for three hours, and resulted in the death of ten thousand Frenchmen, of whom a hundred and twenty-six were princes and nobles bearing banners, eight thousand and four hundred were knights, esquires, and gentlemen, five hundred of whom had been knighted the day before, and sixteen were mercenaries. Some report that not above twenty-five of the English were slain; but others affirm the number to have been not less than five or six hundred.

The news of this victory caused infinite rejoicing in England, and the king soon hastened over to receive the congratulations of his people. When he arrived at Dover, the crowd plunged into the waves to meet him, and carried

him in their arms from the vessel to the beach: all the way to London was one triumphal procession: lords, commons, clergy, mayor, aldermen, and citizens flocked forth to welcome him: pageants were set up in the streets, wine ran in the conduits, bands of children sang his praise; and, in short, the whole population were in a perfect ecstasy of joy.

During his stay in England, the king was visited by several great personages, and among others by the Emperor Sigismund, who came to mediate a peace between him and France, and was entertained with great magnificence, but his mission effected nothing to the purpose. After divers attempts at a settlement by negotiation, the king renewed the war in 1417, and in August landed in Normandy, with an army of sixteen thousand men-at-arms, and about the same number of archers. From this time he had an almost uninterrupted career of conquest till the spring of 1420, when all his demands were granted, and himself publicly affianced to the Princess Katharine.

From this sketch it may well be gathered that the subject was not altogether fitted for dramatic representation, as it gave little scope for those developments of character and passion, wherein the interest of the serious drama mainly consists. And perhaps it was a sense of this defect that led the Poet, upon the revisal, to pour through the work so large a measure of the lyrical element, thus penetrating and filling the whole with the efficacy of a great national song of triumph. Hence comes it that the play is so thoroughly charged with the spirit and poetry of a sort of jubilant patriotism, of which the king himself is probably the most eloquent impersonation ever delineated. Viewed in this light, the play, however inferior to many others in dramatic effect, is as perfect in its kind as any thing the Poet has given us. And it has a peculiar value as indicating what Shakespeare might have done in other forms of poetry, had he been so minded; the Choruses in general, and especially that to Act IV, being unrivaled in epic spirit, clearness, and force.—Of course the piece has

its unity in the hero, who is never for a moment out of our feelings: even when he is most absent or unseen, the thought and expression still relish of him, and refer us at once to his character as the inspirer and quickener thereof; and the most prosaic parts are transfigured and glorified into poetry with a certain grace and effluence from him.

It is quite remarkable, that for some cause or other the Poet did not make good his promise touching Falstaff. Sir John does not once appear in the play. Perhaps any speculation as to the probable reason of this were more curious than profitable; but we must needs think that when the Poet went to planning the drama he saw the impracticability of making any thing more out of him. Sir John's dramatic office and mission were clearly at an end, when his connection with Prince Henry was broken off; the purpose of the character being to explain the unruly and riotous courses of the prince. Besides, he must needs have had so much of manhood in him as to love the prince, else he had been too bad a man for the prince to be with; and how might his powers of making sport be supposed to survive the shock of being thus discarded by the only person on earth whom he had the virtue to love? To have reproduced him with his wits shattered, had been injustice to him; to have reproduced him with his wits sound and in good repair, had been unjust to the prince.

Falstaff repenting and reforming was indeed a much better man; but then in that capacity he was not for us. So that Shakespeare did well, no doubt, to keep him in retirement where, though his once matchless powers no longer give us pleasure, yet the report of his sufferings gently touches our pity, and recovers him to the breath of our human sympathies. To our sense, therefore, of the matter, the Poet has here drawn the best lesson from him that the subject might yield. We have already seen that Falstaff's character grows worse and worse up to the close of the preceding play; and it is to be noted how in all that happens to him the being cast off by the prince at last is

the only thing that really hurts his feelings. And as this is the only thing that hurts him, so it is the only one that does him any good; for he is strangely inaccessible to inward suffering, and yet nothing but this can make him better. His abuse of Shallow's hospitality is exceedingly detestable, and argues that hardening of all within, which tells far more against a man than almost any amount of mere sensuality. And yet when at last the hostess tells us "the king has kill'd his heart," what a volume of redeeming matter is suggested concerning him! We then for the first time begin to respect him as a man, because we see that he has a heart as well as a brain, and that it is through his heart that grief is let in upon him, and death gets the mastery of him. And indeed the very absence of any signs of tenderness in all the rest of his course rather favors the notion of there being a secret reserve of it laid up somewhere in him. And notwithstanding they do not respect him, and can at best but stand amazed and bewildered at his overpowering freshets of humor, it is still observable that those who see much of him get strongly atttached to him; as if they had a sort of blind instinct that beneath all his overgrowth of sin there were yet some stirrings of truth and good; that the seeds of virtue, though dormant, were still alive within him. This, as hath elsewhere appeared, is especially the case with that strangely-interesting creature, the hostess; and now we can scarce choose but think better of both Falstaff and Bardolph, when, the former having died, and a question having risen as to where he has gone, the latter says,—"Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is." In Mrs. Quickly's account of his last moments there is a pathos to which we know of nothing similar, and which is as touching as it is peculiar. His character having a tone so original, and a ring so firm and clear, it was but natural that upon his departure he should leave some audible vibrations in the air behind him. The last of these dies away on the ear some while after, when the learned Welchman, Fluellen, uses him to point a

moral; and this reference, so queerly characteristic, is abundantly grateful, as serving to start up a swarm of laughing memories.

The best general criticism on this play is furnished by Schlegel. "King Henry the Fifth," says he, "is manifestly Shakespeare's favorite hero in English history: he paints him as endowed with every chivalrous and kingly virtue; open, sincere, affable, yet, as a sort of reminiscence of his youth, still disposed to innocent raillery, in the intervals between his perilous but glorious achievements. However, to represent on the stage his whole history after coming to the throne, was attended with great difficulty. The conquests in France were the only distinguished events of his reign; and war is an epic rather than a dramatic object: to yield the right interest for the stage, it must be the means whereby something else is accomplished, and not the last aim and substance of the whole. With great insight into the essence of his art, Shakespeare either allows us to anticipate the result of a war from the qualities of the general, and their influence on the minds of the soldiers; or else he exhibits the issue in the light of a higher volition, the consciousness of a just cause and a reliance on the Divine protection giving courage to one party, while the presage of a curse hanging over their undertaking weighs down the other. In *King Henry V*, as no opportunity was afforded of taking the latter course, the Poet has skillfully availed himself of the former.—Before the battle of Agincourt, he paints in the most lively colors the light-minded impatience of the French leaders for the moment of battle, which to them seemed infallibly the moment of victory; on the other hand, he paints the uneasiness of the English king and his army, from their desperate situation, coupled with the firm determination, if they are to fall, at least to fall with honor. He applies this as a general contrast between the French and English national characters; a contrast which betrays a partiality for his own nation, certainly excusable in a poet, especially when he is backed with such a glorious document as that of the memorable battle

in question. He has surrounded the general events of the war with a fullness of individual, characteristic, and even sometimes comic features. A heavy Scotchman, a hot Irishman, a well-meaning, honorable, pedantic Welchman, all speaking in their peculiar dialects, are intended to show that the warlike genius of Henry did not merely carry the English with him, but also the natives of the two islands, who were either not yet fully united or in no degree subject to him. Several good-for-nothing associates of Falstaff among the dregs of the army either afford an opportunity for proving Henry's strictness of discipline, or are sent home in disgrace. But all this variety still seemed to the Poet insufficient to animate a play of which the subject was a conquest, and nothing but a conquest. He has therefore tacked a prologue (in the technical language of that day *a chorus*) to the beginning of each act. These prologues, which unite epic pomp and solemnity with lyrical sublimity, and among which the description of the two camps before the battle of Agincourt forms a most admirable night piece, are intended to keep the spectators constantly in mind that the peculiar grandeur of the actions there described cannot be developed on a narrow stage; and that they must supply the deficiencies of the representation from their own imaginations. As the subject was not properly dramatic, in the form also Shakespeare chose rather to wander beyond the bounds of the species, and to sing as a poetic herald what he could not represent to the eye, than to cripple the progress of the action by putting long speeches in the mouths of the persons of the drama.

"However much Shakespeare celebrates the French conquest of King Henry, still he has not omitted to hint, after his way, the secret springs of this undertaking. Henry was in want of foreign wars to secure himself on the throne; the clergy also wished to keep him employed abroad, and made an offer of rich contributions to prevent the passing of a law which would have deprived them of half their revenues. His learned bishops are consequently as ready

to prove to him his undisputed right to the crown of France, as he is to allow his conscience to be tranquillized by them. They prove that the Salique law is not, and never was, applicable to France; and the matter is treated in a more succinct and convincing manner than such subjects usually are in manifestoes. After his renowned battles Henry wished to secure his conquests by marriage with a French princess; all that has reference to this is intended for irony in the play. The fruit of this union, from which two nations promised to themselves such happiness in future, was that very feeble Henry the Sixth, under whom every thing was so miserably lost. It must not therefore be imagined that it was without the knowledge and will of the Poet that an heroic drama turns out a comedy in his hands; and ends, in the manner of comedy, with a marriage of convenience."

Campbell, also, has some sentences in his usual happy style upon this play, wherein he justly trips one of Schlegel's unlucky epithets. "In Shakespeare's *Henry V*," says he, "there is no want of spirited action and striking personages; but I cannot quite agree with Schlegel as to the nice discrimination which he discovers in the portraiture of Irish, Scotch, and Welch character among the brave captains of Henry's camp. Schlegel calls captain Jamy 'a heavy Scotchman'; but why should he call my countryman *heavy?* Fluellen says that 'captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the aunchiant wars. He will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.' Here is only proof that Jamy was argumentative, as most Scotsmen are, and imbued with some learning, but not that he was heavy: he is not a cloddish, but a fiery spirit.

"The brave officers of Henry's army are, however, finely contrasted with the scum of England,—Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol. As to poor Falstaff, the description of his death in the play affects us with emotions that are not profoundly serious, and yet one cannot help saying, as

Prince Henry says on the belief of his feigned death. 'I could have better spar'd a better man.' The multiplicity of battles in *Henry V* is a drawback on its value as an acting play; for battles are awkward things upon the stage. We forget this objection, however, in the reading of the play. It has noble passages. And amongst these, the description of the night before the battle of Agincourt will be repeated by the youth of England when our children's children shall be gray with age. It was said of Æschylus, that he composed his *Seven Chiefs against Thebes* under the inspiration of Mars himself. If Shakespeare's *Henry V* had been written for the Greeks, they would have paid him the same compliment."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

HENRY V

Henry V is, in all essentials, Prince Hal grown to maturity and seated on a throne. The abandonment of the looser habits of his youth, which had been in progress during *Henry IV*, Part II, has now been completed. The Archbishop of Canterbury shows some lack of insight when he declares of the King, after his father's death:

> "Never was such a sudden scholar made;
> Never came reformation in a flood,
> With such a heady currance, scouring faults."

His brother of Ely is more penetrating when he compares Henry to the strawberry that grows underneath the nettle: "so the prince obscured his contemplation under the veil of wildness." But if Henry has shaken off his youthful follies, he has retained his faculty for adapting himself to all sorts and conditions of men. As in Eastcheap he had caught the very spirit of ale-house freemasonry, so in his altered sphere he excites the wonder of all hearers by discoursing upon divinity, war, and statecraft, as if each had been his peculiar and lifelong interest. The charm that had formerly been felt by roistering "Corinthians" is now exercised over grave prelates, who vote him an unprecedently large subsidy for an expedition against France. In entering upon this foreign quarrel Henry is carrying out his father's death-bed counsel, but from the first he shows that his policy is to be swayed, not by Machiavellian canons of self-interest, but by principles of equity. Henry's moral integrity deepens, after his coronation, into pro-

found religious feeling, while his modesty takes the form of humble dependence upon God, whose name is henceforth constantly upon his lips. Thus, before waking the sleeping sword of war, he asks the Archbishop of Canterbury whether he may, "with right and conscience," make the claim to the French throne, handed down from his heroic ancestors, the two Edwards. The Archbishop's lengthy exposition of the Salic law may neither satisfy the strict requirements of poetry nor of accurate historical jurisprudence, but it is sufficient to convince Henry of the justice of his cause.—Boas, *Shakespere and his Predecessors.*

Henry V completes the evolution of the royal butterfly from the larva and chrysalis stages of the earlier plays. Henry is at once the monarch who always thinks royally, and never forgets his pride as the representative of the English people; the man with no pose or arrogance, who bears himself simply, talks modestly, acts energetically, and thinks piously; the soldier who endures privations like the meanest of his followers, is downright in his jesting and his wooing, and enforces discipline with uncompromising strictness, even as against his own old comrades; and finally, the citizen who is accessible alike to small and great, and in whom the youthful frolicsomeness of earlier days has become the humorist's relish for a practical joke, like that which he plays off upon Williams and Fluellen. Shakespeare shows him, like a military Haroun Al Raschid, seeking personally to insinuate himself into the thoughts and feelings of his followers; and—what is very unlike him—he manifests no disapproval where the King sinks far below the ideal, as when he orders the frightful massacre of all the French prisoners taken at Agincourt. Shakespeare tries to pass the deed off as a measure of necessity.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

In Harry the Fifth, as king regnant, we still trace some of the limitation of mind that we noticed in the companion of Falstaff; the active energies are more powerful in him

than the reflective; engrossed by a pursuit or a passion, his whole nature is promptly coöperant in furtherance of it, but he can never, even for a moment, so far disengage himself from it as to take any other point of view. In his night talk with the soldiers the limitations of minds, sophisticated by station and unsophisticated, mutually define each other. Private Williams and private John Bates have a clear and honest sense of royal responsibility; their own duty is to obey and to fight bravely, but it is for the king to look to the justice of the cause and be answerable for it—and answerable, moreover, for some unrepented sins of those whom a false quarrel may bring to death prematurely and in ill blood;—a clear principle enough and palpable to plain sense, and, in fact, the very touchstone of the moral position of Henry in the action of the play. His reply at the moment, and his soliloquy after, are sufficiently in harmony to evince the sincerity of his reply, and thus to prove that he is as unconsciously blind when he answers with plausible detail a different question to that which is proposed, as the questioners who accept his conclusions and leave satisfied. With lucid expositions he proves that if a sinful servant miscarry on a lawful errand, the imputation of his wickedness cannot justly lie on the master who so dispatched him, whereas the hypothesis laid out that the errand was unlawful, and made no question of the servant not answering for himself, but of his damnation aggravating that of his master, not being transferred to him. The soldiers are not acute enough to check this logic, and freely admit the new case stated. Williams, however, has still a genuine English jealousy of royal sincerity, and the renewed difference leads to the challenge. The king left alone reverts to the earlier discussion, and a careless reader, interpreting by his own impulses, too often assumes in the opening reflections, that suddenly alone, the awful sense of regal responsibility rushes upon his mind and finds his feeling conscience. No such thing; in mingling indignation and discontent he reflects on the ingratitude of the subject, commiserates the hardship of his own, the royal lot,

runs through the evils of the station with which dignity is coupled, and then contrasting, as his father had done before him, the superior happiness and ease of the lowly, he slides insensibly into such a description with such epithets, of a state of existence divided between toil and mere insensibility, as convicts his complaints of self-imposing affectation at last.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

It is clear and unquestionable that King Henry V is Shakspere's ideal of the *practical* heroic character. He is the king who will not fail. He will not fail as the saintly Henry VI failed, nor as Richard II failed, a hectic, self-indulgent nature, a mockery king of pageantry, and sentiment, and rhetoric; nor will he only partially succeed by prudential devices, and stratagems, and crimes, like his father, "great Bolingbroke." The success of Henry V will be sound throughout, and it will be complete. With his glorious practical virtues, his courage, his integrity, his unfaltering justice, his hearty English warmth, his modesty, his love of plainness rather than of pageantry, his joyous temper, his business-like English piety, Henry is indeed the ideal of the king who must attain a success complete, and thoroughly real and sound.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

Henry V is a very favorite monarch with the English nation, and he appears to have been also a favorite with Shakespear, who labors hard to apologize for the actions of the king, by showing us the character of the man, as "the king of good fellows." He scarcely deserves this honor. He was fond of war and low company:—we know little else of him. He was careless, dissolute, and ambitious;—idle, or doing mischief. In private, he seemed to have no idea of the common decencies of life, which he subjected to a kind of regal licence; in public affairs, he seemed to have no idea of any rule of right or wrong, but brute force, glossed over with a little religious hypocrisy and archiepiscopal advice. His principles did not change

with his situation and professions. His adventure on Gadshill was a prelude to the affair of Agincourt, only a bloodless one; Falstaff was a puny prompter of violence and outrage, compared with the pious and politic Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave the king *carte blanche*, in a genealogical tree of his family, to rob and murder in circles of latitude and longitude abroad—to save the possessions of the church at home. This appears in the speeches in Shakespear, where the hidden motives that actuate princes and their advisers in war and policy are better laid open than in speeches from the throne or woolsack. Henry, because he did not know how to govern his own kingdom, determined to make war upon his neighbors. Because his own title to the crown was doubtful, he laid claim to that of France. Because he did not know how to exercise the enormous power, which had just dropped into his hands, to any one good purpose, he immediately undertook (a cheap and obvious resource of sovereignty) to do all the mischief he could. Even if absolute monarchs had the wit to find out objects of laudable ambition, they could only "plume up their wills" in adhering to the more sacred formula of the royal prerogative, "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," because will is only then triumphant when it is opposed to the will of others, because the pride of power is only then shown, not when it consults the rights and interests of others, but when it insults and tramples on all justice and all humanity. Henry declares his resolution "when France is his, to bend it to his awe, or break it all to pieces"—a resolution worthy of a conqueror, to destroy all that he cannot enslave; and what adds to the joke, he lays all the blame of the consequences of his ambition on those who will not submit tamely to his tyranny.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

MARRIAGE OF HENRY V AND KATHARINE

England had had her days of gloom, and was destined, as the result of these very famous victories, to have days of still deeper misery; but over the marriage of Henry and Katharine, there were no shadows. No birds of evil omen perched above the broad pennon of the warrior king. All voices joined in shouts of *Te Deum Laudamus*, and the poet sings his song of triumph clear and brilliantly, without a false note or jarring harmony, to the last bar, and, in spite of his own words, with no "rough and all unable pen,"

> Our bending author hath pursued the story,
> In little room confining mighty men.

—Warner, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays.*

FLUELLEN

Among the more serious popular characters—the steady, worthy Gower, the rough Williams, and the dry Bates—the Welshman Fluellen, the king's countryman, is the central point. He is, as the king himself says, a man of "much care and valor," but "out of fashion." Compared with the former companions of the prince, he is like discipline opposed to licence, like pedantry opposed to dissoluteness, conscientiousness to impiety, learning to rudeness, temperance to intoxication, and veiled bravery to concealed cowardice. Contrasted with those boasters, he appears at first a "collier" who pockets every affront. In common with his royal countryman, he is not what he seems. Behind little caprices and awkward peculiarities is hidden an honest, brave nature, which should be exhibited by the actor, as it was by Hippisley in Garrick's time, without playfulness or caricature. Open and true, he suffers himself to be deceived for a time by Pistol's bragging, then he seems coldly to submit to insult from him, but he makes

him smart for it thoroughly after the battle, and then gives him "a groat to heal his broken pate." He settles the business on which Henry sets him against Williams, and which brings him a blow, and when the king rewards Williams with a glove full of crowns, he will not be behind in generosity, and gives him a shilling. He speaks good and bad of his superiors, ever according to truth, deeply convinced of the importance of his praise and blame, but he would do his duty under each. He is talkative in the wrong place, takes the word from the lips of others, and is indignant when it is taken from him; but in the night before the battle he knows how to keep himself quiet and calm, for nothing surpasses to him the discipline of the Roman wars, in which this is enjoined. The cold man flashes forth warmly like the king when the French commit the act, so contrary to the law of arms, of killing the soldiers' boys. At the time of his respect for Pistol, the latter begs him to intercede for the church-robber Bardolph, but he made his appeal to the wrong man. It is a matter of discipline, in which Fluellen is inexorable. Indeed he especially esteems his countryman king for having freed himself of these old companions. This is the essential point to him in his learned comparison between Henry V and Alexander the Great, that the latter killed his friends in his intoxication, while the former turned away his when he was "in his right wits." Since then his countryman is inscribed in his honest scrupulous heart, though before he had certainly made little of the dissolute fellow; now he cares not who knows that he is the king's countryman, he needs not to be ashamed of him "so long as his majesty is an honest man." Happy it is that the noble Henry can utter a cordial amen to this remark, "God keep me so;" his captain Fluellen would at once renounce his friendship if he learned from him his first dishonorable trick. The self-contentedness of an integrity, unshaken indeed, but also never exposed to any temptation, is excellently designed in all the features of this character.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

THE MOTIVE OF THE PLAY

The principal historical feature, the description of the spirit of the age with its relations to the past, and the character of the two belligerent nations is brought out in a truly dramatic style, by giving the utmost animation to the action. Henry IV, on his death-bed, had counselled his son to engage

"Giddy minds
With foreign quarrels."

And, in fact, "giddiness" and vacillation were the leading features in the character of the age; the reason of this lay not only in the unjust usurpation of Henry IV, which, owing to the close connection existing between the state and its various members, exercised its influence on the barons and people, but also in the progressive development of the state and of the nation itself. The corporative estates of the kingdom, the clergy, knights and burghers, incited by an *esprit de corps* and by their well-ordered organization, felt their power and endeavored to assert it, both against the royal power and against one another. Their disputes among one another would have been of more frequent occurrence had it not been for the fact that, in direct contrast to the French nobility, the English barons generally sided with the commoners, so as mutually to protect their rights against the pretensions of the crown. Each of these several parties endeavored to promote their own interests and to act with the greatest possible amount of freedom; their active strength naturally strove to find a vigorous sphere of action and would have consumed itself, and thus internally destroyed the organism of the state, had it not succeeded in obtaining vent in an outward direction. In France, on the other hand, the vanity, the excessive arrogance of the court, the nobility and the people desired war in order to realize their proud dream of internal and external superiority; the historical course of the nation's culture required that it should be thoroughly

humbled by misery and wretchedness, otherwise it would have decayed prematurely through extravagance and effeminate luxury. Moreover in France also, the organism of the state was broken up into so many separate and independent corporations that it required a great and general interest, a great national disaster to preserve their consciousness of mutual dependence and unity.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE DRAMATIC STRUCTURE

The dramatic structure is not of a normal type; and this may be implied from the mere presence of a chorus in front of each act; briefly, we have a combination of the two methods, the dramatic and the epic; the story is told mostly by action and dialogue, but partly by an extra-dramatic narrator. To this composite treatment Shakespeare was driven by the scope and grandeur of his subject, and, as is true of nearly all his experiments, the composite method was successful. It is customary, however, to compare the Choruses that link the episodes of *Henry V* with their predecessors in the classic drama; customary also to assert that they have nothing in common with the latter. But the brief truth is that the nature and the function of the classic chorus was variable; that the Chorus in *Henry V* assumes much of this nature and many of these functions, while it adds yet others—"prologue-like" says the poet himself. Apart, moreover, from their dramatic functions, these Choruses are epic in some of their aspects: "O for a Muse of fire that would ascend The brightest heaven of invention."

They are finely lyrical, and they are odes to the glory of a king, supplying in this particular what would be impossible in drama. In fact, almost every instrument of poetic music may be heard in this magnificent orchestra of Henry V, which remains not least among the glories of the nation that it glorified.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

LYRIC GRANDEUR OF THE SUBJECT

The didactic lessons of moral prudence,—the brief sententious precepts,—the *descriptions* of high actions and high passions,—are alien from the whole spirit of Shakspere's drama. The *Henry V* constitutes an exception to the general rules upon which he worked. "High actions" are here described as well as exhibited; and high passions, in the Shaksperian sense of the term, scarcely make their appearance upon the scene. Here are no struggles between will and fate;—no frailties of humanity dragging down its virtues into an abyss of guilt and sorrow,—no crimes,—no obduracy,—no penitence. We have the lofty and unconquerable spirit of national and individual heroism riding triumphantly over every danger; but the spirit is so lofty that we feel no uncertainty for the issue. We should know, even if we had no foreknowledge of the event, that it must conquer. We can scarcely weep over those who fall in that "glorious and well-foughten field," for "they kept together in their chivalry," and their last words sound as a glorious hymn of exultation. The subject is altogether one of lyric grandeur; but it is not one, we think, which Shakspere would have chosen for a drama.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King Henry *the Fifth*
Duke of Gloucester, Duke of Bedford, } *brothers to the King*
Duke of Exeter, *uncle to the King*
Duke of York, *cousin to the King*
Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick
Archbishop of Canterbury
Bishop of Ely
Earl of Cambridge
Lord Scroop
Sir Thomas Grey
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Macmorris, Jamy, *officers in King Henry's army*
Bates, Court, Williams, *soldiers in the same*
Pistol, Nym, Bardolph
Boy
A Herald

Charles *the Sixth, King of France*
Lewis, *the Dauphin*
Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon
The Constable of France
Rambures and Grandpré, *French Lords*
Governor of Harfleur
Montjoy, *a French Herald*
Ambassadors to the King of England

Isabel, *Queen of France*
Katharine, *daughter to Charles and Isabel*
Alice, *a lady attending on her*
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants

Chorus

Scene: *England; afterwards France*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Henry V resolves to claim the throne of France, basing his authority on the old Salic law. He first demands certain provinces and in reply the Dauphin sends him a bag of tennis-balls, evidently thinking that the English king has not outgrown his wild youth. Henry then declares war.

ACT II

Sir John Falstaff and his friends cannot understand the commendable change in the character of the king, who has dismissed the wild associates of his youth. Falstaff dies of a broken heart. All England wishes success and conquest to attend the king in his invasion of France. The French, fearing for their country, bribe three English nobles to murder the king before his embarkation at South Hampton. But the plot is discovered in time and the conspirators put to death.

ACT III

The city of Harfleur in France is besieged and taken by the English. Sickness and lack of food weaken the English army, but nevertheless the king, relying upon the bravery of his men, pitches his camp at Agincourt, well-knowing that the French will give battle there.

ACT IV

The English prepare energetically for the battle, the king himself in disguise going through the camp and talk-

ing with the soldiers. So certain are the French of victory on the morrow, that little preparation is made by them. At daybreak the Dauphin's forces are overwhelmingly defeated.

ACT V

The French ask for peace. This Henry agrees to when the French have yielded to his conditions. He demands that he be recognized as heir to the French throne, and that Katharine, daughter of the French king, be given him in marriage.

THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY V

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram

7. *"famine, sword and fire";* this trio is probably suggested by a speech of Henry's, as reported by Holinshed, in which he replies to suppliant citizens, during his siege of Rouen (1419), that Bellona, the goddess of battle, had three handmaidens . . . blood, fire, and famine, all of which were at his choice to use (*Hol.* iii. 367, ed. Stone).—C. H. H.

9. *"spirits that have dared";* so Staunton; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"hath";* F. 4, *"spirit, that hath."*—I. G.

Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

[*Exit.*

13. The *"Wooden O"* was the Globe Theater on the Bankside, which was circular withinside.—It would seem that *"very"* was sometimes used in the sense of *mere*. "The *very* casques"; that is, *"so much as* the casques," or *"merely* the casques." So in *The Taming of the Shrew:* "Thou false deluding slave, that feed'st me with the *very* name of meat."—H. N. H.

18. *"on your imaginary forces work";* that is, your *powers of imagination: imaginary* for *imaginative*. This indifferent use of the active and passive forms occurs continually in these plays.—H. N. H.

25. *"puissance";* (three syllables).—C. H. H.

ACT FIRST

Scene I

London. An ante-Chamber in the King's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I 'll tell you; that self bill is urged,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honor,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;

Sc. 1. "Canterbury"; this was Henrie Chichele. Shakespeare follows the chronicles in attributing to him the chief share in the clerical plot for diverting the king's attention from his confiscation bill.—C. H. H.

7–19. This is taken almost literally from Holinshed.—H. N. H.

And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed willfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:

19. *"A thousand pounds by the year";* "Hall and Holinshed the principal sum. 'And the king to have clerely to his cofers twentie thousand poundes' (Hall). Shakespeare reckons interest therefore at five per cent" (Wright).—C. H. H.

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,

51, 52. That is, he must have drawn his *theory,* digested his order and method of thought, from the *art* and *practice* of life, instead of shaping the latter by the rules and measures of the former: which is strange, since he has never been seen in the way either of learning the things in question by experience, or of digesting the fruits of experience into theory. *Practic* and *theoric,* or *practique* and *theorique,* were the old spelling of *practice* and *theory.* An apt commentary on the text occurs in *A Treatise of Human Learning,* by Lord Brooke, who was a star in the same constellation with Shakespeare, and one of the profoundest thinkers of the time.

"Againe, the active, necessarie arts
Ought to be briefe in bookes, in practise long:
Short precepts may extend to many parts;
The practise must be large, or not be strong.
For if these two be in one ballance weigh'd,
The artless use bears down the useless art.
The world should therefore her instructions draw
Backe unto life and actions, whence they came;
That practise, which gave being, might give law,
To make them short, cleare, fruitfull unto man:
As God made all for use, even so must she
By chance and use uphold her mystery."—H. N. H.

His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbor'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,

61, 62. *"wholesome berries,"* etc.; it has been pointed out that Montaigne expresses this idea more explicitly in a passage (iii. 9) which Shakespeare perhaps knew in the original. In Florio's translation (1603) it runs: "Roses and Violets are ever the sweeter and more odoriferous, that grow neere under Garlike and Onions, forasmuch as they suck and draw all the ill savours of the ground unto them."—C. H. H.

66. *"crescive in his faculty";* increasing in virtue of its latent capacity.—C. H. H.

As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?
Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?
Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I 'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

86. *"passages";* that is, the particulars, and clear unconcealed circumstances.—*"Severals,"* plural, was of old used much as we use *details.*—H. N. H.

Scene II

The same. The Presence chamber.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,

Sc. 2. The princes Humphrey and John were made dukes of Gloucester and Bedford at the parliament mentioned in scene i. ll. 7–19. At the same time, according to Holinshed, Thomas Beaufort, marquess of Dorset, was made duke of Exeter. The Beaufort family sprung from John of Gaunt by Katherine Swynford, to whom he was married after she had borne him several children.—The earldom of Warwick was at that time in the family of Beauchamp, and the earl of Westmoreland was Ralph Nevil.—H. N. H.

3. In all the quartos the play begins at this speech. It is there assigned to Exeter, and runs thus: "Shall *I* call in the ambassador, my liege?"—H. N. H.

4. *"cousin"*; Westmoreland was a cousin only by marriage. He had married, as his second wife, a daughter of John of Gaunt, half sister of Henry IV, and aunt of the king.—C. H. H.

And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.

8–32. We subjoin this speech as it stands in the quartos, that the reader may have some means of judging for himself touching some points handled in our Introduction:

"Sure we thank you: and, good my lord, proceed,
Why the law Salique, which they have in France,
Or should or should not stop in us our claim:
And God forbid, my wise and learned lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this conjuration, speak, my lord;
And we will judge, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is wash'd as pure
As sin in basptism."—H. N. H.

14. *"bow";* warp.—C. H. H.

15, 16. *"Or nicely . . . miscreate";* or burden your knowing or conscious soul with displaying false titles in a specious manner, or opening pretensions which, if shown in their native colors, would be false.—H. N. H.

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant:'
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land:'
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,

32. *"as pure as sin"*; (concisely expressed for) "as pure as the heart from sin."—C. H. H.

33. The whole of the archbishop's exposition is taken from Holinshed, in parts almost word for word.—C. H. H.

Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,

45, 52. *"Elbe,"* restored by Capell; Ff., *"Elue";* (Holinshed, *"Elbe";* Hall, *"Elve"*).—I. G.

57, 61, 64. The numbers and the reckoning are from Holinshed. As Rolfe pointed out, he seems to have deducted 405 from 826, instead of 426 from 805.—C. H. H.

61–64. Theobald (Warburton); *cp.* Montaigne's *Essays,* III. 9, (*vide* Florio's translation).—I. G.

Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,

72. *"to find";* so in the folio; in the quartos, *fine;* which latter is generally retained in modern editions as meaning to trim up, adorn, or make *fine,* with fair appearances. To *"find* his title" is to *ground* or *make out* his title; as in our law phrase, to *find a bill* against a man, for to make out or ground an indictment.—H. N. H.

74. *"convey'd,"* etc.; that is, *passed himself off* as heir to the lady Lingare. Bishop Cooper has the same expression: "To *convey himself* to be of some noble family."—The matter is thus stated by Holinshed: "Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crowne upon Charles duke of Loraine, the sole heire male of the line and stocke of Charles the great, to make his title seeme true, and appeare good, though in deed it was starke naught, *conveied himselfe* as heire to the ladie Lingard, daughter to king Charlemaine."—H. N. H.

75. *"Charlemain"; i. e.* Carloman (Carlman). Historically it was Charles the Bold.—C. H. H.

76. *"Lewis";* monosyllabic throughout.—C. H. H.

77. *"Lewis the tenth";* the reading of Ff., following Holinshed; Pope, from Hall, reads *"ninth."*—I. G.

This should be Lewis the *Ninth.* The Poet took the mistake from Holinshed, who states the matter thus: "King Lewes also the *tenth,* otherwise called saint Lewes, being verie heire to the said usurper Hugh Capet, could never be satisfied in his conscience how he might justlie keepe the crowne, till he was fullie instructed that queene Isabell his grandmother was lineallie descended of the ladie Ermengard, daughter and heire to the above named Charles duke of Loraine."—H. N. H.

Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

94. *"amply to imbar";* so Ff. (Ff. 1, 2, *"imbarre"*); Qq. 1, ~, *"imbace,"* Q. 3, *"imbrace";* Rowe, *"make bare";* Theobald (Warburton), *"imbare";* Pope, *"openly imbrace,"* etc. Schmidt explains the lines:—"They strive to exclude you, instead of excluding amply, *i. e.,* without restriction or subterfuge, their own false titles." Perhaps Mr. W. A. Wright's explanation is the truer, taking *"imbar"* in the sense of "to bar in," "secure":—"The Kings of France, says the Archbishop, whose own right is derived only through the female line, prefer to shelter themselves under the flimsy protection of an appeal to the Salic law, which would exclude Henry's claim, instead of fully securing and defending their own titles by maintaining that though, like Henry's, derived through the female line, their claim was stronger than his."—I. G.

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them

98. *"in the Book of Numbers"; cp.* Numbers xxvii. 1–11.

99. *"man"*; the reading of Ff.; Qq., *"sonne."*—I. G.

110. *"Forage in"*; Ff., *"Forrage in"*; Q. 1, *"Foraging"*; Q. 3, *"Forraging the."*—I. G.

114. *"cold for action"*; that is, "cold *for want of* action," as it is commonly explained; which Knight thinks is taking the words *too literally,* just as if, where the literal construction will stand, that which is farthest from this were not commonly the worst. However, he very aptly suggests, that the meaning may be, *indisposed* to action, as knowing their help was not wanted; that there were enough to do the work without them.—H. N. H.

Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,

125. *"Your grace hath cause and means."* Hanmer reads *"Your race hath had cause, means."* Various readings have been suggested, but there seems to be no difficulty whatever in understanding the text as it stands.—I. G.

125, 126. Coleridge thinks that perhaps these lines should be recited dramatically thus:

> "They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might:
> So *hath* your highness,—never king of England
> *Had* nobles richer, and more loyal subjects";

which infers an ellipsis very much in Shakespeare's manner. Of course the sense expressed in full would give a reading something thus: "So hath your highness rich nobles and loyal subjects; no king of England ever had any that were more so."—H. N. H.

130–135. So in Holinshed's paraphrase of the archbishop's speech: "At length, having said sufficientlie for the proofe of the king's just and lawful title to the crowne of France, he exhorted him to advance foorth his banner to fight for his right, to spare neither bloud, sword, nor fire, sith his warre was just, his cause good, and his claime true: and he declared that in their spirituall convocation they had granted to his highnesse such a summe of monie, as never by no spirituall persons was to any prince before those daies given or advanced."—H. N. H.

With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbor to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,

131. *"blood"*; so Ff. 3, 4; F. 1, *"Bloods"*; F. 2, *"Blouds."*—I. G.

140–142. The *marches* are the *borders*. The quartos have this speech thus:

"The marches, gracious sovereign, shall be sufficient
To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers";

where, as Mr. Collier suggests, the putting of *England* for *inland*, which latter the sense plainly requires, would seem to argue rather a *mishearing* of the lines as spoken, than a *misreading* of the manuscript.—H. N. H.

150. *"with ample and brim fulness"*; probably *"brim"* is here adjectival; Pope reads *"brimfulness"*; but the accent favors the present reading.—I. G.

Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defense,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighborhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself;
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there 's a saying very old and true,
'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:'

154. *"the ill-neighborhood";* Boswell, from Qq., reads *"the bruit thereof."*—I. G.

161. *"the King of Scots";* King David, taken at Neville's Cross, 1346.—C. H. H.

162. *"prisoner kings";* King John of France was likewise taken.—C. H. H.

163. *"her chronicle";* Capell, Johnson conj.; Ff. read, *"their C.";* Qq., *"your Chronicles";* Rowe, *"his Chronicle."*—I. G.

As Knight remarks, in old manuscripts *your* and *their* were written alike.—H. N. H.

166. *"Westmoreland";* in Ff. the following speech is given to Exeter, in Qq. to "a lord." In Holinshed the corresponding speech is spoken by Westmoreland; hence Capell restored his name here.—C. H. H.

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves,
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

173. *"tear";* so Rowe, ed. 2; Ff., *"tame";* Qq. *"spoil";* Theobald, *"taint."*—I. G.

The quartos read,—"To *spoil* and havoc"; the folio,—"To *tame* and havoc"; neither of which agrees very well with the sense. We concur, therefore, with Collier and Verplanck, that *tame* was a misprint for *teare,* as the word was then spelled.—The matter is thus related by Holinshed: "When the archbishop had ended his prepared tale, Rafe Nevill earle of Westmerland, and as then lord Warden of the marches against Scotland, thought good to moove the king to begin first with Scotland, concluding the summe of his tale with this old saieng: Who so will France win, must with Scotland first begin."—H. N. H.

175. *"crush'd necessity";* so in the folio: in the quartos *"curs'd* necessity"; which latter is commonly preferred in modern editions, though divers third readings have been proposed, to get rid of the alleged difficulty of the passage. We agree with Singer, Knight, and Verplanck, that there is little real difficulty in *crush'd.* Exeter's meaning apparently is,—"The necessity which you urge is overcome, done away, *crushed,* by the argument that we have *locks* and *pretty traps* for security against the *weasel;* so that it does not follow that the cat must stay at home."—H. N. H.

180–183. Theobald first compared these lines with Cicero, *De*

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divid
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavor in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts; 190
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,

Republica, ii. 42, and thought that Shakespeare had perhaps borrowed from Cicero.—I. G.

The profound and beautiful idea of this passage occurs in a fragment quoted by St. Augustine from a lost book of Cicero's. But Shakespeare, if he did not discover it with his own unassisted eye, was more likely to derive it from Plato, who was much studied in England in his time. In the fourth book of his *Republic* he speaks something thus: "It is not wisdom and strength alone that make a state wise and strong; but order, like the harmony called the diapason, runs through the whole state, making the weakest, and the strongest, and the middling people move in one concent." And again: "The harmonic power of political justice is the same as that musical concent which connects the three chords, the octave, the bass, and the fifth."—H. N. H.

187–203. Lyly, in his *Euphues* (Arber's Reprint, pp. 262–4), has a similar description of the common-wealth of the bees: its *ultimate* source is probably Pliny's *Natural History,* Book xi. (*n. b.,* Holland's translation did not appear till 1601).—I. G.

197. *"majesty";* so Rowe from Qq.; Ff., *"Maiesties."*—I. G.

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose

204. *"lazy yawning drone";* we have once before caught Shakespeare watching at the bee-hive, and using the work carried on there as one of his classics. It need scarce be said that this description could only have been given from his own observation. And what an eye he must have had for whatsoever is most poetical in nature! —H. N. H.

208. *"Come,"* so Ff.; Capell, from Qq., *"fly"; "as many ways meet in one town";* Capell, from Qq., reads *"As many seuerall wayes meete in one towne";* Dyce, Lettsom conj. *"As many several streets,"* etc.—I. G.

209. *"meet in one salt sea";* Capell, from Qq., reads *"run in one self sea";* Vaughan conj. *"run in one salt sea."*—I. G.

212. *"End";* Pope's emendation from Qq.; Ff., *"And."*—I. G.

The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. [*Exeunt some Attendants.*

Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we 'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we 'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

231, 232. *"our grave, like Turkish mute,"* etc.; our grave shall be undistinguished, "with no remembrance over it," not honored even by the most ephemeral epitaph.—C. H. H.

233. *"waxen epitaph";* the quartos have *"paper* epitaph." We subjoin the whole speech as there given:

> "Call in the messenger sent from the Dauphin;
> And by your aid, the noble sinews of our land,
> France being ours, we'll bring it to our awe,
> Or break it all in pieces.
> Either our chronicles shall with full mouth speak
> Freely of our acts, or else like tongueless mutes,—
> Not worshipp'd with a paper epitaph."—H. N. H.

First Amb. May 't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
First Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savor too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised there 's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,

252. The *"galliard"* was a nimble, sprightly dance. It is thus described by Sir John Davies in his superb poem *On Dancing:*

"But for more diverse and more pleasing show,
A swift and wandering dance she did invent,
With passages uncertain to and fro,
Yet with a certain answer and consent
To the quick music of the instrument.
A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
A spirit and a virtue masculine,
Impatient that her house on earth should stay,
Since she herself is fiery and divine."—H. N. H.

This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls, 261
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,

255. *"This tun of treasure";* probably suggested by the corresponding words in *The Famous Victories.*—I. G.

"tun"; probably a keg.—C. H. H.

263. *"shall strike his father's crown into the hazard"; hazard* used technically, "the hazard in a tennis-court"; glosses, *"grille de tripot"* in old French dictionaries.—I. G.

The *"lower hazard"* was the technical name, in tennis, for a certain hole in the wall of the tennis-court, near the ground. "A stroke into the lower hazard would be a winning stroke" (J. Marshall, *Annals of Tennis*). Hence the expression is literally equivalent to "win the game." But there is, as throughout the passage, a reference to the ordinary sense of the word.—C. H. H.

266. *"chaces";* Mr. Collier says,—"A *chase* at tennis is the duration of a contest between the players, in which the strife on each side is to keep up the ball." This funny piece of French diplomacy is thus related by Holinshed: "Whilest in the Lent season the king laie at Killingworth, there came to him from the Dolphin of France certeine ambassadors that brought with them a *barrell of Paris balles,* which from their master they presented to him for a token that was taken in verie ill part, as sent in scorne, to signifie that it was more meet for the king to passe the time with such childish

How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn

exercise, than to attempt any worthie exploit. Wherefore the king wrote to him that yer ought long he would tosse him some London balles that perchance should shake the walles of the best court in France." In the old play, *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, the "barrel of Paris balls" becomes *"a gilded tun of tennis balls."*—H. N. H.

276. *"for that";* so Ff.; Qq. *"for this."*—C. H. H.

283. *"wasteful";* wasting, destructive.—C. H. H.

That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savor but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We 'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

307. *"God before";* with God's guidance.—C. H. H.

ACT SECOND

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honor would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

Pope transferred the Prologue to the end of the first scene.—I. G.

19. *"kind";* filial.—C. H. H.

But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we 'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play:

23. *"Richard";* this was Richard Plantagenet, younger son to Edmund of Langley, duke of York, and brother to Edward, the duke of York of this play.—H. N. H.

24. *"Henry Lord Scroop";* son of Sir Stephen Scroop in *Richard II,* and step-brother of the Earl of Cambridge.—C. H. H.

26. *"gilt";* gold.—C. H. H.

27. *"fearful";* timid.—C. H. H.

32. *"The abuse of distance; force a play";* so Ff.; Pope, *"while we force a play";* Warburton conj. *"while we farce a play,"* etc.; "to force a play" is interpreted by Steevens to mean "to produce a play by compressing many circumstances into a narrow compass." Various emendations have been proposed, but in spite of the imperfection of the line as it stands, no suggestions seem to improve upon it. Perhaps, after all, the line is correct as it stands, with a pause for a syllable at the cæsura, and with a vocalic *r* in *"force,"* making the word dissyllabic; *cp. "fierce,"* II. iv. 99.—I. G.

We concur with Knight in keeping here exactly to the original text; not that we can pretend to understand it, but because we

The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We 'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.
[*Exit.*

Scene I

London. A street.

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.
Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.
Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

see not how it is to be bettered by any lawful correction. The more common reading changes *we'll* into *well,* and inserts *while we* before *force,* thus: "And *well* digest the abuse of distance, *while we* force a play." Mr. Collier retains *well* instead of *we'll,* and explains the passage thus: "The Chorus calls upon the audience to digest well the abuse of the scene, arising out of the distance of the various places, and to *force a play,* or put constraint upon themselves in this respect, for the sake of the drama." Which explanation we give, not as appearing at all satisfactory, but merely in default of a better. We could heartily wish the two lines were away, and are well persuaded they have no business there.—H. N. H.

41. *"But till the king come forth,"* etc.; *i. e.* "until the King come forth we shall not shift our scene unto Southampton."—I. G.

So in the original; but the sense plainly requires the first *till*

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there 's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we 'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that 's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as

to be *when*. As the next scene is to be in London, the Chorus warns the spectators to wait for the shifting of the scene to Southampton, till the king comes forth. Perhaps it should be remarked that the shifting of scenes was much more the work of imagination then than it is now, as the senses had little help in a change of places.—H. N. H.

6. *"there shall be smiles";* Hanmer conj., Warburton, *"there shall be*—(smiles)"; Farmer, Collier, 2 ed., *"smites"* (*i. e.* blows).—I. G.

13. *"three sworn brothers";* in the times of adventure it was usual for two or more chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortunes, and divide their acquisitions between them. They were called *fratres jurati*.—H. N. H.

it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see willful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

27. *"mare";* restored by Theobald from Qq.; Ff. read *"name";* Hanmer, *"dame";* Collier MS., *"jade."*—I. G.

28. *"conclusions";* attempts. Nym cautiously avails himself of the antiquity of the word.—C. H. H.

31. *"How now, mine host Pistol!"* Qq., *"How do you my Hoste?"* giving the words to Nym.—I. G.

41. *"O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now"; "drawn,"* Theobald's emendation; Ff., *"hewne";* Malone from Q. 1, *"O Lord! here's corporal Nym's* ——."—I. G.

47. *"Iceland dog!";* Steevens, Johnson conj.; Ff. read *"Island dog";* Qq., *"Iseland."* There are several allusions to "these shaggy,

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. 'Solus,' egregious dog? O viper vile!
The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face;
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure

sharp-eared, white dogs, much imported formerly as favorites for ladies."—I. G.

In a treatise by Abraham Fleming *"Of English Dogges,"* 1576, occurs the following: *"Iceland dogges,* curled and rough all over, which, by reason of the length of their heare, make show neither of face nor of body. And yet thes curres, forsoothe, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of, many times instead of the spaniell gentle or comforter." *Island cur* is again used as a term of contempt in *Epigrams served out in Fifty-two several Dishes:*

> "He wears a gown lac'd round, laid down with furre,
> Or, miser-like, a pouch where never man
> Could thrust his finger, but this *island curre."*
>
> —H. N. H.

56. *"Perdy"* is an old corruption of *par dieu,* which seems to have been going out of use in the Poet's time. It occurs often in the old plays, and was probably taken thence by Pistol, whose talk is chiefly made up from the gleanings of the playhouse, the groggery, and the brothel.—H. N. H.

59. *"for I can take";* Pistol evidently uses this phrase in the same sense it bears in our time. He supposes Nym to have conveyed some dark insult by the word *solus,* and he prides himself on his ability to *take the meaning* of such insinuations. Malone, not *taking* this, proposed to read *talk.*—H. N. H.

me. I have an humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that 's the humor of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I 'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humor of it.

Pist. 'Couple a gorge!'
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,

83. *"the powdering-tub";* used in the treatment of a disease.—C. H. H.

84. *"lazar kite of Cressid's kind";* Troilus' faithless mistress Cressida, according to Henryson's *Testament of Creseide,* ended her days as a leper in the "spital." The phrase "kite of Cressid's kind" had already been used by Gascoigne.—C. H. H.

"lazar kite of Cressid's kind"; probably a scrap from some old play. In certain parallel passages the readings vary between *"Kite," "Kit," "Catte"; "Kit,"* too, is the spelling of F. 4.—I. G.

Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—pauca, there 's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he 's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he 'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt Hostess and boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You 'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that 's the humor of it.

90. *"and you, hostess"*; Ff. *"and your Hostesse"*; F. 4, *"Hostes you must come straight to my master, and you Hoste Pistole."*—I. G.

107. *"Base is the slave that pays"*; a quotation from an old play. Steevens quotes "My motto shall be, Base is the man that pays" (Heywood's *"Fair Maid of the West"*).—I. G.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.
[*They draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I 'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have and present pay!
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I 'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that 's the humor of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertain, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humors on the knight; that 's the even of it.

118 and 119 omitted in Ff.—I. G.

123. *"Nym";* a play on the sense "nimming," "theft."—C. H. H.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.
Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may: he passes some humors and careers.
Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

Scene II

Southampton. A council-chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.
Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favors,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

8. *"the man that was his bed-fellow"; i. e.* Lord Scroop, of whom Holinshed reports this as a mark of his intimacy with the king.—C. H. H.

9. *"Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favors"; Ff. 3, 4, "lull'd."* Qq., followed by Steevens, *"whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours."*—I. G.

Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?
Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.
K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and loved
Than is your majesty: there 's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

18. *"in head"*; in force.—C. H. H.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.
Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labor shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.
K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.
Scroop. That 's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

33. *"office";* use.—C. H. H.

54. *"distemper"* for *intemperance,* or *riotous excess.* Thus in *Othello:* "Full of supper, and *distempering* draughts." And in Holinshed: "Give him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith *distempered* and reeled as he went."—H. N. H.

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We 'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!

61. *"Who are the late commissioners?"*; Vaughan conj. *"Who ask the late commissions?"*; Collier MS. *"the state c."*; but no change is necessary; *"late commissioners"*="lately appointed commissioners."—I. G.

63. *"for it"*; *i. e.* for my commission.—I. G.

Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honor; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,

Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not hoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colors, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,

103. *"stands off"*; stands out.—C. H. H.

114. *"by treasons"*; Mason conj. *"to treasons"*; Moberly conj. *"by reasons."*—I. G.

118. *"But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up"*; Moberly conj. *"But he that tempter-fiend that stirr'd thee up"*; Dyce, Johnson conj. *"tempted"*; Ff., *"bad,"* Vaughan conj. *"sin thus."* No emendation is necessary, though it is uncertain what the exact force of *"bade thee stand up"* may be, whether (1) "like an honest-man," or (2) "rise in rebellion."—I. G.

He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions 'I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:

126, 127. *"O, . . . affiance!"*; "Shakespeare uses this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

135. *"Not working with the eye without the ear"*; not judging by the looks of men without having had intercourse with them.—C. H. H.

139–140. *"To mark the full-fraught man and best indued With some suspicion"*; Malone's emendation; Theobald, *"the best,"* etc.; Ff., *"To make thee full fraught man, and best indued,"* etc.; Pope, *"To make the full-fraught man, the best, endu'd With,"* etc.—I. G.

142. *"another fall of man"*; Lord Scroop has already been spoken of as having been the king's bedfellow. Holinshed gives the following account of him: "The said lord Scroope was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow, in

Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,

whose fidelitie the king reposed such trust, that when anie privat or publike councell was in hand, this lord had much in the determination of it. For he represented so great gravitie in his countenance, such modestie in behaviour, and so vertuous zeale to all godlinesse in his talke, that whatsoever he said was thought for the most part necessarie to be doone and followed."—H. N. H.

148. *"Henry";* Theobald's correction from Qq.; Ff., *"Thomas."*—I. G.

152. *"more than my death";* more than I regret my death.—C. H. H.

157. *"what I intended";* Halle in this place indicates that (as "diverse writer") his real aim was to secure the crown of the Earl of March.—C. H. H.

159. That is, at which prevention, in suffering, I will heartily rejoice.—H. N. H.

Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspired against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offenses! Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.*

165. *"my fault, but not my body";* probably derived from a letter addressed to the queen in 1585 by Parry, after his conviction of treason: "Discharge me *A culpa,* but not *A pœna,* good ladie."—C. H. H.

176. *"you have";* so Knight, from Qq.; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"you three";* F. 1, *"you."*—I. G.

177–181. *"get . . . offenses!";* so in Holinshed: "Revenge herein touching my person, though I seeke not; yet for safeguard of you, my deere freends, and for due preservation of all sorts, I am by office to cause example to be showed. Get ye hence, therefore, ye poore miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward, wherein Gods majestie give ye grace of his mercie, and repentance of your heinous offenses."—H. N. H.

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

London. Before a tavern.

Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he 's not in hell: he 's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's

bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!'

11. *"A' made a finer end"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"a finer"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"finer"*; Capell, *"a fine"*; Johnson conj. *"a final"*; Vaughan conj. *"a fair."* Probably Mistress Quickly's words are correctly reported, and should not be edited.—I. G.

14. *"at the turning o' the tide"*; according to a current belief, death took place only during the ebb.—C. H. H.

15. *"fumble with the sheets"*; popularly supposed to be a sign of approaching death.—I. G.

18, 19. *"and a' babbled of green fields"*; Theobald's famous correction of Ff., *"and a Table of greene fields"*; Theobald's reading was suggested to him by a MS. note written in a copy of Shakespeare by "a gentleman sometime deceased," who proposed *"And a' talked of green fields."* The Quartos omit the line, giving the passage thus:—

> *"His nose was as sharp as a pen,*
> *For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,*
> *And talk of floures, and smile upo his fingers ends,*
> *I knew there was no way but one."*

(*n. b. "talk of floures"*). Many suggestions have been put forward since Pope explained that the words were part of a stage direction, and that "Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time who furnished implements, &c., for the actors." The marginal stage-direction was, according to him, *"A table of greenfields."* Malone, *"in a table of green fields,"* Collier MS., *"on a table of green freese."* Recently M. Henry Bradley has pointed out that "green field" was occasionally used for the exchequer table, a table of green baize. A combination of this suggestion with the reading of the Collier MS. would require merely the change of *"and"* to *"on,"* but one cannot easily give up one's perfect faith in Theobald's most brilliant conjecture.—I. G.

Delius, almost alone among recent editors, retains the Folio read-

quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out, 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Aye, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a color he never liked.

Boy. A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained

ing, on account of Mrs. Quickly's habitual proneness to nonsense. But her nonsense is always intelligible.—C. H. H.

that fire: that 's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let 's away. My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay;'
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that 's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it; but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

55. *"Let senses rule"; i. e.* "let prudence govern you" (Steevens).—I. G.

Pistol puts forth a string of proverbs. *"Pitch and pay,* and go your way," is one in Florio's *Collection.*—H. N. H.

"Pitch and Pay"; "pay down" ready money; originally it seems a phrase of the London cloth-trade, meaning "pitch" (or deposit) the cloth in the cloth-hall, and pay (as a statute required) at the same time the fee or hallage.—C. H. H.

58. *"And hold-fast is the only dog"; cp.* "Brag is a good dog, but holdfast is a better."—I. G.

59. *"Caveto,"* Qq., *"cophetua."*—I. G.

Scene IV

France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defenses.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,

Sc. 4. "The French King"; Charles VI (1380–1422).—C. H. H. *"The Constable";* Charles d'Albret.—C. H. H.

But that defenses, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defense 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:

34. That is, how diffident and decent in making objections.—H. N. H.

37. *"the Roman Brutus";* the assailant of Tarquin; cf. *Lucrece,* ll. 1809–15.—C. H. H.

So the proportions of defense are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem

46. The grammar of this passage is somewhat perplexed. *Being* is understood after *which;* and not merely *which,* but the whole clause is the subject or nominative of *doth.* So that the meaning comes thus: Which being ordered after a weak and niggardly project or plan, is like the work of a miser, who spoils his coat with scanting a little cloth.—H. N. H.

57. *"mountain sire";* Theobald, *"mounting sire";* Collier, Mitford conj. *"mighty sire"; "mountain,"* evidently means "huge as a mountain."—I. G.

"mountain sire" probably refers to the Welch descent of Edward III: he was of a stock whose blood was tempered amidst the mountains of Wales.—H. N. H.

Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.
Fr. King. We 'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.
[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.
Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honors that pertain

70. *"Most spend their mouths";* give tongue loudest; a technical term of hunting.—C. H. H.

By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree:
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,

99. *"fierce";* two syllables.—C. H. H.

102. *"in the bowels of the Lord";* in the name of the divine mercy (Holinshed's phrase).—C. H. H.

That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further;
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king; an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He 'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
And, be assured, you 'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time

Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,

4. *"Well-appointed"* is well furnished with all necessaries of war. —The old copies read *"Dover* pier"; but the Poet himself, and all accounts, and even the chronicles which he followed, say that the king embarked at Southampton.—H. N. H.

"Hampton," Theobald's correction of Ff. *"Dover."*—I. G.

6. *"fanning";* Rowe's emendation of Ff. 1, 2, *"fayning,"* Ff. 3, 4, *"faining";* Gould conj. *"playing."*—I. G.

"the young Phœbus fanning"; fluttering in the morning sun.—C. H. H.

Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner

28. *"Suppose,"* etc. This embassy actually met Henry at Winchester.—C. H. H.

32–34. *"and the . . . them"; linstock* was a *stick* with *linen* at one end, used as a match for firing guns.—*Chambers* were small pieces of ordnance. They were used on the stage, and the Globe Theater was burned by a discharge of them in 1613.—Of course Shakespeare was a reader of Spenser, and this passage yields a

With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*

Scene I

France. Before Harfleur.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage;

slight trace of his reading. Thus in *The Faerie Queene,* Book i. can. 7, stan. 13:

> "As when that *divelish yron engin,* wrought
> In deepest hell, and fram'd by Furies skill,
> With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
> And ramd with bollet rownd, ordained to kill,
> Conceiveth fyre; the heavens it doth fill
> With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
> That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will."
>
> —H. N. H.

35. *"Eke";* the first folio, *"eech";* the others, *"ech";* probably representing the pronunciation of the word.—I. G.

7. *"summon up,"* Rowe's emendation of Ff. *"commune up."*—I. G.

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear

15. *"nostril";* Rowe's emendation of Ff. *"nosthrill."*—I. G.

17. *"noblest English";* so in the folio of 1632. The first folio has "*noblish* English," which is evidently a mistake, the printer or transcriber having repeated the ending *ish.* Malone reads *"noble* English," which is better in itself, but has not quite so good authority.—The whole speech is wanting in the quartos.—H. N. H.

21. *"argument";* matter. The parallel to Alexander makes it probable that lack of enemies to conquer rather than of "cause to fight for" is meant; none being left to oppose them.—C. H. H.

24. *"be copy";* of course *copy* is here used for the *thing copied,* that is, the pattern or model.—H. N. H.

That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

Scene II

The same.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humors do abound:

32. *"straining";* Rowe's emendation of Ff. *"Straying."*—I. G.

3. *"corporal";* it appears in a former scene of this play that Bardolph has been lifted up from a corporal into a lieutenant since our acquaintance with him in *Henry IV,* and that Nym has succeeded him in the former rank. It is not quite certain whether the Poet forgot the fact here, or whether Nym, being used to call him corporal, in his fright loses his new title.—H. N. H.

5. *"case";* that is, a *pair* of lives; as "a *case* of pistols," "a *case* of poniards," "a *case* of masks." So in *Ram Alley* we have "a *case* of justices."—H. N. H.

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humors! your honor wins bad humors. [*Exeunt all but Boy.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these

21. *"Fluellen"* is merely the Welch pronunciation of *Lluellyn;* as *Floyd* is of *Lloyd.*—H. N. H.

21. *"Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!";* so Ff.; Capell reads, from Qq., *"God's plud!—Up to the preaches you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?"*—I. G.

23. That is, be merciful, great *commander,* to men of *earth,* to poor mortal men. *Duke* is only a translation of the Roman *dux.* Sylvester, in his *Du Bartas,* calls Moses "a great duke."—H. N. H.

27. *"wins";* prevails over.—C. H. H.

three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds: for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service:

46. *"purchase,"* which anciently signified *gain, profit,* was the cant term used for anything obtained by cheating.—H. N. H.

57. *"wrongs";* a play upon the two senses: injuries received, and injuries done.—C. H. H.

their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

69. *"is digt himself four yard under the countermines";* that is, the enemy *has digged* four yards under the countermines.—H. N. H.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvelous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud cap-

tains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still: it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mass, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay 'll de gud service, or ay 'll lig i' the grund for it; aye, or go to death; and ay 'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise

117. *"quit";* I shall, with your permission, *requite you;* that is, *answer you,* or *interpose with my arguments,* as I shall find opportunity.—H. N. H.

134. *"wad full fain heard";* wad . . . have heard. The omission of "have" is a common Northern and Scandinavian idiom. So Ff. The Camb. editors wrongly alter to "hear."—C. H. H.

than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that 's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to teli you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. Before the gates.

The Governor and some citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King Henry and his train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;

Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;

10. Lord Bacon, in a letter to king James, written a few days after the death of Shakespeare, says,—"And therefore in conclusion we wished him not to *shut the gate* of your majesty's *mercy* against himself by being obdurate." He is speaking of the earl of Somerset.—H. N. H.

Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defense, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succors we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.

31. To *"overblow"* is to *drive away,* to *keep off.*—H. N. H.

To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.*

Scene IV.

The French King's palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Scene 4. Touching this scene various grounds have been taken, some pronouncing it ridiculous, others rejecting it as an interpolation, and others wondering that Katharine and Alice should be made to speak French, when the other French characters talk English. We cannot well see why anything better should be asked than Dr. Johnson's remarks on the subject: "The grimaces of the two Frenchwomen, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, might divert an audience more refined than could be found in the Poet's time. There is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon the knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. The extraordinary circumstance of introducing a character speaking French in an English drama was no novelty to our early stage."—H. N. H.

Successive editors have substituted approximately correct modern French for the imperfect and corrupted French of the Folio text. Probably what Shakespeare wrote was less correct than what we read; but in the absence of any criteria of his French scholarship, it is hardly worth while to insist on a few cases in which the incorrectness of the Folio version cannot be due to mere corruption.—C. H. H.

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.
Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?
Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je ne souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.
Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?
Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.
Kath. De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.
Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.
Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.
Alice. De arm, madame.
Kath. Et le coude.
Alice. De elbow.
Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.
Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.
Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.
Alice. De elbow, madame.
Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?
Alice. De neck, madame.
Kath. De nick. Et le menton?
Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The same.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, the Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people
Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?
Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

5. *"a few sprays of us"; i. e.* the French who "came over with the Conqueror," himself a bastard.—C. H. H.

11. *"vië";* the final ("mute") *e* of French still had a syllabic value in ordinary pronunciation, as it still has in verse. Similarly "batailles" below.—C. H. H.

14. *"nook-shotten";* probably "full of sharp angles and corners," *i. e.* invaded on all sides by estuaries and inlets of the sea, so as to be naturally watery and "slobbery." This is a well-attested meaning of "nook-shotten" in dialects; hence this interpretation is sounder than Knight's and Staunton's "spawned or shot into a nook," though this gives a vigorous sense. The Dauphin's point, moreover, is not

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honor of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!—
Poor we may call them in their native lords.
Dau. By faith and honor,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.
Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,

that England is remote, but that it is wet and uncomfortable to live in. "Nook-shotten" aptly contrasts England with the compact, four-square contour of France.—C. H. H.

19. *"sur-rein'd"* is probably over-ridden or over-strained. Steevens observes that it is common to give horses, over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a mash. To this the constable alludes.—H. N. H.

26. *"in their native lords";* in respect of the poor show which their owners make compared with the English.—C. H. H.

33. The *"lavolta"* was a dance of Italian origin, and seems to have been something like the modern waltz, only, perhaps, rather more

And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honor edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri.
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy; 42
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land

so. It is thus described by Sir John Davies in his poem called *Orchestra,* quoted once before:

> "A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
> Where arm in arm two dancers are entwin'd,
> And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound,
> And still their feet an anapest do sound.
> An anapest is all their music's song,
> Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."
>
> —H. N. H.

40. *"Charles Delabreth";* this should be Charles D'Albret; but the meter would not admit of the change. Shakespeare followed Holinshed, who calls him *Delabreth.*—H. N. H.

44. *"Fauconberg";* anglicized by Ff. to "Falconbridge." In the next line Ff. read "Loys" for "Foix." Both forms were restored from Holinshed.—C. H. H.

46. *"Knights";* Theobald's emendation of Ff. *"Kings."*—I. G.

47. *"seats";* signorial castles.—C. H. H.

48. *"England";* Henry's title as king, as in v. 37 and elsewhere.—C. H. H.

With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
[*Exeunt.*

54. *"Rouen";* Malone's emendation of *"Rone,"* Qq.; *"Roan,"* Ff.—I. G.

60. *"for";* instead of.—C. H. H.

63. That is, instead of achieving a victory over us, make a proposal to pay us a sum as ransom.—H. N. H.

Scene VI

The English camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen, meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honor with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

11. *"but keeps the bridge";* after Henry had passed the Somme the French endeavored to intercept him in his passage to Calais; and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois, at Blangi, over which it was necessary for Henry to pass. But Henry, having notice of their design, sent a part of his troops before him, who, attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge till the whole English army arrived and passed over it.—H. N. H.

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.
Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.
Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.
Flu. Aye, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.
Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone-
Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent de-

28. *"buxom";* in the Saxon and our elder English, *buxom* meant *pliant, yielding, obedient;* but it was also used for *lusty, rampant.* Pistol would be more likely to take the popular sense than one founded on etymology. Blount, after giving the old legitimate meaning of *buxomness,* says, "It is now mistaken for *lustiness* or *rampancy.*"—H. N. H.

29–31. *"And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,"* &c.; *cp. "Fortune is blind . . . whose foot is standing on a rolling stone,"* Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy.*—I. G.

34. *"Fortune is painted blind";* Warburton proposed the omission of *blind,* which may have been caught up from the next line.—I. G.

scription of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be:
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

44. *"Fortune is Bardolph's foe";* a reference to the old ballad, *"Fortune, my foe!"*—I. G.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I 'll assure you, a' uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know

81. A *"sconce"* was a blockhouse or *chief fortress,* for the most part round in fashion of a head; hence the head is ludicrously called a sconce; a lantern was also called a sconce, because of its round form.—H. N. H.

86. *"new-tuned";* Pope reads *"new-turned";* Collier MS., *"new-coined";* Grant White, *"new-found."*—I. G.

87. *"general's cut";* our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards; a certain *cut* was appropriated to certain professions and ranks. The *spade* beard and the *stiletto* beard appear to have been appropriated to the soldier.—H. N. H.

90–92. *"But you,"* etc.; nothing was more common than such huff-cap pretending braggarts as Pistol in the Poet's age; they are the continual subject of satire to his contemporaries.—H. N. H.

such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvelously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and Colors. Enter King Henry, Gloucester and Soldiers.

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge? 100

Flu. Aye, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen? 110

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and

98. That is, I must tell him what was done at the bridge.—H. N. H.

his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full

116–120. Fluellen's description of Bardolph forcibly recalls Chaucer's Sompnour in the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* (Qq., *"whelkes, and knubs, and pumples"* for *"bubukles, and whelks, and knobs"*).—I. G.

127–129. These lines appear to convey a pointed allusion to Essex's campaign in Ireland, and are in any case significant of Shakespeare's judgment upon the harsh policy commonly pursued there.—C. H. H.

"lenity," Rowe's emendation from Qq.; Ff., *"Levity."*—I. G.

130. *"habit"; i. e.* sleeveless coat, the herald's tabard.—I. G.

141. *"upon our cue";* that is, in our turn.—H. N. H.

ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have

147. *"in weight to re-answer";* to repay in full measure.—C. H. H.
166. *"of craft and vantage";* who has both a natural superiority and the cunning to make the best of it.—C. H. H.

Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbor
Stand in our way. There 's for thy labor, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolor: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

178. *"God before"* was then used for *God being my guide.*—H. N. H.

180. *"There's for thy labor";* Shakespeare found in Holinshed that the king gave the herald "a princely reward."—C. H. H.

186, 187. The Poet here follows very close upon the chronicler: "And so Montjoy king at armes was sent to the king of England, to defie him as the enemie of France, and to tell him that he should shortlie have battell. King Henrie answered,—'mine intent is to doo as it pleaseth God: I will not seeke your master at this time;

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now. 190

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

The French camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armor of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armor; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armor?

but if he or his seeke me, I will meet with them, God willing. If anie of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journie now towards Calis, at their jeopardie be it; and yet I wish not anie of you so unadvised, as to be the occasion that I die your tawnie ground with your red bloud!' When he had thus answered the herald, he gave him a princelie reward, and licence to depart." It was customary thus to reward heralds, whatever might be the nature of their message.—H. N. H.

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ca, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He 's of the color of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn

14. *"entrails were hairs";* alluding to the bounding of tennis balls, which were stuffed with hair.—H. N. H.

15. *"chez les narines";* Capell, *"qui a";* Ff., *"ches";* Heath conj. *"voyez,"* &c.—I. G.

the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight strossers.

45. *"Wonder of Nature,"* probably the first words of a sonnet or lyric of the time.—I. G.

61. *"strossers";* so in the original, but in modern editions improperly changed to *trossers.* Mr. Dyce shows that *strossers* was not a misprint for *trossers,* but another form of the word, as the latter is but another form of *trowsers.* Thus in Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook:* "Nor the Danish sleeve sagging down like a Welch wallet, the Italian's close *strosser,* nor the French standing collar." And in Middleton's *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's:* "Or, like a toiling

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. 'Le chien est retourné son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:' thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armor that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

usurer, sets his son a-horseback in cloth-of-gold, while himself goes to the devil a-foot in a pair of old *strossers.*"—As for the thing meant, it was not what we now understand by the word, being *strait,* that is, tight, and exactly fitted to the shape. Thus in Bulwer's *Pedigree of the English Gallant,* 1653: "Now our hose are made so close to our breeches, that, like the *Irish trossers,* they too manifestly discover the dimensions of every part." Remains but to add, that *strait strossers* is here used figuratively, meaning that he had *no trowsers on but what he was born with;* as the Irish Kerns commonly rode without breeches.—H. N. H.

69, 70. His mistress wears *his* own hair, because his *horse* is his mistress. So that the changing of *his* to *her* in modern editions is wrong.—H. N. H.

73, 74. *"Le chien . . . au bourbier";* "the dog is returned to his own vomit, and the washed out sow to the mire," *cp.* 2 Peter ii. 22.—I. G.

Con. Stars, my lord.
Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.
Con. And yet my sky shall not want.
Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.
Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.
Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.
Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.
Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?
Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.
Dau. 'Tis midnight; I 'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*
Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.
Ram. He longs to eat the English.
Con. I think he will eat all he kills.
Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he 's a gallant prince.
Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.
Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What 's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valor; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

Orl. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.'

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

127, 128. *"'tis a hooded valor, . . . bate";* this pun depends upon the equivocal use of *bate.* When a hawk is unhooded, her first action is to bate, that is, beat her wings, or flutter. The Constable would insinuate that the Dauphin's courage, when he prepares for encounter, will *bate,* that is, soon diminish or evaporate.—H. N. H.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that 's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Aye, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,

1. *"conjecture";* imagination.—C. H. H.

2. *"poring";* purblind.—C. H. H.

9. *"umber'd";* I suspect that nothing more is meant than *shadow'd face.* The epithet *paly flames* is against the other interpretation. *Umbre* for *shadow* is common in our elder writers. Thus Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions,* Prologue: "Under the *umber* of an oke with bowes pendant" (Singer).—H. N. H.

13. *"closing rivets up";* this does not solely refer to the riveting the plate armor before it was put on, but as to a part when it was

Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the crippled tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,

on. The top of the cuirass had a little projecting bit of iron that passed through a hole pierced through the bottom of the casque. When both were put on, the smith or armorer presented himself, with his riveting hammer, *to close the rivet up;* so that the party's head should remain steady, notwithstanding the force of any blow that might be given on the cuirass or helmet.—H. N. H.

16. *"name";* Tyrwhitt's conj.; Ff., *"nam'd."*—I. G.

19. The Poet took this from Holinshed: "The Frenchmen in the meane while, as though they had beene sure of victorie, made great triumph; for the capteins had determined how to divide the spoile, and the soldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice." —H. N. H.

20. *"cripple tardy-gaited";* Ff., *"creeple-tardy-gated."*—I. G.

26. *"Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats";* Capell, *"And war-worn coats, investing lank-lean cheeks";* Hanmer, *"In wasted";* Warburton, *"Invest in";* Beckett conj. *"Infesting,"* &c.—I. G.

Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends and country-
men.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.
[*Exit.*

46. *"as may unworthiness define";* as far as their unworthy natures permit.—C. H. H.

Scene I

The English camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out.
For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king.'

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:

Sc. 1. "Bedford"; the historical duke of Bedford, left as "Custos" in England, was not at Agincourt.—C. H. H.

And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exeunt all but King.*

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

23. *"with casted slough"*; the allusion is to the casting of the *slough* or skin of the snake annually, by which act he is supposed to regain new vigor and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. *Légèreté,* French.—H. N. H.

35. *"Qui va là"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff. *"che vous la?"*—I. G.

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.
Pist. The king 's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?
K. Hen. Harry le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.
Pist. Tell him, I 'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.
K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.
Pist. The figo for thee, then!
K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!
Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!
Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient

65. *"speak lower";* so Q. 3, adopted by Malone; Qq. 1, 2, *"lewer";* Ff., *"fewer"; cp.* "to speak few," a provincialism for "to speak low"; (according to Steevens, who prefers the folio reading).—J. G.

prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?
K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.
Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?
K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.
Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?
K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.
Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.
K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king. I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

98. *"Sir Thomas";* Theobald's correction of Ff. *"John."*—I. G.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honorable.

Will. That 's more than we know.

Bates. Aye, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent

about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His beadle, war is His vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they

160. *"sinfully miscarry upon the sea";* Pope reads from Qq. *"fall into some lewd action and miscarry."*—I. G.

would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Aye, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a

198. *"mote"*; Malone's emendation of Ff. *"Moth"*; Qq., *"moath,"* —I. G.

private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here 's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty
French crowns to one, they will beat us; for
they bear them on their shoulders: but it is
no English treason to cut French crowns,
and to-morrow the king himself will be a
clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king:
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-
ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not
too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshipers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings
in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

254–257. *"but it is,"* etc.; of course reference is here had to the old doctrine, that marring or defacing the king's image on the coin was equivalent to making war on the king.—H. N. H.

258. There is something very striking and solemn in the soliloquy into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment (Johnson).—H. N. H.

What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the scepter and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,

273. *"What is thy soul of adoration?";* Knight's reading; F. 1 reads, *"What? is thy Soule of Odoration?";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Adoration";* Warburton, *"What is thy toll, O adoration?";* Hanmer, *"What is thy shew of adoration?";* Johnson, *"What is thy soul, O adoration?"* &c., &c. (*v.* Glossary).—I. G.

This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone changed to "What is *the* soul of adoration?" The present reading is sufficiently intelligible: "O ceremony, show me what value thou art of! What is thy soul or essence of external worship or adoration?"—H. N. H.

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labor, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Re-enter Erpingham.

Exp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent.

303. *i. e.* rises at dawn.—C. H. H.

312. *"advantages";* benefit (the peasant). The singular after "hours" is probably due to the notion of "peace," the real source of the benefit.—C. H. H.

I 'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,

319, 320. *"take from them now the sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers"*; Tyrwhitt's reading; Ff., *"take . . . reck'ning of the opposed numbers:"*; Theobald, *"take . . . reck'ning; lest th' opposed numbers,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

324. *"interred new"*; Holinshed relates that Richard's body was removed from Langley, "with all funeral dignity convenient for his estate," to Westminster.—C. H. H.

330. *"two chantries"*; one of these was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem;* the other was for religious men and women of the order of St. Bridget, and was named *Sion.* They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of Sheen, now called Richmond.—H. N. H.

333, 334. "Since after all my acts of atonement it remains needful for my pardon that I should repent."—C. H. H.

King. "O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear;"

King Henry V. Act 4, Scene 1.

Imploring pardon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? Aye;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The French camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armor; up, my lords!

Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! laquais! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. Via! les eaux et la terre.

Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu.

Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,

4. *"Via"*; an exclamation of encouragement, *on, away;* of Italian origin. See *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act ii. sc. 2.—H. N. H.

4–6. The incoherent French scraps are in any case meant to suggest ostentatious valor, probably somewhat to this effect: "Water and earth I will ride through—"; to which Orleans replies ironically: "Anything further? Air and fire?"—"Aye, and heaven, cousin Orleans."—C. H. H.

And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honors must not. What 's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount;

35. The *"tucket-sonnance,"* or *sounding* of the *tucket,* was a flourish

For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favoredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades

on a trumpet as a signal.—The Constable's spirits are kicking up their heels and dancing in merry scorn; *the note to mount* and *dare the field* being terms fitter for a sporting excursion than for a war tussle. Johnson remarks,—"He uses the terms of the field, as if they were going out only to the chase for sport. To *dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are *dared* when, by the falcon in the air, they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand."—H. N. H.

39, 40. Holinshed gives the following account of the march from Harfleur to Agincourt: "The Englishmen were brought into some distresse in this journie, by reason of their vittels in maner spent, and no hope to get more; for the enemies had destroied all the corne before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarmes did ever so infest them: dailie it rained, nightlie it freezed: of fuell there was great scarsitie, of fluxes plentie: monie inough, but wares for their releefe to bestowe it on had they none."—H. N. H.

45. *"candlesticks";* ancient candlesticks were often in the form of human figures holding the socket, for the lights, in their extended hands. They are mentioned in *Vittoria Corombona,* 1612: "He showed like a pewter candlestick, fashioned like a man in armor, holding a tilting staff in his hand little bigger than a candle."—H. N. H.

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon: to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt*

56. *"prayers";* two syllables.—C. H. H.

60. *"I stay but for my guidon";* thus in Holinshed: "They thought themselves so sure of victorie, that diverse of the noblemen made such hast toward the battell, that they left manie of their servants and *men of warre* behind them, and some of them would not once *staie* for their *standards;* as amongst other the duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet,* and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of his standard."—H. N. H.

Scene III

The English camp.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all his host: Salisbury and Westmoreland.

Glou. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.
Exe. There 's five to one; besides they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I 'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Sc. 3. Enter Gloucester, etc. The historical Salisbury and Westmoreland (as well as Bedford) were not present at Agincourt (Stone's *Holinshed,* p. 187). But Shakespeare hardly had access to the evidence that they were not.—C. H. H.

4. *"There's five to one";* Holinshed, who also gives the French numbers as 60,000, reckons them to have been "six to one." But he estimates Henry's force on the march to Calais as 15,000. Shakespeare would seem to have taken a mean between these proportions. —C. H. H.

10. *"my kind kinsman";* this is addressed to Westmoreland by the speaker, who was *Thomas Montacute,* earl of Salisbury: he was not in point of fact related to Westmoreland; there was only a kind of connection by marriage between their families.—H. N. H.

11–14. In Ff. vv. 13, 14 are given to Bedford, and placed before v. 12. The present arrangement is due to Thirlby.—C. H. H.

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor.
[*Exit Salisbury.*

Bed. He is as full of valor as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What 's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;

16. *"O that we now had here,"* etc. Shakespeare had no authority for assigning this wish to Westmoreland, who (as stated) was not present at Agincourt at all. In Qq. it is attributed to Warwick, who was also absent, being Governor of Calais. It is known from the *Gesta* to have been Sir Walter Hungerford.—C. H. H.

20, 21. Here again the Poet found something in the chronicler to work upon: "It is said that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus, 'I would to God there were with us now so manie good soldiers as are at this houre within England!' the king answered,—I would not wish a man more here than I have: we are indeed in comparison of the enemies but a few, but, if God of his clemencie doo favour us and our cause, as I trust he will, we shall speed well inough. And if so be that for our offenses sakes we shall be delivered into the hands of our enemies, the lesse number we be, the lesse damage shall the realme of England susteine."—H. N. H.

It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'

38. Coleridge suggests that this line should read,—"We should not *live* in that man's company"; thus making a natural antithesis to *die* in the next line.—H. N. H.

39. *"his fellowship to die with us";* to be our comrade in death.—C. H. H.

40. *"the feast of Crispian"* falls upon the 25th October.—I. G.

44. *"He that shall live this day, and see";* Pope's reading; Ff., *"He that shall see this day and live";* Qq., *"He that outlives this day and sees."*—I. G.

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:

48. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

This line, if not strictly necessary to the sense, is indispensable to the picture. It was rightly restored by Malone.—C. H. H.

52. *"his mouth";* so Ff.; Qq., *"their mouths";* Pope, *"their mouth."* —I. G.

Modern editions, except Knight's and Verplanck's, change *his mouth* into *their mouths.* This is done, no doubt, to make it harmonize with *their cups* just below. It is a parlous thing to meddle much with Shakespeare's words. Here it is the *old man* in whose mouth the names of his great companions are to be as *household words,* while they are to be *freshly called to mind* by the *friends* who are feasting with him.—H. N. H.

53. *"Bedford and Exeter,"* etc. Of these "names," only Gloucester and Exeter were at Agincourt. Talbot, not elsewhere mentioned in this connection, is no doubt the hero of *1 Hen. VI.*—C. H. H.

56. *"the good man";* the good man, head of the family. "How the good man taught his son" was a proverbial title for maxims of morality and edification.—C. H. H.

63. That is, shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. King

And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!
K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?
West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Henry V inhibited any person, but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, from bearing coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt.—H. N. H.

76. By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. The poet, inattentive to numbers, puts *five thousand*, but in the last scene the French are said to be full *threescore thousand*, which Exeter declares to be five to one. The numbers of the English are variously stated; Holinshed makes them fifteen thousand, others but nine thousand.—H. N. H.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them,

96. *"native"; i. e.* English.—C. H. H.

And draw their honors reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valor in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There 's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They 'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:

102. *"clime"*; air.—C. H. H.
104. *"abounding"*; used with a consciousness of the (false) etymology from "bound."—C. H. H.
105. *"grazing"*; glancing off, after inflicting a wound.—C. H. H.
107. *"in relapse of mortality"*; in the very act of being resolved into their mortal elements; as they decompose.—C. H. H.

They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The field of battle.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

"Enter York"; this *Edward* duke of York has already appeared in *King Richard II* as *duke of Aumerle.* He was the son of Edmund of Langley, the duke of York of the same play, who was the fifth son of King Edward III.—H. N. H.

4. *"Qualtitie calmie custure me";* probably Pistol catches the last

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

word of the French soldier's speech, repeats it, and adds the refrain of a popular Irish song, *"Calen, O custure me"*="colleen oge astore," *i. e.* "young girl, my treasure." The popularity of the song is evidenced by the following heading of one of the songs in Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights* (*cp.* Arber's Reprint, p. 33): *"A Sonet of a Lover in the praise of his lady. . To Calen o custure me; sung at euerie lines end";* first pointed out by Malone.—I. G.

Boswell found the notes in Playford's *Musical Companion;* but it is there given *Callino, castore me.* We prefer for obvious reasons the form most likely to have fallen under the Poet's eye. Mr. Boswell says the words mean "Little girl of my heart, for ever and ever"; and he adds,—"They have, it is true, no great connection with the poor Frenchman's supplications, nor were they meant to have any. Pistol, instead of attending to him, contemptuously hums a tune."—H. N. H.

9. *"Fox"* is an old cant word for a *sword;* it was applied to the old English broadsword. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair:* "A fellow that knows nothing but a basket hilt and an *old fox* in it." —H. N. H.

14. *"rim";* Pistol is not very scrupulous in his language: he uses *rim* for the *intestines* generally. It is not very clear what our ancestors meant by it: Bishop Wilkins defines it "the membrane of the belly"; Florio makes it the omentum, "a fat pannicle, caule, sewet, *rim,* or kell wherein the bowels are lapt." Holland, in his *Translation of Pliny,* several times mentions "the *rim* of the paunch." And in Chapman's *Version of the Iliad:* "The lance his target tooke, and in his bellies *rimme* was sheath'd, beneath his girdle-stead."—H. N. H.

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?
Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!
Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.
Boy. Ecoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?
Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.
Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.
Pist. Master Fer! I 'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.
Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.
Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.
Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?
Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.
Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.
Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.
Pist. What are his words?
Boy. He prays you to save his life; he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.
Follow me!

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitain. [*Exeunt Pistol, and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one

77. *"this roaring devil i' the old play";* alluding to the standing character of the Devil in the Morality plays.—I. G.

In the old play of *The Taming of a Shrew,* one of the players says,—"My lord, we must have a little vinegar to make our *devil roar.*" *Ho! ho!* and *Ah! ha!* seem to have been the exclamations

may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

Scene V

Another part of the field.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune!
Do not run way. [*A short alarum.*

constantly given to the devil, who is, in the old mysteries, as turbulent and vainglorious as Pistol. The Vice or fool, among other indignities, used to threaten to pare his nails with his dagger of lath; the devil being supposed from choice to keep his claws long and sharp. —H. N. H.

5. *"O mechanté fortune!";* "Ludicrous as these introductory scraps of French appear, so instantly followed by good nervous mother English, yet they are judicious, and produce the impression which Shakespeare intended—a sudden feeling struck at once on the ears, as well as the eyes, of the audience, that 'here comes the French, the baffled French braggarts!" And this will appear still more judicious, when we reflect on the scanty apparatus of dis-

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O perdurable shame! let 's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honor: once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.
Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The devil take order now! I 'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.
[*Exeunt.*

tinguishing dresses in Shakespeare's tyring-room" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

11. *"Let us die in honor; once";* Knight's emendation; Ff. 1, *"Let us dye in once";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Let us flye in once,"* &c. Omitted by Pope.—I. G.

The folio has this line thus: "Let us dye in once more backe againe"; where it is evident, from the defect both of sense and of meter, that a word has dropped out after *in. Honor* is taken from the quarto, where is found,—*"Lets dye with honor."* Malone supplied *fight,* Theobald *instant;* no one till Knight having resorted to the quarto, whither all manifestly should have gone.—H. N. H.

15. That is, who has no more gentility.—H. N. H.

18. *"our lives";* Steevens adds from Qq., *"Unto these English, or else die with fame";* Vaughan conj. *"Unto these English, or else die with shame."*—I. G.

Scene VI

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!'
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.
[*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Another part of the field.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms; 'tis as arrant

Sc. 7. Holinshed relates that some six hundred French horsemen, "being the first that fled," "hearing that the English tents and pavilions were a good way distant from the army, without any sufficient guard, entered the camp, slew the servants, and plundered the treasure."—C. H. H.

a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there 's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Aye, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge,

10. *"cut his prisoner's throat";* this matter is thus related by Holinshed: "While the battell thus continued, certeine Frenchmen on horsseback, to the number of six hundred, which were the first that fled, hearing that the English tents and pavillions were without anie sufficient gard, entred upon the king's campe, and there spoiled the hails, robbed the tents, brake up chests, and carried awaie caskets, and slue such servants as they found to make anie resistance. But when the outcrie of the lackies and boies, which ran awaie for feare of the Frenchmen, came to the king's eares, he, doubting least his enemies should gather togither againe, and begin a new field, and mistrusting further that the prisoners would be an aid to his enemies, or the verie enemies to their takers in deed, if they were suffered to live, contrarie to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sound of trumpet, that everie man, upon paine of death, should incontinentlie slaie his prisoner." It appears afterwards, however, that the king, upon finding the danger was not so great as he at first thought, stopped the slaughter, and was able to save a great number. It is observable that the king gives as his reason for the order, that he expected another battle, and had not men enough to guard one army and fight another. Gower here assigns a different reason. Holinshed gives both reasons, and the Poet chose to put one in the king's mouth, the other in Gower's.—H. N. H.

or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, saves the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and

32. *"alike"*; so Ff.; Rowe reads *"as like."*—I. G.

comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I 'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

47. *"made";* Capell, following Qq., reads *"made an end."*—I. G.

53. *"the fat knight,"* etc.; Johnson observes that this is the last time Falstaff can make sport. The Poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could.—H. N. H.

68. *"Assyrian slings";* Theobald compared Judith ix. 7, and defended the reading against Warburton's proposed *"Balearian"* (afterwards withdrawn).—I. G.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer

74. *"what means this, herald?"*; Steevens' reading; F. 1, *"what meanes this herald?"*; F. 2, 3, 4, *"what means their herald"*; Hanmer conj. *"what mean'st thou, herald?"*—I. G.

75. *"fined"*; agreed to pay as a fine.—C. H. H.

84. *"their wounded steeds"*; Ff. *"with,"* corrected by Malone. The Quartos omit the line.—I. G.

And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honorable badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honor;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I

110. *"Monmouth caps";* Fuller, in his *Worthies of Monmouthshire,* says,—"The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *cappers'* chapel doth still remain." He adds,—"If at this day the phrase of *wearing a Monmouth cap* be taken in a bad acceptation, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion."—H. N. H.

can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.
[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An 't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favor for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon

146. *"quite from the answer of his degree";* removed by his rank from all possibility of answering the challenge of a man of Williams' station.—C. H. H.

148. *"as good a gentleman as the devil is";* this was proverbial; cf. Lear's "The prince of darkness is a gentleman."—C. H. H.

166. *"when Alençon and myself were down together";* Henry was felled to the ground by the duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the duke's attendants. Alençon was afterwards killed by the king's *guard,* contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to save him.—H. N. H.

and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honors as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, an't please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an 't please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favor
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII

Before King Henery's pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I 'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That 's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in

his majesty's name, apprehend him: he 's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now, what 's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what 's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

23. *"contagious"*; for "outrageous."—C. H. H.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offenses, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you to take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offense; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honor in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

87. The catalogue closely follows Holinshed both in names and numbers.—C. H. H.

The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?
[*Herald shows him another paper.*
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

105. *"cross-bows";* cross-bow men.—C. H. H.

117. *"But five and twenty";* Holinshed gives this as the report of "some"; adding, "but other writers of greater credit affirm, that there were slain above five or six hundred persons."—C. H. H.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an 't please your majesty,
to tell how many is killed? 130

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung ' Non nobis ' and ' Te Deum;'
The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men. [*Exeunt.*

130. "The king, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreit to be blowen; and, gathering his army togither, gave thanks to Almightie God for so happie a victorie, causing his prelats and chapleins to sing this psalme,—*In exitu Israel de Egypto;* and commanded every man to kneele downe on the ground at this verse, —*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.* Which doone, he caused Te Deum with certeine anthems to be soong, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force or anie humane power" (Holinshed).—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;

Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,

29. *"by a lower but loving likelihood";* to compare Henry's triumphal entry with another, less momentous, but not less welcome.—C. H. H.

30–35. The allusion is to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was sent to Ireland in 1599 to suppress Tyrone's rebellion; he left London on March 27, and returned on September 28 (*v.* Preface).—I. G.

38. *"The emperor's coming"; i. e.* "the emperor is coming," or (better) "the emperor's coming," parallel to "the King of England's stay at home." The line refers to the visit of Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, May 1, 1416. Malone supposed that a line had dropped out before *"The Emperor,"* &c.; Capell re-wrote the passage. It seems, however, that if instead of a semi-colon, a comma is placed after *"at home,"* the lines are perfectly intelligible as they stand.—I. G.

To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry's back return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eves advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [*Exit.*

Scene I

France. The English camp.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that 's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

6. "*scauld*"; scabby.—C. H. H.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkeycock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkeycocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you.

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray

35. *"Trojan"*; knave.—C. H. H.

41. *"a squire of low degree"*; alluding to the burlesque romance so entitled.—C. H. H.

you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you, it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Aye, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in

44. *"astonished"*; stunned.—H. N. H.

cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honor is cudgeled. Well, bawd I 'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I 'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgel'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.
[*Exit.*

91. *"Doll"*; Capell, *"Nell"*; which is probably the correct reading, though Shakespeare may himself have made the mistake.—I. G.

"Exit"; the comic scenes of these plays are now at an end, and

Scene II

France. A royal palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Alice and other Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy, and his train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

Sc. 2. The scene of Henry's betrothal, according to Holinshed, was "S. Peter's Church" at Troyes.—C. H. H.

1. That is, Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting. Here, Johnson thought, the chorus should have been prefixed, and the fifth act begin.—H. N. H.

7. *"Burgundy";* Rowe's emendation, from Qq., of F. 1, *"Burgogne";* Ff. 2, 4, *"Burgoigne";* F. 3, *"Bargoigne."*—I. G.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.
Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labor'd,
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavors,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,

11. *"So are you, princes English, every one";* Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"So are you princes (English) every one";* F. 4, *"So are you princes (English every one)."*—I. G.

12. *"England";* so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1 reads *"Ireland."*—I. G.

19. *"have";* the plural by attraction after "looks."—C. H. H.

27. *"bar";* that is, this *barrier,* this place of congress. The chronicles represent a former interview in a field near Melun, with a *barre* or barrier of separation between the pavilions of the French and English; but the treaty was then broken off. It was now renewed at Troyes, but the scene of conference was St. Peter's church in that town, a place inconvenient for Shakespeare's action; his editors have therefore laid it in a palace.—H. N. H.

Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,

50. *"all"*; Rowe's reading; Ff. *"withall."*—I. G.
55. *"natures"*; it has been proposed to read *nurtures*, that is, cul-

Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favor
You are assembled: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenores and particular effects
You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your grace

ture. But Steevens concurs in Upton's opinion, that change is unnecessary. They were not defective in their *crescive* nature, for they grew to wildness; but they were defective in their proper and favorable nature, which was to bring forth food for man.—H. N. H.

61. *"diffused"*; it appears from *Florio's Dictionary*, that *diffused*, or *defused*, was used for *confused*.—H. N. H.

To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands;
And we 'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

82. *"Pass our accept"*; Warburton reads, *"Pass, or accept"*; Malone conj. *"Pass, or except,"* &c.—I. G.

To *"pass"* here signifies "to finish, end, or agree upon the acceptance which we shall give them, and return our peremptory answer." Thus in *The Taming of the Shrew:* "To *pass* assurance of a dower," is to agree upon a settlement. "To passe over; *to passe,* to finish or agree upon some businesse or matter. *Transigo.*" (Baret).—H. N. H.

85. *"Huntingdon"*; John Holland, earl of Huntingdon, who afterwards married the widow of Edmund Mortimer, earl of March. Neither Huntingdon nor Clarence are in the list of Dramatis Personæ, as neither of them speak a word.—H. N. H.

Q. *Isa.* She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainst dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

123. *"dat is de princess";* probably incomplete. Alice may be sup-

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you:' then if you urge me farther than to say 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the cor-

posed to wish to qualify the candor of the sentiment, when the king cuts her short.—C. H. H.

125–136. Johnson thinks this blunt, honest kind of English wooing inconsistent with the previous character of the king, and quotes the Dauphin's *opinion* of him, "that he was fitter for a ball room than the field." This opinion, however, was erroneous. Shakespeare only meant to characterize English downright sincerity; and surely the previous habits of Henry, as represented in former scenes, do not make us expect great refinement or polish in him upon this occasion, especially as fine speeches would be lost upon the princess, from her ignorance of his language.—H. N. H.

142. *"measure";* is played upon in three senses: (1) meter; (2) a stately dance; (3) amount.—C. H. H.

rection of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and

172. *"fall"*; that is, shrink, fall away.—H. N. H.

not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love the enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle,

K. Hen. No, faith, is 't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I 'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

228–231. *"compound . . . beard";* an unconsciously ironical reference to Henry's actual successor, of whom no such exploit is recorded. But there may be also an allusion to the project of the Emperor Sigismund, who visited Henry in England, with a view to a European alliance against the Turk. Shakespeare could have read this in Halle.—C. H. H.

230. *"take the Turk by the beard";* this is one of the Poet's anachronisms. The Turks had not possession of Constantinople until the year 1453, when Henry had been dead thirty-one years.—H. N. H.

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavor for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?

Kath. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say

'Harry of England, I am thine:' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

274. *"queen of all, Katharine";* Capell conj., adopted by Dyce, *"queen of all Katharines."*—I. G.

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglish.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs courtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stop the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French King and his Queen, Burgundy, and other Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly,

your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is 't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article.
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, Notre trèscher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France; and thus in Latin,

384. *"Héritier"*; Ff. read *"Heretere"*; *"Præclarissimus"*; so Ff.;

Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciae.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighborhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.
[*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,

Rann reads *"Percarissimus"*; the error is, however, copied from Holinshed.—I. G.

That never may ill offense, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen.

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we 'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;

419. *"Sennet";* F. 1, *"Senet";* F. 2, *"Sonet,"* as though referring to the fourteen lines of the Epilogue.—I. G.

4. That is, by touching only on select parts.—H. N. H.

By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.
[*Exit.*

13. *"Which oft our stage hath shown"; vide* Preface to 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*—I. G.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A', he; (Rowe, *"he"*); II. iii. 11.

Abounding, rebounding, (?) a bounding; (Qq.; *"abundant"*; Theobald, *"a bounding"*); IV. iii. 104.

Abutting, contiguous; Prol. I. 21.

Accept, acceptance (? accepted); V. ii. 82.

Accomplishing, equipping, giving the finishing touches to; Prol. IV. 12.

Accompt, account; Prol. I. 17.

Achievement; "for a.," *i. e.* "instead of achieving a victory," (Malone, others, "to bring the affair to a conclusion"); III. v. 60.

Act, practice, working; I. ii. 189.

Addiction, inclination; I. i. 54.

Addrest, ready; III. iii. 58.

Admiration, astonishment; II. ii. 108.

Advance, raise, unfurl; II. ii. 192.

Advantageable, advantageous; V. ii. 88.

Advantages, interest, additions; IV. iii. 50.

Adventures, risks; IV. i. 124.

Advice; "on his more a.," on better consideration; II. ii. 43.

Advised; "be a.," consider; I. ii. 251.

Afeard, afraid; IV. i. 152.

Affiance, confidence; II. ii. 127.

After, afterwards; IV. ii. 59.

All-unable, very weak; Epil. I.

All-watched, spent in watching; Prol. IV. 38.

Ancient, ensign; II. i. 3.

Annoy, hurt; II. ii. 102.

Another, the other; I. ii. 113.

Answer, be ready for battle; II. iv. 3.

Antics, buffoons; (Ff. *"Antiques"*); III. ii. 33.

Apace, quickly; IV. viii. 3.

Appearance, sight, visibleness; (Ff. 1, 2, *"apparance"*); II. ii. 76.

Appertinents, appurtenances; II. ii. 87.

Apprehension, perception; III. vii. 153.

Approbation, attestation, ratification; I. ii. 19.

Apt, ready; II. ii. 86.

Arbitrement, decision; IV. i. 174.

Argument, cause of quarrel; III. i. 21; theme, III. vii. 39.

Armor, suit of armor; III. vii. 1.

Assays, hostile attempts; (Malone, *"essays"*); I. ii. 151.

As were, as though there were; II. iv. 20.

Athwart, across; Prol. V. 9.

Attaint, infection; Prol. IV. 39.

Aunchient, ensign; V. i. 19.

Aunchient lieutenant, (so Ff. 1, 2, Ff. 3, 4, *"auncient"*; Malone from Qq., *"ensign"*), "An-

cient," Pistol's title according to Fluellen; III. vi. 13.

Avaunt, away, begone; III. ii. 21.

Awkward, unfair; II. iv. 85.

Balls, (1) eyeballs, (2) cannon-balls; V. ii. 17.

Balm, consecrated oil used for anointing kings; IV. i. 288.

Bankrupt (F., *"banqu'rout"*); IV. ii. 43.

Bar, impediment, exception; I. ii. 35; "barrier, place of congress" (Johnson); V. ii. 27.

Barbason, the name of a fiend; II. i. 61.

Basilisks, (1) serpents who were supposed to kill by a glance; (2) large cannon; used in both senses of the word; V. ii. 17.

Bate, flap the wings, as the hawk does when, unhooded, she tries to fly at the game (used quibblingly); III. vii. 128.

Battle, army; Prol. IV. 9.

Bawcock, a term of endearment; III. ii. 25.

Beaver, visor of a helmet; IV. ii. 44.

Become, grace; I. ii. 8.

Before-breach, breach committed in former time; IV. i. 186.

Beguiling, deceiving; IV. i. 178.

Bending, bending beneath the burden of the task; (Warburton conj. *"blending"*); Epil. 2.

Bend up, strain (like a bow); III. i. 16.

Bent, (1) glance, (2) aim; V. ii. 16.

Beshrew, a mild oath; V. ii. 250.

Besmirch'd, soiled, stained; IV. iii. 110.

Best, bravest; III. ii. 40.

Bestow yourself, repair to your post; IV. iii. 68.

Blood, temperament, passion; II. ii. 133.

Bloody, bloodthirsty; II. iv. 51.

——, "b. flag," *i. e.* signal of bloody war; I. ii. 101.

Bolted, sifted; II. ii. 137.

Bonnet, covering of the head, cap; IV. i. 233.

Book, to register; IV. vii. 79.

Boot; "make b.", make booty; I. ii. 194.

Bootless, uselessly; III. iii. 24.

Bottoms, ships, vessels; Prol. III. 12.

Bound; "b. my horse," *i. e.* make my horse curvet; V. ii. 148.

Braggart, boaster; (Ff., *"Braggard"*); II. i. 68.

Brave, bravely decked, finely appointed; Prol. III. 5.

Bravely, making a fine show; IV. iii. 69.

Break, rend; III. iii. 40; disclose; V. ii. 275.

Breath, breathing time; II. iv. 145.

Brim (used adjectivally); I. ii. 150, f.

Bring, accompany; II. iii. 2.

Broached, spitted; Prol. V. 32.

Broken music; "some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, &c., were formerly made in sets of four, which, when played together, formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music'"; (Chappell; W. A. Wright); V. ii. 273.

Bruised, battered, dented; Prol. V. 18.

Bubukles, a corruption of carbuncles; (Qq., *"pumples"*; Capell, *"pupuncles"*); III. vi. 116.

Buffet, box; V. ii. 148.

Bully, dashing fellow; IV. i 48.

Burnet, the name of a herb (*sanguisorba officinalis*); V. ii. 49.

But, used after a strong asseveration; III. v. 12.

Cadwallader, the last of the Welsh Kings; V. i. 29.

Capet; *i. e.* Hugh Capet, the ancestor of the French Kings; I. ii. 78.

Capital, chief; V. ii. 96.

Captived, taken captive; II. iv. 55.

Career, race; (Ff. 1, 2, *"Carriere"*); III. iii. 23.

Careers, gallopings of a horse backwards and forwards; a course run at full speed; "passes careers" probably = "indulges in sallies of wit"; I. i. 140.

Careful, full of care; IV. i. 259.

Carefully, "more than c.," *i. e.* "with more than common care"; II. iv. 2.

Carry coals, pocket insults; III. ii. 52.

Case, set of four; a musical allusion; III. ii. 4.

Casques, helmets; (Capell's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Caskes,"* F. 4, *"Casket"*); Prol. I. 13.

Casted, cast, cast off; IV. i. 23.

Chace, a term in the game of tennis; a match played at tennis; I. ii. 266.

Chanced, happened; Prol. V. 40.

Charge, load, burden; I. ii. 15.

Chattels, goods generally; II. iii. 54.

Cheerly, cheerfully; II. ii. 192.

Childeric, the Merovingian king; I. ii. 65.

Choler, wrath, anger; IV. vii. 194.

Christom, "a white vesture put upon the child after baptism; in the bills of mortality such children as died within the month were called *"chrisoms"*; (Qq. 1, 3, *"crysombd,"* Johnson, *"chrisom"*); II. iii. 12.

Chuck, a term of endearment; III. ii. 26.

Clear thy crystals, "dry thine eyes"; II. iii. 60.

Close, cadence, union; (F 2, *"cloze"*); I. ii. 182.

Cloy'd, surfeited, satiated; II. ii. 9.

Comes o'er, reminds, taunts; I. ii. 267.

Companies, company, companions; I. i. 55.

Compassing, obtaining; IV. i. 323.

Compelled, enforced, exacted; III. vi. 124.

Complement, external appearance; (Theobald, *"compliment"*); II. ii. 134.

Compound with, come to terms with; IV. vi. 33.

Con, learn by heart; III. vi. 84.

Condition, temper, character; V. ii. 325.

Condole, lament, sympathize with; II. i. 142.

Conduct; "safe c.," escort, guard; I. ii. 297.

Confounded, ruined, wasted; III. i. 13.

Congreeing, agreeing; (Pope, *"Congruing,"* Qq., *"Congrueth"*); I. ii. 182.

Congreeted, greeted each other; V. ii. 31.

Conscience, inmost thoughts, private opinion; IV. i. 123.

Consent, harmony, a musical term; I. ii. 181; unity of opinion; II. ii. 22.

Consideration, meditation, reflection; I. i. 28.

Consign, agree; V. ii. 90.

Constant, unshaken; II. ii. 133.

Constraint, compulsion; II. iv. 97.

Contemplation, observation; I. i. 63.

Contrariously, in contrary ways; I. ii. 206.

Contrived, plotted; IV. i. 177.

Convey'd, secretly contrived to pass off; I. ii. 74.

Convoy, conveyance; IV. iii. 37.

Coranto, a quick and lively dance; (Johnson's emendation of Ff., *"Carranto"*); III. v. 33.

Corroborate (one of Pistol's meaningless words); II. i. 138.

Couch down, crouch down, stoop down; IV. ii. 37.

Coulter, plough-share; (Ff., *"Culter"*); V. ii. 46.

Counterfeit, dissembling; V. i. 73.

Couple a gorge! = coupe la gorge, perhaps merely Pistol's blunder; II. i. 79.

Coursing, hunting after booty, marauding; I. ii. 143.

Courtsey, bow, yield; (Ff., *"cursie"*); V. ii. 303.

Cousin, used as a title of courtesy; I. ii. 4.

Coz, cousin; (Ff., *"couze"*); IV. iii. 30.

Create, created; II. ii. 31.

Crescive, growing; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"cressiue"*; F. 4, *crescive*); I. i. 66.

Crispin Crispian, two brothers who suffered martyrdom; the patron saints of shoemakers; IV. iii. 57.

Crush'd, forced, strained; (Qq., Pope, *"c u r s t,"*; Warburton, *"'scus'd"*); I. ii. 175.

Cullions, base wretches; a term of abuse; III. ii. 21.

Cunning, skill; V. ii. 152.

Currance, current, flow; (F. 1, *"currance"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"currant"*; F. 4, *"current"*); I. i. 34.

Cursorary, cursory (Ff., *"curselarie"*); V. ii. 77.

Curtains, banners, used contemptuously; IV. ii. 41.

Curtle-ax, a corruption of cutlass, a broad, curved sword; IV. ii. 21.

Dalliance, trifling, toying; Prol. II. 2.

Dare, make to crouch in fear; a term of falconry; IV. ii. 36.

Dark, darkness; Prol. IV. 2.

Dauphin, the heir-apparent to the throne of France; (Ff., Qq., *"Dolphin"*); I. ii. 221.

Dear, grievous; II. ii. 181.

Defendant, defensive; II. iv. 8.

Defensible, capable of offering resistance; III. iii. 50.

Defunction, death; I. ii. 58.

Degree; "of his d.", *i. e.* "of one of his rank"; IV. vii. 147.

Deracinate, uproot; V. ii. 47.

Diffused, wild, disordered; (Ff. 1, 2, *"defus'd"*); V. ii. 61.

Digest, reduce to order; (Pope, *"well digest,"* for *"we'll digest"*); Prol. II. 31.

Digested, concocted; II. ii. 56.

Discuss, explain; III. ii. 68.

Dishonest, immoral, unchaste; (so Holinshed's 2nd edition; Capell, from Holinshed's 1st edition, *"unhonest"*); I. ii. 49.

Distemper, mental derangement, perturbation; II. ii. 54.

Distressful, hard earned; (Collier MS., *"distasteful"*); IV. i. 287.

Dout, extinguish, put out; IV. ii. 11.

Down-roping, hanging down in filaments; IV. ii. 48.

Drench, physic for a horse; III. v. 19.

Dress us, address ourselves, prepare ourselves; IV. i. 10.

Dull'd, made insensible; (Ff. 3, 4, *"lull'd"*; Steevens, *"dol'd"*); II. ii. 9.

Earnest, earnest money, money paid beforehand in pledge of a bargain; II. ii. 169.

Eke out, piece, lengthen out; (Pope's emendation, F. 1, *"eech"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"ech"*); Prol. III. 35.

Element, sky; IV. i. 107.

Embassy, message, I. i. 95; mission, I. ii. 240.

Embattled, arrayed for battle; IV. ii. 14.

Empery, empire; I. ii. 226.

Emptying, issue; III. v. 6.

End, end of the matter; (Steevens, from Qq., *"the humour of it"*); II. i. 11.

English, *i. e.* English King, or General; II. iv. 1.

Englutted, engulfed, swallowed up; IV. iii. 83.

Enlarge, release from prison, set at liberty; II. ii. 40.

Enow, enough; IV. i. 250.

Enrounded, surrounded; Prol. IV. 36.

Enscheduled, formally drawn up in writing; V. ii. 73.

Estate, state; IV. i. 101.

Even, "the e. of it," just what it is; II. i. 136.

Evenly, directly, in a straight line; II. iv. 91.

Even-pleach'd, evenly interturned; V. ii. 42.

Exception, disapprobation, objections; II. iv. 34.

Executors, executioners; I. ii. 203.

Exhale, draw; (according to Steevens, "die"); II. i. 70.

Exhibiters, the introducers of a bill in Parliament; I. i. 74.

Expedience, expedition; IV. iii. 70.

Expedition, march; II. ii. 191.

Faced, outfaced (used quibblingly); III. vii. 95.

Faculty, latent power; I. i. 66.

Fain, gladly, willingly; I. i. 85.

Fantastically, capriciously; II. iv. 27.

Farced, "f. title," "stuffed out with pompous phrases" (alluding perhaps to the herald going before the King to proclaim his full title); IV. i. 291.

Fatal and neglected, *i. e.* "fatally neglected; neglected to our destruction"; II. iv. 13.

Favor, appearance, aspect; V. ii. 63.

Fear'd, frightened; I. ii. 155.

Fell, cruel; III. iii. 17.

Fer, a word (probably meaningless) coined by Pistol, playing upon "Monsieur le Fer"; IV. iv. 29.

Ferret, worry (as a ferret does a rabbit); IV. iv. 30.
Fet, fetched; III. i. 18.
Fetlock, hair behind the pastern joint of horses; IV. vii. 85.
Few; "in f.," in brief, in a few words; I. ii. 245.
Figo, a term of contempt, accompanied by a contemptuous gesture; the word and habit came from Spain; hence "the fig of Spain"; III. vi. 63.
Fig of Spain, possibly an allusion to the poisoned figs given by Spaniards to the objects of their revenge (Steevens); according to others,= figo; III. vi. 66.
Find, furnish, provide; (Qq. Pope, *"fine"*); I. ii. 72.
Find-faults, fault-finders; V. ii. 308.
Finer end, probably Mrs. Quickly's error for "final end"; II. iii. 11.
Firk, beat, drub (Pistol's cant); IV. iv. 29.
Fits, befits, becomes; II. iv. 11.
Flesh'd, fed with flesh like a hound trained for the chase; II. iv. 50; hardened in bloodshed; III. iii. 11.
Flexure, bending; IV. i. 283.
Floods, rivers; I. ii. 45.
Flower-de-luce, fleur-de-lys, the emblem of France; V. ii. 232.
Footed, landed; II. iv. 143.
For, "cold f. action," *i. e.* cold for want of action; I. ii. 114.
'Fore God, before God, a mild oath; II. ii. 1.
Forespent, past; II. iv. 36.
For us, as for us, as regards ourself; II. iv. 113.
Fox, sword; IV. iv. 9.
Fracted, broken; II. i. 138.
France, the King of France; Prol. II. 20.
Freely, liberally; I. ii. 231.
French; "the French,"= the French King, or general; IV. iv. 82.
French hose, wide loose breeches; III. vii. 61.
Fret, chafe; IV. vii. 85.
Friend, befriend; IV. v. 17.
Fright, frighten; V. ii. 254.
From; "f. the answer" beyond, above answering the challenge; IV. vii. 146.
Full-fraught, fully freighted, fully laden with all virtues; II. ii. 139.
Fumitory, the name of a plant; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"fementary"*); V. ii. 45.

Gage, pledge; IV. i. 232.
Galled, worn away; III. i. 12.
Galliard, a nimble and lively dance; I. ii. 252.
Galling, harassing, I. ii. 151; scoffing; V. i. 78.
Gamester, player; III. vi. 128.
Garb, style; V. i. 85.
Gentle, make gentle, ennoble; IV. iii. 63.
Gentles, gentlefolks; Prol. I. 8.
Gesture, bearing; Prol. IV. 25.
Giddy, hot-brained, inconstant; I. ii. 145.
Gilt, used with a play upon "guilt"; Prol. II. 26.
Gimmal bit, a bit consisting of rings or links; (Ff., *"Iymold"*); IV. ii. 49.
Girded, enclosed, besieged; Prol. III. 27.
Gleaned, bare of defenders, undefended; I. ii. 151.
Gleeking, scoffing; V. i. 82.

GLISTERING, glittering, shining; II. ii. 117.
GLOZE, interpret; I. ii. 40.
GO ABOUT, attempt; IV. i. 221.
GOD BEFORE, before God I swear; I. ii. 307.
GOD-DEN, good evening, I wish good evening; III. ii. 95.
GOOD LEAVE, permission; V. ii. 98.
GORDIAN KNOT, "the celebrated knot of the Phrygian King Gordius, untied by Alexander"; I. i. 46.
GRACE, ornament; Prol. II. 28.
GRANT; "in g. of," by granting; II. iv. 121.
GRAZING (Ff., 2, 3, 4, *"grasing"*; F. 1, *"crasing"*); IV. iii. 105.
GREENLY, sheepishly, foolishly; V. ii. 151.
GROAT, a coin worth four pence; V. i. 65.
GROSS, palpable; II. ii. 103.
GUIDON, standard; (Ff., *"Guard: on"*); IV. ii. 60.
GULF, whirlpool; II. iv. 10.
GUN-STONES, cannon balls, which were originally made of stone; I. ii. 282.

HAD, would have; IV. i. 308.
HAGGLED, cut, mangled; IV. vi. 11.
HAMPTON, Southampton; II. ii. 91.
HANDKERCHERS, handkerchiefs; III. ii. 54.
HANDLE, talk of; II. iii. 42.
HAPLY, perhaps, perchance; (F. 1, *"Happily"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"Happely"*); V. ii. 93.
HARD-FAVOR'D, ugly; III. i. 8.
HARDINESS, hardihood, bravery; I. ii. 220.
HARFLEUR; (Ff., *"Harflew"*); Prol. III. 17, *etc.*
HAZARD, (technical term of tennis); I. ii. 263.
HEAD; "in h.," in armed force; II. ii. 18.
HEADY, headstrong; (F. 1, *"headly"*; Capell conj. *"deadly"*); III. iii. 32.
HEAPS; "on heaps"; in heaps; V. ii. 39.
HEARTS, courage, valor; IV. i. 321.
HELD, witheld, kept back; II. iv. 94.
HELM, helmet; IV. vii. 168.
HEROICAL, heroic; II. iv. 59.
HILDING, mean, base; (Prof. Skeat makes *hilding* a contraction for *hildering* = M. E., *hinderling* = base, degenerate); IV. ii. 29.
HILTS, a sword; used as singular; Prol. II. 9.
HIS, its; I. i. 66.
HONOR-OWING, honorable; IV. vi. 9.
HOODED, "a h. valor," *i. e.* covered, hidden as the hawk is hooded till it was let fly at the game; a term of falconry (used quibblingly); III. vii. 127.
HOOP, shout with surprise; (Ff. 1, 2, *"hoope"*; Theobald, *"whoop"*); II. ii. 108.
HOUND OF CRETE, (?) bloodhound; (perhaps mere Pistolian rant); II. i. 81.
HUMOROUS, capricious; II. iv. 28.
HUMOR, II. i. 62, 64, 78 (used by Nym.)
HUSBANDRY, thrift; IV. i. 7; tillage; V. ii. 39.
HUSWIFE, hussy; V. i. 90.
HYDRA-HEADED, alluding to the many headed serpent, which put forth new heads as soon

as the others were struck off; I. i. 35.

Hyperion, the god of the Sun; (F. 1, *"Hiperio"*); IV. i. 303.

Iceland Dog, (*v.* Note); II. i. 47.

Ill-favoredly, in an ugly manner; IV. ii. 40.

Imaginary, imaginative; Prol. I. 18.

Imagined, "i. wing," *i. e.* the wings of imagination; Prol. III. 1.

Imbar, (?)bar, exclude; or, (?) secure (*v.* Note); I. ii. 94.

Imp, scion, shoot; IV. i. 45.

Impawn, pawn, pledge; I. ii. 21.

Impeachment, hindrance; III. vi. 164.

In, into; I. ii. 184.

——, by reason of; I. ii. 193.

Incarnate, misunderstood by Mistress Quickly for the color, and confused with "carnation"; II. iii. 37.

Inconstant, fickle; Prol. III. 15.

Indirectly, wrongfully; II. iv. 94.

Infinite, boundless; V. ii. 167.

Ingrateful, ungrateful; II. ii. 95.

Inly, inwardly; Prol. IV. 24.

Instance, cause, motive; II. ii. 119.

Intendment, bent, aim; I. ii. 144.

Intertissued, interwoven; IV. i. 290.

Into, unto; I. ii. 102.

Is (so Ff.; Qq., *"are"*);= are, (by attraction); I. ii. 243.

Issue, pour forth tears; IV. vi. 34.

It, its; V. ii. 40.

Jack-an-apes, monkey; V. ii. 150.

Jack-sauce, Saucy Jack; IV. vii. 153.

Jades, a term of contempt or pity, for ill-conditioned horses; IV. ii. 46.

Jealousy, suspicion, apprehension; II. ii. 126.

Jewry, Judea; III. iii. 40.

Just, exact, precise; IV. vii. 126.

Jutty, project beyond; III. i. 13.

Kecksies, dry hemlock stems, (Ff. 1, 2, *"keksyes"*); V. ii. 52.

Kern; "k. of Ireland," a light-armed Irish soldier; III. vii. 60.

Larding, enriching, fattening; (Collier MS., *"Loading"*); IV. vi. 8.

Late, lately appointed; II. ii. 61.

Lavolta, a *waltz-like* kind of dance; III. v. 33.

Lay apart, put off, lay aside; II. iv. 78.

Lay down, estimate; I. ii. 137.

Lazars, beggars, especially lepers; I. i. 15.

Leas, arable land; V. ii. 44.

Legerity, alacrity, lightness; (Ff. 3, 4, *"celerity"*); IV. i. 23.

Let, hindrance, impediment; V. ii. 65.

Lief, gladly, willingly; (F. 1, *"liue,"* Ff. 3, 4, *"lieve"*); III. vii. 68.

Lieu, "in l. of this," *i. e.* in return for this; I. ii. 255.

Lig, lie; III. ii. 131.

Like, likely; I. i. 3.

Likelihood, probability; Prol. V. 29.

Likes, pleases; Prol. III. 32.

Likes me, pleases me; IV. i. 16.

LINE, pedigree; (Qq., *"lines"*); II. iv. 88.

LINE, strengthen; II. iv. 7.

LINEAL, lineally descended; in the direct line of descent; I. ii. 82.

LINGARE, Charlemagne's fifth wife (according to Ritson); I. ii. 74.

LINGER ON, prolong, draw out; Prol. II. 31.

LINSTOCK, the stick which holds the gunner's match; Prol. III. 33.

LIST, boundary limit; V. ii. 305.

LIST, listen to; I. i. 43.

LOB DOWN, droop; IV. ii. 47.

LODGING, entering into the fold; III. vii. 35.

'LONG, belong; (Ff., *"longs"*); II. iv. 80.

LOOSED, loosened, shot off; I. ii. 207.

LUXURIOUS, lustful; IV. iv. 20.

LUXURY, lust; III. v. 6.

MAJESTICAL, majestic; Prol. III. 16.

MARCHES, borders, border-country; I. ii. 140.

MASTERS, possesses, is master of; (Qq., *"musters"*); II. iv. 137.

MAW, stomach; II. i. 56.

MAY, can; Prol. I. 12; II. ii. 100.

MEASURE, dancing (used equivocally); V. ii. 142.

MEET, seemly, proper; II. iv. 15.

MEETER, more fit; I. ii. 254.

MERCENARY BLOOD, blood of mercenaries, hired soldiers; IV. vii. 82.

MERVAILOUS, one of Pistol's words; (Ff. 3, 4, *"marvellous"*); II. i. 54.

MICKLE, much, great; II. i. 74.

MIGHT, could; IV. v. 21.

MIND, remind; IV. iii. 13.

MINDING, remembering, calling to mind; Prol. IV. 53.

MISCARRY, die, perish; IV. i. 160.

MISCREATE, falsely invented; I. ii. 16.

MISTFUL, blinded by tears; (Ff. *"mixtful"*); IV. vi. 34.

MISTOOK, mistaken; III. vi. 92.

MISTRESS-COURT, suggested by the game of tennis; II. iv. 133.

MODEL, image; Prol. II. 16.

MONMOUTH CAPS, "the best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the Cappers' Chapel doth still remain" (Fuller's *Worthies of Wales*); IV. vii. 110.

MORRIS-DANCE, an old dance on festive occasions, as at Whitsuntide; the reason for its connection with "Moorish" is not quite clear; perhaps from the use of the tabor as an accompaniment to it; II. iv. 25.

MORTIFIED, killed; I. i. 26.

MOULD; "men of m.," men of earth, poor mortals; III. ii. 22.

MOUNTED (technical term of falconry); IV. i. 112.

MOYS,=*"muys,* or *muids,"* (according to Cotgrave),= about five quarters English measure; 27 moys = two tons (Donce) (not *moi d'or* as Johnson suggested, a coin of Portuguese origin unknown in Shakespeare's time); IV. iv. 14.

MUCH AT ONE, much about the same; V. ii. 211.

NARROW, "n. ocean," *i. e.* the English Channel; Prol. I. 22.

NATIVE; "n. punishment," *i. e.* inflicted in their own country; IV. i. 183.

NATURAL, consonant to nature; II. ii. 107.

Net, specious sophistry; I. ii. 93.
New, anew; IV. i. 324.
Nice, trivial, prudish; V. ii. 303.
Nicely, sophistically; I. ii. 15; fastidiously; V. ii. 94.
Noble, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eightpence; II. i. 120.
Nook-shotten; "n. isle," *i. e.* "isle spawned in a corner, or flung into a corner"; (Warburton and others, "an isle shooting out into capes, promontories, etc."); III. v. 14.
Note, notice, intelligence; II. ii. 6; sign; Prol. IV. 35.
Nothing, "offer n.," *i. e.* no violence; II. i. 42.

O, "wooden O.", *i. e.* the Globe Theater, which was of wood and circular in shape inside, though externally octagonal; the sign of the Globe was a figure of Hercules supporting the Globe, with the motto, "Totus mundus agit histrionem"; it is difficult to determine whether the name suggested the sign or *vice versa;* Prol. I. 13.
Odds, discord, contention; II. iv. 129.
O'erblows, blows away; III. iii. 31.
O'erwhelm, overhang, hang down upon; III. i. 11.
Of, against; (Qq., *"on"*); II. iii. 32, 34; with; III. vii. 9; for; IV. i. 115.
On, of; V. ii. 23.
Ooze, soft mud, (Qq., Ff., *"owse"*); I. ii. 164.
Order, arrange; Prol. V. 39.
Ordnance, cannon, (Ff., *"Ordinance"*; Qq., *"ordenance"*); trisyllabic; II. iv. 126.
Orisons, prayers; II. ii. 53.
Ostent, external show; Prol. V. 21.
Out, fully, completely; IV. i. 175.
Over-bears, subdues, bears down; Prol. IV. 39.
Overlook, rise above, overtop; (Qq., *"outgrow"*); III. v. 9.
Over-lusty, too lively; Prol. IV. 18.
Overshot, beaten in shooting, put to shame; III. vii. 140.

Paction, alliance; (Theobald's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, *"pation"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"passion"*); V. ii. 410.
Paly, pale; Prol. IV. 8.
Paper, "thy cheeks are p.", *i. e.* white as paper, pale; II. ii. 74.
Parca, one of the three Fates who spin the threads of life; V. i. 23.
Parle, parley; III. iii. 2.
Parley, conference; III. ii. 156.
Part, side; I. i. 73.
Parts, divisions in music; I. ii. 181., from Holinshed.
Pass, passage; Prol. II. 39.
Passes, *v.* "careers."
Pasterns, legs; (F. 1, *"postures"*); III. vii. 13.
Pauca, in few words; II. i. 87.
Pax, a mistake for "pix," the box containing the consecrated host; ("pax"= the small piece of wood or metal, impressed with the figure of Christ, which the laity kissed); Qq., *"packs"*; (Theobald, from Holinshed, *"pix"*); III. vi. 45.
Pay, repay, requite; IV. i. 218.
Peer, appear; IV. vii. 91.
Peevish, foolish; III. vii. 149.
Pepin, "King P.," the founder of

the Carlovingian dynasty; I. ii. 65.

Perdition, loss; III. vi. 111.

Perdurable, lasting; IV. v. 7.

Perdy, par Dieu, by God; II. i. 56.

Peremptory, decisive; V. ii. 82.

Perforce, of necessity; V. ii. 165.

Perspectively, as in a perspective picture; V. ii. 362.

Pharamond, a King of the Franks; I. ii. 37.

Pibble pabble, idle prattle; IV. i. 72.

Pioners, pioneers; III. ii. 98.

Pitch and pay, a proverbial saying,=“pay ready money”; II. iii. 58.

Pith, force, strength; Prol. III. 21.

Plain-song, simple air without variations; a musical term; III. ii. 6.

Play, play for; Prol. IV. 19.

Pleasant, merry, facetious; I. ii. 281.

Pleaseth, may it please; V. ii. 78.

Poison'd, poisonous; IV. i. 279.

Policy; “cause of p.,” political question; I. i. 45.

Popular, vulgar, plebeian; IV. i. 38.

Popularity, publicity; I. i. 59.

Port, deportment, carriage; Prol. I. 6.

Portage, porthole; “p. of the head,” *i. e.* eye; III. i. 10.

Possess, affect, fill; IV. i. 117.

Practic, practical; I. i. 51.

Practices, plots; II. ii. 90.

Precepts, commands, summons; III. iii. 26.

Preposterously, against the natural order of things; II. ii. 112.

Prescript, prescribed; III. vii. 52.

Presence; “in p.,” present; II. iv. 111.

Present, immediate; II. iv. 67.

Presenteth, shows; (Ff., *“Presented”*); Prol. IV. 27.

Presently, immediately, now at once; II. i. 97.

Prey; “in p.,” in search of prey; I. ii. 169.

Prize, estimate, rate; II. iv. 119.

Proceeding on, caused by; II. ii. 54.

Projection, plain calculation; II. iv. 46.

Proportion, be proportioned to; III. vi. 145.

Proportions, calculation, necessary numbers; I. ii. 137.

Puissance, power, armed force; Prol. I. 25.

Puissant, powerful, valiant; I. ii. 116.

Qualtitie calmie custure me! IV. iv. 4 (*vide* Note).

Question, discussion; I. i. 5.

Quick, alive, living; II. ii. 79.

Quit, acquit; II. ii. 166.

Quittance, requital, recompense; II. ii. 34.

Quotidian tertian, Mistress Quickly's confusion of *quotidian* fever (*i. e.* marked by *daily* paroxysms), and *tertian* fever (*i. e.* marked by paroxysms recurring *every three days*); II. i. 132.

Raught, reached; (Ff. 3, 4, *“caught”*); IV. vi. 21.

Rawly, without due provision; IV. i. 151.

Reduce, reconduct, bring back; V. ii. 63.

Relapse of mortality, a rebound of death; IV. iii. 107.

Remembering, reminding; Prol. V. 43.

Rendezvous, one of Nym's blunders; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"rendeuous"*); II. i. 19.

Renowned, made renowned; I. ii. 118.

Repent, regret; II. ii. 152.

Requiring, asking; II. iv. 101.

Resolved, satisfied; I. ii. 4.

Respect, reason, consideration; V. i. 79.

Rest, resolve; (=stake, wager; technical term of the old game of primers); II. i. 18.

Retire, retreat; IV. iii. 86.

Returns, answers; III. iii. 46.

Rheumatic, Mistress Quickly's blunder for *lunatic;* II. iii. 43.

Rim, midriff; IV. iv. 15.

Rites, ceremonies, sacred observances; (Ff., *"Rights"*); IV. viii. 130.

Rivage, sea-shore; Prol. III. 14.

Road, inroad, incursions; I. ii. 138.

Robustious, sturdy; III. vii. 167.

Root upon, take root in; V. ii. 46.

Roping, hanging down; III. v. 23.

Round; "too r.," too plain-spoken; IV. i. 225.

Rub, hindrance, impediment; II. ii. 188.

Sad-eyed, grave-looking; I. ii. 202.

Safeguard, defend, keep safe; I. ii. 176.

Salique: "the law s.," the law appertaining to the Salic tribe of the Franks which excluded females from succeeding to the throne; I. ii. 11.

Sand, sand-bank; IV. i. 102.

Satisfaction, conviction; (Pope reads from Hall, *"possession"*); I. ii. 88.

Savagery, wild growth; V. ii. 7.

'Sblood, a corruption of *God's blood;* IV. viii. 10.

Scaffold, stage; Prol. I. 10.

Scambling, scrambling, turbulent, I. i. 4; struggling, V. ii. 225.

Scions, originally small twigs from one tree grafted upon another; (Ff., *"Syens"*); III. v. 7.

Sconce, earthwork; III. vi. 81.

Seat, throne; I. i. 88.

Security, over confidence; II. ii. 44.

Self, self-same; I. i. 1.

Set, set out; Prol. II. 34.

Severals, details; I. i. 86.

Shales, shells; IV. ii. 18.

Shé, woman; II. i. 87.

Shog off, jog off, move off; a cant term; II. i. 51.

Shows, appearance; I. ii. 72.

Shows, appears; IV. i. 108.

Shrewdly, viciously; III. vii. 56.

Signal, symbol of victory; Prol. V. 21.

Signs of war, standards, ensigns; II. ii. 192.

Silken, effeminate; Prol. II. 2.

Sinfully, in a state of sin; IV. i. 160.

Sinister, unfair; II. iv. 85.

Skirr, scurry, move rapidly; (Ff., *"sker"*); IV. vii. 67.

Slips, leash; III. i. 31.

Slobbery, wet and foul; (Qq., *"foggy"*); III. v. 13.

Slovenry, sloveliness, want of neatness; IV. iii. 114.

Snatchers, pilferers, free-booters; (Qq., *"sneakers"*); I. ii. 143.

Soft, gentle, tender-hearted; III. iii. 48.

Sonance, sound, (Ff., *"Sonuance"*); IV. ii. 35.

Sooth, truth; III. vi. 164.

Sort, rank, degree; IV. vii. 146; style, array, Prol. V. 25.

Sorts, various ranks; (Qq., Theobald, *"sort"*; Collier MS., *"state"*; Keightly, *"all sorts"*); I. ii. 190.

Sorts, agrees, fits; IV. i. 63.

Soul; "thy s. of adoration," the quintessence of the adoration you enjoy; (F. 1, *"What? is thy Soule of Odoration?"*); IV. i. 273.

Speculation, looking on; IV. ii. 31.

Spend; "s. their mouths"; waste, a term of the chase; II. iv. 70; III. iii. 24.

Spirituality, the spiritual peers, the clergy; (Ff. 3, 4, *"Spirituality"*); I. ii. 132.

Spital, hospital; II. i. 82.

Sprays, branches, shoots; III. v. 5.

Staines, first stage on the road from London to Southampton; II. iii. 2.

Stands off, stand out, be prominent; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"stand off"*); II. ii. 103.

Starts; "by s.," by fits, "by a fragmentary representation"; Epil. 4.

Stay, wait; IV. ii. 56.

Sternage; "to s. of," astern of, Prol. III. 18.

Still, continually, incessantly; I. ii. 145.

Stilly, softly; Prol. IV. 5.

Stood on, insisted upon; V. ii. 94.

Stoop, a term of falconry; a hawk is said "to stoop," when, "aloft upon her wing, she descends to strike her prey"; IV. i. 113.

Straight, straightway, at once; II. ii. 191.

Strain, stock, race; II. iv. 51.

Stretch, open wide; II. ii. 55.

Strossers, "strait str.," tight breeches; (Theobald, *"trossers"*; Hanmer, *"troussers"*); III. vii. 61.

Struck, fought; II. iv. 54.

Subscribed, signed; V. ii. 378.

Succors; "of s.," for succor; (Rowe, *"of whom succours"*); III. iii. 45.

Suddenly, soon, quickly; V. ii. 81.

Sufferance; "by his s.," by his being suffered to go unpunished; II. ii. 46.

Sufferance, suffering the penalty; II. ii. 159.

Suggest, tempt, seduce; II. ii. 114.

Sumless, inestimable; I. ii. 165.

Supply; ["for the which s.," for the supply of which;] Prol. I. 31.

Sur-rein'd, over-riden, knocked up; III. v. 19.

Sutler, a seller of provisions and liquors to a camp; II. i. 124.

Swashers, bullies; III. ii. 30.

Swelling, growing in interest; Prol. I. 4.

Swill'd with, greedily gulped down by; III. i. 14.

Sworn brothers, bosom friends, pledged comrades; II. i. 13.

Sympathize with, agree with, resemble; III. vii. 166.

Take, take fire; (Qq., Capell, *"talk"*), II. i. 59; catch, meet; IV. i. 246.

Tall, valiant, brave; II. i. 76.
Tartar, Tartarus, hell; II. ii. 123.
Taste, experience; II. ii. 51.
Taste, feel, experience; IV. vii. 71.
Teems, brings forth; V. ii. 51.
Tell; "I cannot tell," I do not know what to say; II. i. 23.
Temper, disposition; V. ii. 156.
Temper'd, moulded, wrought upon, influenced; II. ii. 118.
Tender, have a care for; II. ii. 175.
Tenors, purport; (Ff., *"Tenures"*); V. ii. 72.
That, so that; I. i. 47.
Theoric, theory; I. i. 52.
Threaden, made of thread; Prol. III. 10.
Tiddle taddle, tittle-tattle; IV. i. 72.
Tike, cur; II. i. 33.
To, against; II. i. 14; as, Prol. III. 30; for; III. vii. 67.
To-morrow; "on t.," *i. e.* on the morrow, in the morning; III. vi. 194.
Treasuries, treasures; I. ii. 165.
Troth-plight, troth-plighted, betrothed; II. i. 22.
Trumpet, trumpeter; IV. ii. 61; IV. vii. 62.
Tucket, a set of notes on the cornet; IV. ii. 35.
Tway, twain, two; III. ii. 135.

Umber'd, darkened as by brown ochre, (here probably the effect of the fire-light on the faces of the soldiers); Prol. IV. 9.
Uncoined; "u. constancy," *i. e.* which like an unimpressed plain piece of metal, has not yet become current coin; V. ii. 164.
Undid, would undo; V. ii. 140.
Unfurnish'd, left undefended; I. i. 148.
Unprovided, unprepared; IV. i. 191.
Unraised, wanting in aspiration; Prol. I. 9.
Untempering, unsoftening; V. ii. 249.
Upon, at; I. i. 91; by; IV. i. 19.
Urn, grave; I. ii. 228.

Vainness, vanity; Prol. V. 20.
Vasty, vast, Prol. I. 12; II. ii. 123.
Vaultages, vaulted rooms, caverns; II. iv. 124.
Vaward, vanguard; IV. iii. 130.
Venge me, avenge myself; I. ii. 292.
Venture, run the hazard of; (F. 1, *"venter"*); I. ii. 192.
Vigil, the eve of a festival; IV. iii. 45.
Voice, vote; II. ii. 113.
Void, quit; IV. vii. 65.
Vulgar, common soldiers; IV. vii. 83.

Wafer-cakes; "men's faiths are w."; *i. e.* "Promises are like pie crust"; II. iii. 57.
War-proof, valor tried in war; III. i. 18.
Watchful fires, watch-fires; Prol. IV. 23.
Waxen, easily effaced, perishable; (Qq., *"paper"*); I. ii. 233.
What though, what does that matter; II. i. 9.
Wherefore, for which; V. ii. 1.
Wheresome'er, wheresoever; II. iii. 7.
Whiffler, an officer who went in

front of a procession; (originally, a *fifer* who preceded an army or a procession); Prol. V. 12.

WHITE-LIVERED, cowardly; III. ii. 34.

WIGHT, man, person (one of Pistol's words); II. i. 68.

WILLING, desiring; II. iv. 90.

WILLS, wishes, desires; II. iv. 77.

WINK, shut my eyes; II. i. 8.

WINK'D AT, connived at; II. ii. 55.

WINKING, with their eyes shut; III. vii. 161.

WITHAL, with; III. v. 2.

WOE THE WHILE! alas for the time!; IV. vii. 81.

WOMBY, hollow, capacious; II. iv. 124.

WOODEN DAGGER, a dagger of lath was usually carried by the Vice in the old morality plays; IV. iv. 78.

WORD, motto (Rowe from Qq. 1, 3; Ff., Q. 2, *"world"*); II. iii. 55.

WOTS, knows; IV. i. 310.

WOULD, would have, Prol. II. 18; desire; V. ii. 68.

WRINGING, suffering, pain; IV. i. 264.

WRIT, written; I. ii. 98.

YEARN, grieve; (Ff. 1, 2, *"erne"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"yern"*); II. iii. 3; yearns, grieves; IV. iii. 26.

YERK, jerk; IV. vii. 86.

YOKE-FELLOWS, companions; II. iii. 60.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What was the main authority for the history of Henry V, as followed by the Poet? Give a general outline of the historical matter. To what old play was he also indebted for some minor points?

2. What is the duration of the action?

3. What is the nature of the theme and its treatment?

4. What in the nature of the material may have led the Poet to fill the play with so much of the lyrical element? What does this striking infusion of the lyrical element indicate concerning Shakespeare's possibilities in other forms of writing?

5. In what does the play have its unity?

6. Sketch Henry's character as displayed throughout the play?

7. What are possible reasons for Falstaff's non-appearance in the play?

8. How has Shakespeare given us a means of anticipating the outcome of the war in this drama?

9. Why did Shakespeare employ the prologues at the beginning of each act? What is the necessity of a chorus apt to imply of the structure of a play?

10. What are hinted at as the secret causes for the undertaking of the French wars? Why were they to the interest of the clergy?

11. What reason is there for the concluding of the play in the manner of comedy?

12. How are we historically informed as to the character of Henry?

13. What is the principal historical feature of the play? How is it brought out?

14. Enlarge upon the political conditions existent in England during this period, and compare them with those of France.

ACT I

15. What does the Prologue set forth?

16. What is Henry's resolve with regard to the French throne?

17. Upon what does he base his authority?

18. Compare the comments of Ely and Canterbury upon the King.

19. What is Holinshed's paraphrase of the Archbishop of Canterbury's speech to the King with regard to his assertion of his claim upon France? Why were the clergy willing to contribute so heavily to the king's revenues in this connection?

20. From what is it likely the Poet derived the idea expressed by Exeter concerning the harmonic organization of government? Quote the original passages that probably suggested it.

21. What insulting message does the Dauphin send Henry?

22. What is Henry's reply? Give Holinshed's narrative of this passage of diplomacy.

ACT II

23. What is the substance of the second Prologue?

24. Describe the first scene and tell its purpose with regard to circumstances affecting the portrayal of Henry's character.

25. In scene ii what conspiracy does the king discover? What lords were involved? What makes their treachery particularly despicable? What is their fate?

26. Describe the dramatic method of the king's disclosure of his knowledge of the plot, and his method of

turning the conspirators' judgment of others upon themselves.

27. What does Holinshed say of Scroope and the king's goodness to him?

28. What are we told of the end of Falstaff?

29. How does the French Court receive Henry's message? What has the Dauphin to say of the demands the English projects are likely to make upon French resources? and what of Henry personally?

30. What is the Constable's reply to the Dauphin with regard to the impression Henry has made upon the ambassadors?

31. How does Charles voice his respect for the English arms?

32. What message is conveyed to the Dauphin from Henry in contempt of his insult?

ACT III

33. Outline the matter of the Prologue.

34. What town is taken in the first scene? What are the circumstances, as presented?

35. What is the dramatic use of the contrast of Nym and his group of companions, and Fluellen and his comrades?

36. In what way does it help the effect of Henry's popularity to have the group of countrymen from various parts of the British Islands introduced as his constituents?

37. What could have been a dramatic object in introducing scene iv? Quote Dr. Johnson on the subject.

38. How do the French express their view of English valor, in scene v? What message does France send to Henry by her herald?

39. What is Henry's charge to his army concerning their treatment of the French population along the march? Of what is this charge significant with regard to certain incidents of the Poet's own time?

40. What does Henry say to the Herald Montjoy of the

condition of his own forces? Quote Holinshed in this matter.

41. What is the trend of the French officers' talk and banter at their camp before Agincourt? During it what opinion does the Constable express of the Dauphin?

ACT IV

42. Outline the Prologue.

43. How is King Henry's spirit towards his army, and towards the situation, shown in scene i? How the sentiment of his men towards him, the war, and his responsibility as a sovereign?

44. What is the spirit and the gist of Henry's soliloquy?

45. Compare the spirit of the English army with what has been shown of the French army?

46. Describe the incident of the King's going incognito among his men. What is its dramatic significance?

47. What is Henry's prayer before the battle?

48. What is the French attitude in their camp as they prepare finally for the fight? and how does Grandpré sum up the condition of the English? What is Holinshed's description of their condition and the reason of it?

49. What does Holinshed say of the overweening confidence of the French?

50. What were the odds in the battle?

51. What wish does Westmoreland express? What is Henry's reply to it? What is the final expression of Westmoreland? Is it typical of the general English spirit evidenced on the occasion?

52. What is the final reply of Henry to France through her herald?

53. How does the encounter of the French soldier and Pistol suggest the mettle of the French common soldiery and its likely effect upon the outcome of the battle? Why does the choice of Pistol as the antagonist for the French soldier put the latter's discomfiture in a particularly con-

temptible light, and enhance the dramatic significance of the incident?

54. Describe the following incidents of the battle and the closing scenes of the act: The death of Suffolk and York; the dialogue between Gower and Fluellen with its import concerning the killing of the prisoners, and its commentary on the character of Henry; the last request of France through her herald; the incident of Williams and Gower and the glove.

55. What spirit does Henry show over the victory?

ACT V

56. What incidents does the Prologue bridge? Where does it lead the English for the beginning of the Act?

57. With the exit of Pistol in scene i what is ended in the historical series?

58. Describe the betrothal of Henry and Katharine. What constitutes its charm? In what pleasant light is Henry shown through it?

59. What conveys the reasons for the French King's acquiescence to Henry's terms of peace?

60. What does the Epilogue forecast?

AS YOU LIKE IT

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

As You Like It was published for the first time in the First Folio; a Quarto edition was contemplated many years previously, but for some cause or other was "staied," and the play is mentioned among others in 1623, when Jaggard and Blount obtained permission to print the First Folio. as "not formerly entered to other men." The text of the play in the four Folios is substantially the same, though the Second Folio corrects a few typographical and other errors in the first edition.

As You Like It was in all probability produced under circumstances necessitating great haste on the part of the author, and many evidences of this rapidity of composition exist in the text of the play, *e. g.* (i) in Act I, sc. ii, line 284, Le Beau makes Celia "*the taller,*" which statement seems to contradict Rosalind's description of herself in the next scene (I, iii, 117), "*because that I am more than common tall*": (ii) again, in the first Act the second son of Sir Rowland de Boys is referred to as "Jaques," a name subsequently transferred to another and more important character; wherefore when he appears in the last Act he is styled in the Folio merely "*second brother*": (iii) "*old* Frederick, your father" (I, ii, 87) seems to refer to the banished duke ("Duke *senior*"), for to Rosalind, and not to Celia, the words "*thy father's love,*" etc., are assigned in the Folio; either the ascription is incorrect, or "Frederick" is an error for some other name, perhaps for "Ferdinand," as has been suggested; attention should also be called to certain slight inaccuracies, *e. g.* "*Juno's* swans" (*vide* Glos-

sary); finally, the part of Hymen in the last scene of the play is on the whole unsatisfactory, and is possibly by another hand.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

(i) *As You Like It* may safely be assigned to the year 1599, for while the play is not mentioned in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, it quotes a line from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which was printed for the first time in that year —five years after the poet's death—and at once became popular.[1] The quotation is introduced by a touching tribute on Shakespeare's part to the most distinguished of his predecessors:—

> "Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
> *Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight.*"—(III. v. 82, 83.)

[1] Two editions of *Hero and Leander* appeared in 1598. The first edition contained only Marlowe's portion of the poem; the second gave the whole poem, "*Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marloe and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium.*" The line quoted by Shakespeare occurs in the first sestiad:—

> *"Where both deliberate, the love is slight:*
> *Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"*

There are many quotations from the poem in contemporary literature after 1598; they often help us to fix the date of the composition in which they appear; *e. g.* the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus* must have been acted at Cambridge not earlier than Christmas, 1598, for it contains the line *"Learning and Poverty must always kiss,"* also taken from the first sestiad of the poem. No evidence has as yet been discovered tending to show that *Hero and Leander* circulated while still in MS.

It is at times difficult to resist the temptation of comparing the meeting of Marlowe's lovers and Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. The passage in Marlowe immediately follows the line quoted in *As You Like It; cp.*:—

> *"He kneel'd: but unto her devoutly prayed:*
> *Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,*
> *'Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him.' . . .*
> *These lovers parled by the touch of hands."*

Cp. Romeo and Juliet's first meeting, where Romeo ("the pilgrim") comes to "the holy shrine" of Juliet: "palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss," etc. If in this case there is any debt at all, it must be Marlowe's.

(ii) In the Stationers' Registers there is a rough memorandum dated August 4, without any year, seemingly under the head of "my lord chamberlens menns plaies," to the effect that *As You Like It*, together with *Henry the Fifth*, *Every man In His Humour*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, are "to be staied." This entry may be assigned to the year 1600, for later on in the same month of that year the three latter plays were entered again; moreover the previous entry bears the date May 27, 1600.

THE SOURCES

The plot of *As You Like It* was in all probability [1] directly derived from a famous novel by Shakespeare's contemporary Thomas Lodge, entitled "*Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie; found after his death in his cell at Silexedra; bequeathed to Philautus' sons nursed up with their father in England: fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.*" The first edition of the book appeared in 1590, and many editions were published before the end of the century (*cp. Shakespeare's Library*, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, Vol. II, where the 1592 edition of the novel is reprinted).

Lodge's *Rosalynde* is in great part founded upon the old *Tale of Gamelyn*, formerly erroneously attributed to Chaucer as the *Cook's Tale*, but evidently it was the poet's intention to work up the old ballad into the *Yeoman's Tale;* none of the black-letter editions of Chaucer contains the Tale, which was not printed till 1721; Lodge must therefore have read it in manuscript; [2] (*cp. The Tale of Gamelyn*, ed. by Prof. Skeat, Oxford, 1884). The story of Gamelyn the Outlaw, the prototype of Orlando, belongs to the Robin Hood cycle of ballads, and the hero often ap-

[1] Some have supposed that there was an older drama intermediate between *As You Like It* and Lodge's *Rosalynde;* there is absolutely no evidence to support such a supposition.

[2] Harleian MS. 7,334 is possibly the first MS. that includes Gamelyn; it is quite clear in the MS. that the scribe did not intend it to be taken for the *Cook's Tale* (*cp.* Ward's *Catalogue of British Museum Romances,* Vol. I. p. 508).

pears in these under the form of "*Gandeleyn*," "*Gamwell*"; Shakespeare himself gives us a hint of this ultimate origin of his story:—"*They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England*" (I, i, 120–2).[1]

The *Tale of Gamelyn* tells how "Sire Johan of Boundys" leaves his possessions to three sons Johan, Ote, and Gamelyn; the eldest neglects the youngest, who endures his ill-treatment for sixteen years. One day he shows his prowess and wins prizes at a wrestling match: he invites all the spectators home. The brothers quarrel after the guests have gone, and Johan has Gamelyn chained as a madman. Adam the Spencer, his father's old retainer, releases him, and they escape together to the woods; Gamelyn becomes a king of the outlaws. Johan, as sheriff of the county, gets possession of Gamelyn again; Ote the second brother bails him out; he returns in time to save his bail; finally he condemns Johan to the gallows.

There is no element of love in the ballad; at the end it is merely stated that Gamelyn wedded "a wyf bothe good and feyr." This perhaps suggested to Lodge a second plot—viz., the story of the exiled King of France, Gerismond; of his daughter Rosalynd's love for the young wrestler; of her departure (disguised as a page called "Ganimede") with Alinda (who changes her name to Aliena) from the Court of the usurper King Torismond; and of the story of Montanus, the lover of Phœbe. The old knight is named by Lodge "Sir John of Bordeaux," and the sons are Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader. Adam Spencer is retained from the old Tale.[2] The scene is Bor-

[1] "Arden" has taken the place of "Sherwood"; but this is due to Lodge, who localizes the story; the *Tale of Gamelyn*, however, gives no place at all. The mere phrase "a many merry men" suggests a reminiscence of Robin Hood ballads on Shakespeare's part. "Robin Hood plays" were not uncommon at the end of the sixteenth century, *e. g. George-A-Green, Downfall and Death of Robert, Earl of Hungtington*, &c. To the abiding charm of Robin Hood and Maid Marian we owe the latest of pastoral plays, Tennyson's *Foresters*.

[2] This is an old tradition preserved by Oldys and Capell that

deaux and the Forest of Ardennes. A noteworthy point is the attempt made by a band of robbers to seize Aliena; she is rescued by Rosader and Saladyne; this gives some motive for her ready acceptance of the elder brother's suit; the omission of this saving incident by Shakespeare produces the only unsatisfactory element in the whole play. "Nor can it well be worth any man's while," writes Mr. Swinburne,[1] "to say or to hear for the thousandth time that *As You Like It* would be one of those works which prove, as Landor said long since, the falsehood of the stale axiom that no work of man can be perfect, were it not for that one unlucky slip of the brush which has left so ugly a little smear on one corner of the canvas as the betrothal of Oliver to Celia; though with all reverence for a great name and a noble memory, I can hardly think that matters were much mended in George Sand's adaptation of the play [2] by the transference of her hand to Jaques."

Shakespeare has varied the names of the three sons; of the rightful and usurping kings (*Duke Senior* and *Frederick*); *Alinda* becomes *Celia*, *Montanus* is changed to *Sylvius*. In the novel Alinda and Rosalind go on their travels as lady and page; in the play as sister and brother. The character of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, have no prototypes in the original story. Various estimates have been formed of Lodge's *Rosalynde;* some critics speak of it as "one of the dullest and dreariest of all the ob-

Shakespeare himself took the part of Old Adam. The former narrates that a younger brother of the poet recalled in his old age that he had once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, "*Wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.*" [*N. B.*—Shakespeare's brothers predeceased him.]

[1] *A Study of Shakespeare.*

[2] Mr. Swinburne alludes to George Sand's *Comme Il Vous Plaira;* an analysis of which is to be found in the Variorum *As You Like It*, edited by H. H. Furness.

scure literary performances that have come down to us from past ages," others regard it with enthusiasm as "informed with a bright poetical spirit, and possessing a pastoral charm which may occasionally be compared with the best parts of Sidney's *Arcadia*." Certainly in many places the elaborate euphuistic prose serves as a quaint framework for some dainty "*Sonetto*," "*Eglog*," or "*Song*"; the xvith lyric in the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics* may at least vindicate the novel from the attacks of its too harsh critics.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

(i) It is an interesting point that the original of these words, "*Totus mundus agit histrionem*," was inscribed over the entrance to the Globe Theater; as the theater was probably opened at the end of 1599, the play containing the elaboration of the idea may have been among the first plays produced there. According to a doubtful tradition the motto called forth epigrams from Jonson and Shakespeare. Oldys has preserved for us the following lines:—

JONSON.— *"If, but stage actors, all the world displays,*
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?"

SHAKESPEARE.—*"Little, or much, of what we see, we do;*
We're all both actors and spectators too."

The motto is said to be derived from one of the fragments of Petronius, where the words are "quod fere *totus mundus exerceat histrioniam*." [1] The idea, however, was common in Elizabethan literature, *e. g.* "*Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage, whereon many play their parts*" (from the old play of *Damon and Pythias*); Shakespeare had himself already used the idea in *The Merchant of Venice* (I, i):—"*I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; A stage where every man must play a part.*"

(ii) It should be noted that Jaques' moralizing is but an enlargement of the text given out to him by the Duke:—

[1] The reading is variously given as *histrionem* and *histrioniam*.

"Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in."

Now "this wide and universal theater" reminds one strongly of a famous book which Shakespeare may very well have known, viz., Boissard's *Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ* (published at Metz, 1596), the opening chapter of which is embellished with a remarkable emblem representing a huge pageant of universal misery, headed with the lines:—

"Vitæ Humanæ est tanquam
Theatrum omnium miseriarum";

beneath the picture are words to the same effect:—

"Vita hominis tanquam circus vel grande theatrum."

(iii) The division of the life of man into fourteen, ten, or seven periods is found in Hebrew, Greek, and Roman literature (*cp. Archæologia*, Vol. XXXV, 167–189; Löw's *Die Lebensalter in der Jüdischen Literatur; cp.* also Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, iv, 12). In the fifteenth century the representation of the "seven ages" was a common theme in literature and art; *e. g.* (i) in *Arnold's Chronicle*, a famous book of the period, there is a chapter entitled "the vij ages of man living in the world"; (ii) a block-print in the British Museum gives seven figures "*Infans*," "*Pueritia*," "*Adolescentia*," "*Juventus*," "*Virilitas*," "*Senectus*," "*Decrepitas*," which practically, in several cases, illustrate the words of Jaques; (iii) the allegorical mosaics on the pavement of the Cathedral at Siena picture forth the same seven acts of life's drama.

There should be somewhere a Moral Play based on Jaques' theme of life's progress: it might perhaps be said that the spirit of the dying Drama of Allegory lived on in the person of "Monsieur Melancholy"; he may well be likened to the Presenter of some old "Enterlude of Youth, Manhood, and Age"; Romantic Comedy was not for him;

[1] *Cp. Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, by H. Green, 1870.

Everyman, *Lusty Juventus*, *Mundus et Infans*, and such like endless moralizings on the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, were more to his taste.

THE SCENE OF ACTION

The locality of the play is "the Forest of Arden," *i. e.* "Ardennes," in the north-east of France, "between the Meuse et Moselle," but Shakespeare could hardly help thinking of his own Warwickshire Arden, and there can be little doubt that his contemporaries took it in the same way. There is a beautiful description of this English Forest in Drayton's *Polyolbion* (Song xiii), where the poet apostrophizes Warwickshire as his own "*native country which so brave spirits hast bred.*" The whole passage, as Mr. Furness admirably points out, probably serves to show "the deep impression on him which his friend Shakespeare's *As You Like It* had made." Elsewhere Drayton refers to "*Sweet Arden's Nightingales,*" *e. g.* in his *Matilda* and in the *Idea:*—

> *"Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing*
> *Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers."*

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY

The title *As You Like It*, was evidently suggested by a passage in Lodge's *Address to the Gentlemen Readers:*— "To be brief, gentlemen, room for a soldier and a sailor, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, where every line was wet with the surge, and every humorous passion counterchecked with a storm. *If you like it* so; and yet I will be yours in duty, if you be mine in favor." It was formerly believed (by Tieck and others) that the title alluded to the concluding lines of Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels:*—

> *"I'll only speak what I have heard him say,*
> *'By—'tis good, and if you like 't you may.'"*

But Shakespeare's play must have preceded Jonson's dramatic satire, which was first acted in 1600.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the play, according to Mr. Daniel's *Analysis* (*Trans. of New Shakespere Soc.*, 1877–79), may be taken as ten days represented on the stage, with necessary intervals:—

Day 1. Act I, i.
Day 2. Act I, ii and iii, and Act II, i. [Act II, iii.]
Day 3. Act II, ii [Act III, i]. An interval of a few days. The journey to Arden.
Day 4. Act II, iv.
Day 5. Act II, v, vi, and vii. An interval of a few days.
Day 6. Act III, ii. An interval.
Day 7. Act III, iii.
Day 8. Act III, iv and v; Act IV, i, ii, and iii; and Act V, i.
Day 9. Act V, ii and iii.
Day 10. Act V, iv.

The scenes in brackets are out of their actual order. "The author seems to have gone back to resume these threads of the story which were dropped while other parts of the plot were in hand."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

As You Like It, along with two other of Shakespeare's plays and one of Ben Jonson's, was entered in the Stationers' Register August 4, 1600, and that opposite the entry was an order "to be stayed." In regard to the other two the stay appears to have been soon removed, as both were entered again, one on the fourteenth, the other on the twenty-third, of the same month, and were published in the course of that year. Touching *As You Like It*, the stay seems to have been kept up, perhaps because its continued success on the stage made the company unwilling to part with their interest in it. The play was never printed, so far as we know, till in the folio of 1623, where it stands the tenth in the division of Comedies, with the acts and scenes regularly marked.

This is the only contemporary notice of *As You Like It* that has been discovered. The play is not mentioned by Meres, which perhaps warrants the inference that it had not been heard of at the date of his list. And in Act V, sc. iii, is a line quoted from Marlowe's version of *Hero and Leander*, which was first printed in 1598. So that we may perhaps safely conclude that the play was written in the latter part of 1598, or in the course of the next year.

One thing more there is, that ought not to be passed by in this connection. Gilbert Shakespeare, a brother of the Poet, lived till after the Restoration; and Oldys tells of "the faint, general, and almost lost ideas" the old man had of having once seen the Poet act a part in one of his own comedies, "wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping,

and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This, of course, could have been none other than the "good old man" Adam, in and about whom we have so much of noble thought; and we thus learn that his character, beautiful enough in itself, yet more beautiful for this circumstance, was sustained by the Poet himself.

In regard to the originals of this play, two sources have been pointed out, namely, *The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*, sometime attributed to Chaucer, but upon better advice excluded from his works, and a novel by Thomas Lodge entitled *Rosalynd: Euphues' Golden Legacie.* As the *Tale of Gamelyn* was not printed till more than a century later, it has been questioned whether Shakespeare ever saw it. Nor, indeed, can much be alleged as indicating that he did: one point there is, however, that may have some weight that way. An old knight, Sir Johan of Boundis, being about to die, calls in his wise friends to arrange the distribution of his property among his three sons. Their plan is, to settle all his lands on the eldest, and leave the youngest without any thing. Gamelyn being his favorite son, he rejects their advice, and bestows the largest portion upon him. Shakespeare goes much more according to their plan, Orlando, who answers to Gamelyn, having no share in the bulk of his father's estate. But this suits so well with the Poet's general purpose, and especially with the unfolding of Orlando's character, that we need not suppose him to have had any hint for it but the fitness of the thing itself. A few other resemblances may be traced, wherein the play differs from Lodge's novel, but none so strong but that they may well enough have been incidental. Nor, in truth, is the matter of much consequence, save as bearing upon the question whether Shakespeare was of a mind to be unsatisfied with such printed books as lay in his way. We would not exactly affirm him to have been "a hunter of manuscripts"; but we have already seen indi-

cations that he sometimes had access to them: nor is it at all unlikely that one so greedy of intellectual food, so eager and apt to make the most of all the means within his reach, should have gone beyond the printed resources of his time. Besides, there can be no question that Lodge was very familiar with the *Tale of Gamelyn:* he follows it so closely in a large part of his novel, as to leave scarce any doubt that he wrote with the manuscript by him; and if he, who was also sometime a player, availed himself of such sources, why may not Shakespeare have done the same?

Lodge's *Rosalynd* was first printed in 1590, and its popularity appears in that it was republished in 1592, and again in 1598. Steevens pronounces it a "worthless original"; but this sweeping sentence is so very unjust as to breed a doubt whether he had read it. A graduate of Oxford, Lodge was evidently something of a scholar, as well as a man of wit, fancy, and invention. Compared with the general run of popular literature then in vogue, his novel has much merit, and is very well entitled to the honor of contributing to one of the most delightful poems ever written. A rather ambitious attempt, indeed, at fine writing, pedantic in style, not a little overloaded with the euphuism of the time, and occasionally running into absurdity and indecorum, nevertheless, upon the whole, it is a varied and pleasing narrative, with passages of great force and beauty, and many touches of noble sentiment, and sometimes informed with a pastoral sweetness and simplicity quite charming. The work is inscribed to Lord Hunsdon, and in his Dedication the author says,—"Having with Captain Clarke made a voyage to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labor I writ this book; rough, as hatch'd in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas." It has been lately republished in Mr. Collier's *Shakespeare Library.* We will endeavor such an abstract from which the nature and extent of the Poet's obligations in this quarter may be pretty fairly gathered.

Sir John of Bordeaux, being at the point of death, called

in his three sons, Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, and divided his wealth among them, giving to the eldest fourteen ploughlands, with all his manor houses, and richest plate; to the next, twelve ploughlands; to the youngest, his horse, armor, and lance, with sixteen ploughlands; accompanying the testament with divers precepts and motives to a well-ordered life. The father being dead, Saladyne, after a short season of hypocritical mourning, went to studying how he might defraud his brothers and ravish their legacies. Acting as their guardian, he put Fernandine to school at Paris, and kept Rosader as his foot-boy. Having borne this patiently for three years, Rosader's spirit at length began to rise against it: he said to himself,—"Nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied me art to contemplate: I have strength to perform any honorable exploit, but no liberty to accomplish my virtuous endeavors: those good parts that God hath bestowed upon me, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscurity." With that, casting up his hand, he felt hair on his face, and, perceiving his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, and swore to himself he would be no more subject to such slavery. While he was thus ruminating Saladyne came along, and began to jerk him with rough speeches, asking him,—"What, sirrah! is my dinner ready?" He answered,—"Dost thou ask me for thy cates? ask some of thy churls who are fit for such an office. Let me question thee, why thou hast felled my woods, spoiled my manor houses, and made havoc of what my father bequeathed me? Answer me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemy." Saladyne meeting this question with insulting threats, Rosader at last seized a great rake, and let drive at him, and soon brought him to terms. Feigning sorrow for what he had done, he drew the youth, who was of a free and generous nature, into a reconciliation, till he might gain time to finish him out of the way; and in this state they continued for a season.

Meanwhile, Torismond, who had driven his brother Gerismond, the rightful king of France, into exile, and usurped

his crown, appointed a day of wrestling and tournament, to busy the people's thoughts, and keep them from running upon the banished king. At that time, a Norman of tall stature and great strength, who had wrestled down as many as undertook with him, and often killed them outright, was to stand against all comers. Saladyne, thinking this an apt occasion to put his treachery in play, went to the Norman secretly, and engaged him with rich rewards to despatch Rosader, in case he came within his grasp. He then went to Rosader, to prick him on to the wrestling, telling him how much honor it would bring him, and how he was the only one to keep up the renown of the family. The youth, full of heroic thoughts, was glad enough of such an opportunity, and forthwith set out for the place. At the time appointed, Torismond went forth to preside over the exercises, attended by the twelve peers of France, his daughter Alinda, Rosalynd, the daughter of the banished king, and all the most famous beauties of the kingdom. Rosalynd, "upon whose cheeks there seemed a battle between the graces," was the center of attraction, the banquet of all eyes, "and made the cavaliers crack their lances with more courage." The tournament over, the Norman presented himself as a general challenger at wrestling. For some time none durst adventure with him, till at last there came in a lusty franklin of the country, with two tall young men, his sons. The champion soon smashed up these antagonists, killing them both; at which all were in a deep passion of pity but the father himself, who was more pleased at their bravery than grieved at their death. This done, Rosader alights from his horse, and presents himself, cheering the stout-hearted yeoman with the promise that he will "either made a third in their tragedy, or else revenge their fall with an honorable triumph." He quickly puts an end to the Norman, though not till his eyes and thoughts have got thoroughly entangled with the beauty of Rosalynd. On the other side she is equally touched by his handsome person and heroic bearing. After the king and lords had learned who he was, and graced him

with their embracings, she "took from her neck a jewel and sent it to him by a page, as an assurance of her favor."

Upon his brother's return, Saladyne, greatly chagrined at the unlooked-for issue, began forthwith to persecute him worse than ever, and the war was waged in any thing but a becoming manner on both sides. Of their long strife suffice it to say, that the Poet has shown good judgment in omitting it altogether. By this time Torismond grew jealous of his niece, and thought to banish her, saying to himself,—"Her face is so full of favor, that it pleads pity in the eye of every man"; for he feared lest some one of the peers should aim at her love, and then in his wife's right attempt the kingdom. Coming upon her in this mood, he charged her with treason, and ordered her into immediate exile; whereupon Alinda fell to entreating for her, telling him how "custom had wrought such an union of their nature, that they had two bodies and one soul"; and that if he banished her she would herself share the same sentence. He then turned his wrath upon her, telling her she did but "hatch up a bird to peck out her own eyes": but she, nothing amazed, stood firm in defense of her cousin, assuring him that if he refused her prayer "she would either steal out and follow her, or end her days with some desperate kind of death." Seeing her so resolute, he then decreed the banishment of them both. After comforting each other as well as they could, they went to arranging for their flight. Alinda grieving that they were to have no male attendant, Rosalynd says to her,—"Thou seest I am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page: I will buy me a suit, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side; and if any knave offer wrong, your page will show him the point of his weapon." Thus they set forth, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, and at last came to the forest of Arden, where, after wandering about some time, and suffering many perils and privations, they found some verses pinned upon a tree, and soon came where they might

overhear a conversation between two shepherds, Coridon and Montanus, the latter of whom had got so smitten with a shepherdess named Phœbe, that he could talk of nothing else. Coridon having grown somewhat old and wise in pastoral science, his rhetoric soon put Alinda in love with a shepherd's life; and when he told her his landlord was going to sell both the farm he tilled and the flock he kept, she resolved to buy them, and have him for overseer. This done, they lived in quiet, heeding their flock, and hearing Montanus warble the praises of his cruel mistress: "though they had but country fare and coarse lodging, yet their welcome was so great and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had been in the court of Torismond."

At length Rosader, driven off by his brother's cruelty, betook himself to the same forest, accompanied by Adam Spencer, an Englishman, who had been an old and trusty servant to Sir John of Bordeaux. Arriving there, Adam was so forespent with hunger and travel, that he sunk down in despair, and begged Rosader to look out for himself, and leave him alone to die. After bidding him be of good cheer, Rosader started off in quest of food. Now "it chanced that Gerismond, who with a lusty crew of outlaws lived in the forest, that day in honor of his birth made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolicked it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lemon-trees." To this place fortune brought Rosader, who, seeing the band of brave men so well provided, stepped boldly up to the table, and begged a supply for himself and his old friend who were perishing with hunger, at the same time saying,—"If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword." Gerismond, moved with pity, and rising from the table, took him by the hand, bade him welcome, and willed him to sit down in his place, and eat as much as he would. But he answered, he would not taste one crumb till his suffering friend were first relieved. So away he runs to Adam, and, finding him too feeble to walk, takes him upon

his back and brings him to the place. Gerismond and his men greatly applauded this league of friendship; and the king's place being assigned to Rosader, he would not sit there himself, but gave it to Adam. The repast being over, Rosader at the king's request gave an account of himself, how he was the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, how he had been wronged by his elder brother, and closed by saying,—"And this old man, whom I so much love and honor, is Adam Spencer, an old servant of my father's, and one that never failed me in all my misfortunes." Hearing this the king fell on the neck of Rosader, and told him he was Gerismond, and how he loved Sir John. Then he asked about his daughter Rosalynd, and Rosader told him how Torismond had banished her, and how Alinda chose rather to share her exile than part fellowship; whereupon the unnatural father had banished her, too.

When Torismond knew of Rosader's flight, and that Saladyne was now sole heir of Sir John's estates, he sought a quarrel with him, so as to come at his revenues. At first Saladyne was thrown into prison, where he was soon brought to repent his injuries to Rosader. Being sent for by the usurper, and questioned about his brother, he answered that he had fled, he knew not whither. Then Torismond said,—"Nay, villain, I have heard of the wrongs thou hast done thy brother: I spare thy life for thy father's sake, but banish thee forever from the court and country of France; and see thy departure be within ten days, else thou shalt lose thy head." Meanwhile, Rosader gets to feel quite at home in his forest life, his hands being busy with woodland pursuits, and his thoughts with the image of Rosalynd, in whose praise he carves sonnets in the bark of trees, till one day he chances to meet her disguised as Ganimede. After drawing out his thoughts about herself, she engages him to visit and talk with her as if she were Rosalynd indeed. One day, as he was in chase of a deer, he came where he saw a man lying asleep, and a lion crouched near by, waiting for him to awake. Coming nearer, he perceived the man to be his brother Sala-

dyne. He debated with himself awhile what he should do, but at last resolved to do right: he killed the beast, but got a bad wound himself. At the noise Saladyne awoke, and, not knowing who his deliverer was, went along with him, and, being asked, told the story of his life, how he had wronged his brother, moistening his discourse with tears, till Rosader, unable to smother the sparks of nature, made himself known. "Much ado there was between them, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving all former injuries." In this temper Saladyne was conducted to the king, and of course taken into the woodland society.

This business detained Rosader from his appointment with Rosalynd, which caused her a deal of distress; and when at last he came, he had not much more than told the story of the late events, before it appeared that his coming was in good time. For a gang of ruffians, who had fled from justice and were living secretly in the forest, thought to kidnap Aliena and her page for a present to the usurper, to buy out the law, knowing that he was a lecher, and delighted in the spoil of virgin beauty. Their onset found Rosader on the spot. But he was unable to stand against so many, and, being badly hurt, was expecting to see his friends borne away, when Saladyne came up, "having a forest bill on his neck," which he handled with such good aim as wrought a speedy rescue. Alinda and Saladyne being thus brought together, their acquaintance soon ripened into a mutual vow. While this was in the forge, Coridon took his mistress and her page where they might overhear what passed between Montanus and Phœbe. Rosalynd was much provoked at Phœbe's behavior, and, their dialogue ended, went to chiding her, at the same time counselling her not to let slip so fair a chance. Phœbe, who all the while thought scorn to love, now gets as much enthralled to Ganimede as Montanus is to herself, when Rosalynd, seeing the effect of her speech, breaks off the interview, and leaves her sighing and weeping with this new passion. Then Phœbe presently reduces her love to writing, and asks Montanus to be her post to Ganimede,

which he readily undertakes to do, though knowing how it makes against himself. For some time things go on thus, Montanus wooing Phœbe, and Phœbe Ganimede, till Phœbe is drawn into a promise, that if she leave to love Ganimede, she will fancy Montanus; Ganimede at the same time engaging that if he ever wed any woman it shall be Phœbe.

Meanwhile, the day being set and the preparations begun for the nuptials of Saladyne and Alinda, this puts Rosader in great tribulation, that he cannot be married to Rosalynd at the same time. He tells his grief to Ganimede, who replies,—"Be of good cheer, man: I have a friend that is deeply experienced in necromancy and magic: what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage: I will cause him to bring Rosalynd if either France or any bordering nation harbor her"; at which Rosader frowned, thinking the page was jesting with him. When all are assembled for the wedding, Gerismond, observing the page, calls to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and sighs deeply. Rosader asking him the cause, he tells how the page reminds him of his daughter. Rosader then professing his love for her, the king declares that if she were present he would this day make up a marriage between them. Thereupon Ganimede withdraws to put on her woman's attire, and, presently returning as Rosalynd, falls at her father's feet, and craves his blessing. Of course it is soon settled that she and Rosader shall be married that day. Phœbe being now asked if she will be willing to give up the page, she replies that if they please she and Montanus will that day make the third couple in marriage. Hitherto Alinda has kept her disguise, and Saladyne sought her hand, thinking her to be what she seemed: now, seeing him look rather sorrowful, and supposing it to grow from the apparent disadvantage of his match, she makes herself known. By this time word is brought that the priest is at Church, and tarries their coming. The wedding well over, while they are at dinner Fernandine arrives, and informs them that the twelve peers of France are at hand with an army to restore Gerismond to the throne. The victory declaring for

them, and the usurper being slain, all wrongs are soon righted, and the exiles return together to Paris.

From this sketch, which has been made with care, it will be seen that the Poet has here borrowed much excellent matter: perhaps it will also be seen that he has used with exquisite judgment whatsoever he took. Excepting, indeed, *The Winter's Tale*, there is none of his plays wherein he has drawn so freely from others; nor, we may add, is there any wherein he has enriched his drawings more liberally from the glory of his own genius. To appreciate his judgment as shown in what he left, one must read the whole of Lodge's novel. In our sketch will be found no traces of Jaques, or Touchstone, or Audrey: in truth, there is nothing in the novel, that could yield to the slightest hint towards either of those characters. It need scarce be said that these superaddings are of themselves enough to transform the whole into another nature, pouring through all its veins a free and lively circulation of the most original wit, and humor, and poetry. And by a judicious indefiniteness as to persons and places, the Poet has greatly idealized the work, throwing it at a romantic distance, and weaving about it all the witchery of poetical perspective; and the whole falls in so smoothly with the laws of the imagination, that the breaches of geographical order are never noticed, save by such as cannot understand poetry without a map.

No one at all qualified to judge in the matter will suppose that Shakespeare could have been really indebted to Lodge, or whomsoever else, for any of the *characters* in *As You Like It*. He did but borrow certain names and forms for the bodying forth of conceptions purely his own. The resemblance is all in the drapery and circumstances of the representation, not in the individuals. For instance, we can easily imagine Rosalind in an hundred scenes not here represented, for she is a substantive personal being, such as we may detach and consider apart from the particular order wherein she stands; but we can discover in her no likeness to Lodge's Rosalynd, save that of name and situation: take away the similarity here, and there is noth-

ing to indicate that he who drew the heroine of the play had ever seen the heroine of the novel. And it is considerable, that though he has here borrowed more than almost any where else, there is no sign of any borrowing in the work itself: we can detect no foreign influences, no second-hand touches, nothing to suggest that any part of the thing had ever been thought of before; what he took being so thoroughly assimilated into what he gave, that the whole seems to have come fresh from nature and his own mind: so that, had the originals been lost, we should never have suspected there were any.

This play is exceedingly rich and varied in character. The several persons standing out round and clear, yet their distinctive traits in a remarkable degree sink quietly into the feelings, without reporting themselves in the understanding; for which cause the clumsy methods of criticism can scarce reduce them to expression. Properly speaking, the drama has no hero; for, though Orlando occupies the foreground, the characters are strictly coördinate, the very design of the work precluding any subordination among them. Diverted by fortune from all their cherished plans and purposes, they pass before us in just that moral and intellectual dishabille, which best reveals their indwelling graces of heart and mind. Schlegel, indeed, remarks that "throughout the picture the Poet seems to have aimed at showing that nothing is wanting to call forth the poetry which has its dwelling in nature and the human mind, but to throw off all artificial restraint, and restore both to their native liberty." But it should be further observed, that the persons have already been "purified by suffering," and that it was under the discipline of social restraint that they developed the virtues that make them go right without it. Because they have not hitherto been free to do as they would, therefore it is that they are good and beautiful in doing as they have a mind to now.

Orlando is altogether such a piece of young manhood as it does one good to be with. He has no special occasion for heroism, yet we feel that there is plenty of heroic stuff

in him. Brave, gentle, modest, and magnanimous; never thinking of his high birth but to avoid dishonoring it; in his noble-heartedness forgetting and making others forget his nobility of rank;—he is every way just such a man as all true men would choose for their best friend. The whole intercourse between him and his faithful old servant, Adam, is on both sides replete with the very divinity of the old chivalrous sentiment, in whose eye the nobilities of nature were always sure of recognition.

The exiled Duke exemplifies the best sense of nature, as thoroughly informed and built up with Christian discipline and religious efficacy, so that the asperities of life do but make his thoughts run the smoother. How sweet, yet how considerative and firm, is every thing about his temper and moral frame! he sees all that is seen by the most keen-eyed satirist, yet is never moved to be satirical, because he looks with wiser and therefore kindlier eye. Hence comes it that he "can translate the stubbornness of fortune into so quiet and so sweet a style." In his philosophy, so bland, benignant, and contemplative, the mind tastes the very luxury of rest, and has an antepast of measureless content.

Touchstone, though he nowhere strikes so deep a chord within us as the poor fool in Lear, is the most entertaining of Shakespeare's privileged characters. Richly indeed does his grave logical nonsense moralize the scenes wherein he moves. It is curious to observe how the Poet takes care to let us know from the first, that beneath the affectations of his calling some precious sentiments have been kept alive; that far within the fool there is laid up a secret reserve of the man, ready to leap forth and combine with better influences as soon as the incrustations of art are thawed and broken up. Used to a life cut off from human sympathies; stripped of the common responsibilities of the social state; living for no end but to make aristocratic idlers laugh; one, therefore, whom nobody respects enough to resent or be angry at any thing he says;—of course his habit is to speak all for effect, nothing for truth: instead of yielding or being passive to the natural force and vir-

tue of things, his vocation is to wrest and transshape them out of their true scope. Thus a strange willfulness and whimsicality has wrought itself into the substance of his mind. Yet his nature is not so "subdued to what it works in," but that, amidst the scenes and inspirations of the forest, the fool quickly slides into the man; the supervenings of the place so running into and athwart what he brings with him, that his character comes to be as dappled and motley as his dress. Even in the new passion which here takes him there is a touch of his old willfulness: when he falls in love, as he really does, nothing seems to inspire and draw him more than the unloveliness of the object; thus approving that even so much of nature as survives in him is not content to run in natural channels.

Jaques, we believe, is an universal favorite, as indeed he well may be, for he is certainly one of the Poet's happiest conceptions. Without being at all unnatural, he has an amazing stock of peculiarity. Enraptured out of his senses at the voice of a song; thrown into a paroxysm of laughter at sight of the motley-clad and motley-witted fool; taking no interest in things but for the melancholy thoughts they start up in his mind; and shedding the twilight of his merry-sad spirit over all the darker spots of human life and character;—he represents the abstract and sum total of an utterly useless yet perfectly harmless man, seeking wisdom by adjuring its first principle. An odd rich mixture of reality and affectation, he does nothing but think, yet avowedly thinks to no purpose; or rather thinking is with him its own end. On the whole, if in Touchstone there be much of the philosopher in the fool, in Jaques there is not less of the fool in the philosopher; so that Ulrici is not so wide of the mark in calling them "two fools." He is equally willful, too, in his turn of thought and speech, though not so conscious of it; and as he plays his part more to please himself, so he is proportionably less open to the healing and renovating influences of nature. The society of good men, provided they be in adversity, has great charms for him, because such moral

discrepancies offer the most salient points to his cherished meditations. Still even his melancholy is grateful, because free from any dash of malignity. His morbid pruriency of mind seems to spring from an excess of generative virtue. And how racy and original is every thing that comes from him! as if it bubbled up from the center of his being; while his perennial fullness of matter makes his company always delightful.

It is not quite certain whether Jaques or Rosalind be the greater attraction: there is enough in either to make the play a continual feast; though her charms are less liable to be staled by custom, because they result from health of mind and symmetry of character; so that in her presence the head and heart draw entirely together, and therefore move so smoothly as to render us happy without letting us know why. For wit this strange, queer, lovely being is fully equal, perhaps superior, to Beatrice, yet nowise resembling her. A soft, subtle, nimble essence, consisting in one knows not what, and springing up one can hardly tell how, her wit neither stings nor burns, but plays briskly and airily over all things within its reach, enriching and adorning them, insomuch that one could ask no greater pleasure than to be the continual theme of it. In its irrepressible vivacity it waits not for occasion, but runs on forever, and we wish it to run on forever: we have a sort of faith that her dreams are made up of cunning, quirkish, graceful fancies. And her heart seems a perennial fountain of affectionate cheerfulness: no trial can break, no sorrow chill her flow of spirits; even her deepest sighs are breathed forth in a wrappage of innocent mirth; an arch, roguish smile irradiates her saddest tears. Yet beneath all her playfulness we feel that there is a firm basis of thought and womanly dignity, so that she never laughs away our respect. It is quite remarkable how, in respect of her disguise, Rosalind reverses the conduct of Viola, yet with much the same effect. For though she seems as much at home in her male attire as if she had always worn it, this never strikes us otherwise than as an exercise of skill for

the better concealing of what she is. And on the same principle her occasional freedoms of speech serve but to deepen our sense of her innate delicacy; they being manifestly intended as a part of her disguise, and springing from the feeling that it is far less indelicate to go a little out of her character, than to keep strictly within it at the risk of causing a suspicion of her sex.—Celia appears well worthy of a place beside her whose love she shares and repays. Instinct with the soul of moral beauty and of female tenderness, the friendship of these more than sisters "mounts to the seat of grace within the mind."

The general scope and drift, or, as Ulrici would say, the ground-idea, of this play is aptly hinted by the title. As for the beginnings of what is here represented, they do not greatly concern us, for most of them lie back out of our view, and the rest are soon lost sight of in what grows out of them; but the issues, of which there are many, are all exactly to our mind; we feel them to be just about right, and would not have them otherwise. For example, touching Oliver and Frederick, our wish is, that they should repent, and repair the wrong they have done; in a word, that they should become good, which is precisely what takes place; and as soon as they do this, they of course love those that were good before. Jaques, too, is so fitted to moralize the discrepancies of human life, so happy and at home, and withal so agreeable while doing it, that we would not he should follow the good Duke when in his case those discrepancies are composed: we feel that the best thing he can do is to leave him, and take to one who, growing better, and so resigning his ill-gotten wealth, resolves to do right, though it bring him to penury and rags. The same might easily be shown in regard to the other issues: indeed, we dare ask any genial, considerate reader,—Does not every thing turn out just *as you like it?* Moreover, there is an indefinable something about the play, that puts us in a passive and receptive temper and frame of mind; that opens the heart, smiles away all querulousness and fault-finding, and makes us easy and apt to be pleased.

Thus the Poet disposes us to like things as they come, and at the same time takes care that they shall come as we like.

Much has been said by one critic and another about the improbabilities in this play. We confess they have never troubled us; and as we have had no trouble here to get out of, we do not well know how to help others out. Wherefore, if any one be still annoyed by these things, we will turn him over to the poet Campbell, wishing him nothing worse or better than that he may find that author's charming criticism just *as he likes it*. "Before I say more of this dramatic treasure, I must absolve myself by a confession as to some of its improbabilities. Rosalind asks her cousin Celia,—'Whither shall we go?' and Celia answers,—'To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.' But, arrived there, and having purchased a cottage and sheep-farm, neither the daughter nor niece of the banished Duke seem to trouble themselves much to inquire about either father or uncle. The lively and natural-hearted Rosalind discovers no impatience to embrace her sire, until she has finished her masked courtship with Orlando. But Rosalind was in love, as I have been with the comedy these forty years; and love is blind,—for until a late period my eyes were never couched so as to see this objection. The truth, however, is, that love is *wilfully* blind; and now that my eyes are opened, I shut them against the fault. Away with your best-proved improbabilities, when the heart has been touched, and the fancy fascinated!

"In fact, though there is no rule without exceptions, and no general truth without limitation, it may be pronounced, that if you delight us in fiction, you may make our sense of probability slumber as deeply as you please. But it may be asked, whether nature and truth are to be sacrificed at the altar of fiction? No! in the main effect of fiction on the fancy, they never are or can be sacrificed. The improbabilities of fiction are only its exceptions, while the truth of nature is its general law; and unless the truth of nature were in the main observed, the fictionist could not

lull our vigilance as to particular improbabilities. Apply this maxim to *As You Like It*, and our Poet will be found to make us forget what is eccentric from nature in a limited view, by showing it more beautifully probable in a larger contemplation."

Finally, we have to confess that, upon the whole, *As You Like It* is our favorite of Shakespeare's comedies. Yet we should be puzzled to tell why; for our preference springs, not so much from any particular points or features, wherein it is surpassed by several others, as from the general toning and effect. The whole is replete with a beauty so delicate, yet so intense, that we feel it every where, but can never tell especially where it is or in what it consists. For instance, the descriptions of forest scenery come along so unsought, and in such easy, natural touches, that we take in the impression, without once noticing what it is that impresses us. Thus there is a certain woodland freshness, a glad, free naturalness, that creeps and steals into the heart before we know it. We are persuaded, indeed, that Milton had this play especially in his mind when he wrote,—

> "And sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
> Warbles his native wood-notes wild."

Add to this, that the kindlier sentiments here seem playing out in a sort of jubilee. Untied from set purposes and definite aims, the persons come forth with their hearts already tuned, and so have nothing to do but let off their redundant music. Envy, jealousy, avarice, revenge, all the passions that afflict and degrade society, they have left in the city behind them. And they have brought the intelligence and refinement of the court, without its vanities and vexations; so that the graces of art and the simplicities of nature meet together in joyous loving sisterhood. Thus it answers to Ulrici's fine description: "The whole is a deep pervading harmony, while sweet and soul-touching melodies play around; all is so ethereal, so tender and

affecting, so free, fresh, and joyous, and so replete with a genial sprightliness, that I have no hesitation in pronoûncing it one of the most excellent compositions in the whole wide domain of poesy."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE PLAY

Shakspere, when he wrote this idyllic play, was himself in his Forest of Arden. He had ended one great ambition—the historical plays—and not yet commenced his tragedies. It was a resting-place. He sends his imagination into the woods to find repose. Instead of the courts and camps of England, and the embattled plains of France, here was this woodland scene, where the palm-tree, the lioness, and the serpent are to be found; possessed of a flora and fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers. There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. The dialogue, as has been observed, catches freedom and freshness from the atmosphere. "Never is the scene within-doors, except when something discordant is introduced to heighten as it were the harmony." [1] After the trumpet-tones of Henry V comes the sweet pastoral strain, so bright, so tender. Must it not be all in keeping? Shakspere was not trying to control his melancholy. When he needed to do that, Shakspere confronted his melancholy very passionately, and looked it full in the face. Here he needed refreshment, a sunlight tempered by forest-boughs, a breeze upon his forehead, a stream murmuring in his ears.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

ROSALIND

Though Rosalind is a princess, she is a princess of Arcady; and notwithstanding the charming effect produced

[1] C. A. Brown. *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems.*

by her first scenes, we scarcely ever think of her with a reference to them, or associate her with a court, and the artificial appendages of her rank. She was not made to "lord it o'er a fair mansion," and take state upon her like the all-accomplished Portia; but to breathe the free air of heaven, and frolic among green leaves. She was not made to stand the siege of daring profligacy, and oppose high action and high passion to the assaults of adverse fortune, like Isabel; but to "fleet the time carelessly as they did i' the golden age." She was not made to bandy wit with lords, and tread courtly measures with plumed and warlike cavaliers, like Beatrice; but to dance on the green sward, and "murmur among living brooks a music sweeter than their own."—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

We are introduced to Rosalind as a poor bird with a drooping wing; her father is banished, she is bereft of her birthright, and is living on sufferance as companion to the usurper's daughter, being, indeed, half a prisoner in the palace, where till lately she reigned as princess. It is not until she has donned the doublet and hose, appears in the likeness of a page, and wanders at her own sweet will in the open air and the greenwood, that she recovers her radiant humor, and roguish merriment flows from her lips like the trilling of a bird.

Nor is the man she loves an overweening gallant with a sharp tongue and an unabashed bearing. This youth, though brave as a hero and strong as an athlete, is a child in inexperience, and so bashful in the presence of the woman who instantly captivates him, that it is she who is the first to betray her sympathy for him, and has even to take the chain from her own neck and hang it around his before he can so much as muster up courage to hope for her love. So, too, we find him passing his time in hanging poems to her upon the trees, and carving the name of Rosalind in their bark. She amuses herself, in her page's attire, by making herself his confidant, and pretending, as it were in jest, to be his Rosalind. She cannot bring her-

self to confess her passion, although she can think and talk (to Celia) of no one but him, and although his delay of a few minutes in keeping tryst with her sets her beside herself with impatience. She is as sensitive as she is intelligent, in this differing from Portia, to whom, in other respects, she bears some resemblance, though she lacks her persuasive eloquence, and is, on the whole, more tender, more virginal. She faints when Oliver, to excuse Orlando's delay, brings her a handkerchief stained with his blood; yet has sufficient self-mastery to say with a smile the moment she recovers, "I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited." She is quite at her ease in her male attire, like Viola and Imogen after her. She is unrivalled in vivacity and inventiveness. In every answer she discovers gunpowder anew, and she knows how to use it to boot.

What Rosalind says of women in general applies to herself in particular: you will never find her without an answer until you find her without a tongue. And there is always a bright and merry fantasy in her answers. She is literally radiant with youth, imagination, and the joy of loving so passionately and being so passionately beloved. And it is marvellous how thoroughly feminine is her wit. Too many of the witty women in books written by men have a man's intelligence. Rosalind's wit is tempered by feeling.—Brandes.

Rosalind's character is made up of sportive gaiety and natural tenderness: her tongue runs the faster to conceal the pressure at her heart. She talks herself out of breath, only to get deeper in love. The coquetry with which she plays with her lover in the double character which she has to support is managed with the nicest address. How full of voluble, laughing grace is all her conversation with Orlando—

> —"In heedless mazes running
> With wanton haste and giddy cunning."

How full of real fondness and pretended cruelty is her answer to him when he promises to love her "For ever and a day!"

"Say a day without the ever: no, no, Orlando, men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives: I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclined to sleep.

Orlando. But will my Rosalind do so?
Rosalind. By my life she will do as I do."

—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

CELIA

Celia is more quiet and retired: but she rather yields to Rosalind, than is eclipsed by her. She is as full of sweetness, kindness and intelligence, quite as susceptible, and almost as witty, though she makes less display of wit. She is described as less fair and less gifted; yet the attempt to excite in her mind a jealousy of her lovelier friend, by placing them in comparison—

> Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name;
> And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
> When she is gone—

fails to awaken in the generous heart of Celia any other feeling than an increased tenderness and sympathy for her cousin. To Celia, Shakspeare has given some of the most striking and animated parts of the dialogue; and in particular, that exquisite description of the friendship between her and Rosalind—

> If she be a traitor,
> Why, so am I; we have still slept together,
> Rose at an instant, learned, played, ate together,
> And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
> Still we went coupled and inseparable.

The feeling of interest and admiration thus excited for Celia at the first, follows her through the whole play. We listen to her as to one who has made herself worthy of our love; and her silence expresses more than eloquence.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

DUKE FREDERICK

That Duke Frederick is not constitutionally cruel, is indicated in his endeavor to stay the wrestling, "in pity of the challenger's youth," first by personal dissuasion of Orlando, then by suggesting to the princesses to use their influence, while he stands considerately aside, and then by restricting the encounter to one fall; and thus, tyrant as he is, he is in sympathy with the assembled crowd, who so deeply compassionate the bereaved father. Again, he is better than his class in his care of the grasping and disabled prizer—"How dost thou, Charles?" and "bear him away." Ambition and avarice control his better nature, which regains its elasticity, however, when he is brought under the genial influences of a clearer air and an altered scene. Certain it is that such a change has a healthy moral, as well as physical influence; it is one of the rescuing energies of nature, and if in actual nature it has not always the permanent vigor that is desirable, and loses its force when we return again into the circle of old local influences and associations, the more delightful is it for a time to revel in a fiction which exhibits one of the most beautiful resources of nature, operating with a vitality that brings aid to faltering virtue and corrects the flaws of fortune, and turns the odds of the great combat of life to the side of the excellent and the admirable.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

DUKE FREDERICK AND OLIVER

Duke Frederick is called even by his daughter a man of harsh and envious mind; he appears to be perpetually actu-

ated by gloomy fancies, by suspicion and mistrust, and to be urged on by covetousness. He has banished his brother and usurped the throne, he has robbed all the lords of their property who have gone with his brother, he has regarded with hostile suspicion all honorable men, the old Rowland de Bois as well as his brave Orlando, and he has surrounded himself with the dishonorable, who nevertheless, like Le Beau, are not devoted to him. Orlando's victory over the wrestler is enough to kindle his suspicion against him; once awakened, it lights upon the hitherto spared Rosalind, for no other reason than that she throws his daughter into the shade, and thus excites the father's envy, a passion which he wishes the inoffensive Celia to share also. When both the friends upon this disappear at the same time with Orlando, Frederick's suspicion and covetousness fall upon Oliver, whom he had hitherto favored. In this eldest son of the brave Rowland de Bois there flows the same vein of avarice and envy as in the Duke. He strives to plunder his brother of his poor inheritance, he undermines his education and gentility, he first endeavors to stifle his mind, and then he lays snares for his life; all this he does from an undefined hatred of the youth, whom he is obliged to confess is "full of noble device," but who for this very reason draws away the love of all his people from Oliver to himself; and on this account excites his envious jealousy. Both the Duke and Oliver equally forfeit the happiness which they seek, the one the heritage of his usurped dukedom, the other his lawful and unlawful possessions. And in this lies the primary impulse and the material motive for their subsequent renunciation of the world; a more moral incentive to this change of mind is given to Oliver in the preservation of his life by Orlando, and to the Duke in the warning voice of a religious man who speaks to his conscience and his fear. These are only sketches of characters, not intended to play conspicuous parts; but we see that they are drawn by the same sure hand which we have seen at work throughout Shakespeare's works.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

THE EXILED DUKE

The exiled Duke is a perfect exemplar of what should comprise a Christian's course—a cheerful gratitude for the benefits that have been showered upon him; a calm, yet firm endurance of adversity; a tolerance of unkindness; and a promptitude to forgive injuries. How sweet, and yet how strong is his moral nature! It seems as though no trial, social or physical, could change the current of his gracious wisdom. In a scene subsequent to that containing his celestial confession of moral faith, we have the proof that his philosophy is no cold profession merely,—no lip-deep ostentation,—no barren theory without practice. His conduct shows that his cheerful morality nestles in his heart, and inspires his actions. It is the seventh Scene of the second Act, where he and his followers are about to sit down to their woodland meal, when Orlando rushes in with his drawn sword, and demands food. There is in every point of the Duke's behavior on this occasion, the forbearance, the gentleness, the charity, and the cordial courtesy which grow out of such philosophy as his—that of unaffected contentment. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," indeed, when they teach such lessons as these! We cannot fancy that this true-hearted gentleman could have so perfected his native character had he never known the reverse of fortune, which exiled him from his court, and sent him among the forest-trees to learn wisdom from all-bounteous Nature; to know the worth of his true friends, who forsook land and station to share his seclusion; and to secure a peace of soul seldom known to those who live perpetually in the turmoil of public life. We find how dear his sylvan haunts have become to him; how happy have been the hours spent among them with his friends; how entirely their calm has penetrated his soul, and made part of his existence, by the unwillingness with which he prepares to quit these scenes at the end of the play, when his dukedom is restored to him. He receives the news with his own philosophic composure; and, by a

word or two that he lets fall, it may be shrewdly suspected that he only intends returning to repossess himself of his birthright, in order to secure it for his daughter Rosalind, and her future husband, Orlando; and then that he will quietly leave the young people at court, and steal back with a few of his faithful friends to close their days in retirement on the spot where they have been so contentedly happy. Mayhap, as the years creep on, and age-aches warn him not to disregard the "seasons' difference," he will exchange the table under the greenwood tree for one beneath the oaken roof. But be sure that his house will be close upon the forest glades, and on his table will smoke a haunch of the red deer for old lang syne.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

JAQUES

Jaques envies no one. He is satirical, but not venomous. He is drawn to Rosalind and Orlando, though they will not have anything to do with his melancholy egotism, which, in their eyes, makes him wearisome. He seeks people who think which the wornout sensualist does not; who have what the Duke calls "matter" in them for which the mere cynic does not care. He is really interested in the fate of the wounded deer, though he makes it a text for his moralizing only, and will not stir from his couch of moss to help it. He is vain of his brooding thoughtfulness, and of course he has plenty to think of. His wild life has given him knowledge of the purlieus of human nature, and their many problems. When he remembers all this matter of humanity, he is sullen, but not savage; and then old gentlemen, like the banished Duke, who are void of his storied experience of life, seek him out and taste through his moralizing a pleasant savour of far-off naughtiness, of a world fuller and more varied than the forest. This was sure to please an exile from the world like the Duke, who, though he makes the best of the wild wood, will not be sorry to get back to the court. The

good stuff of thought in Jaques somewhat excuses his egotism. But he is over-vain of it, and when Rosalind laughs at his apparent wisdom and tells him it is really folly, he is hurt; and the hurt is the deeper, because an inward whisper tells him Rosalind is right.—Brooke, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare.*

Jaques has clearly morbid traits; yet he represents a type very characteristic of the early seventeenth century, and one which, as the minute and elaborate drawing shows, greatly interested Shakespeare. The staple of his "melancholy" was the vague sadness of a sated brain, the despondent waking after the glorious national revelry of Elizabeth's prime. But there are glimpses in it of a profounder and nobler melancholy, which Shakespeare himself, it can hardly be doubted, came to share, melancholy of a profound sensitiveness to wrong and suffering. Jaques's effusive pathos over the wounded stag, strange and untimely note as it sounds among the blithe horns and carols of the hunters, preludes a deeper, more comprehensive pity, —the stuff of which, in the next years, the great tragedies were to be wrought.—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

Jaques is Shakespeare's embodiment of a doctrine that is scattered in fragments about his early plays, the doctrine of Aristotle which associates melancholy with certain abnormal or highly-developed mental power; this melancholy, vulgarized into a "humour" which came mostly from France, had not long before played its part in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humor;* but Shakespeare dignifies the conception, though Jaques can "suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs."—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Work.*

In the character of Jaques it is very evident that Shakespeare intended to represent a certain delicate shade of incipient melancholia. . . . . The melancholy of Jaques

is not so much a fixed condition of disease as the gradual ingravescence of the melancholic state. . . . . After a careful examination of him, we confess our inability to discover anything more really morbid in his mental or moral organization than what is glanced at above as belonging to the initiatory stage of the disease.—KELLOGG, *Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity.*

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

All the characters in Jaques' sketch are well taken care of. The infant is nursed; the boy is educated; the youth, tormented by no greater cares than the necessity of hunting after rhymes to please the ear of a lady, whose love sits so lightly upon him as to set him upon nothing more serious than such a self-amusing task; the man in prime of life is engaged in gallant deeds, brave in action, anxious for character, and ambitious of fame; the man in declining years has won the due honors of his rank, he enjoys the luxuries of the table, and dispenses the terrors of the bench; the man of age still more advanced is well-to-do in the world. If his shank be shrunk, it is not without hose and slipper; if his eyes be dim, they are spectacled; if his years have made him lean, they have gathered for him the wherewithal to fatten the pouch by his side. And when this strange, eventful history is closed by the penalties paid by men who live too long, Jaques does not tell us that the helpless being, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything," is left unprotected in his helplessness.—MAGINN, *Shakespeare Papers.*

TOUCHSTONE

The fool whom Jacques so envies, who is his counterpart and mental kinsman, is the merry clown Touchstone. He is a genuine old English clown—in the Shakespearean form—a fool with the jingling cap and bells, one who is and wishes to be a fool; the same personification of ca-

price and ridicule, and with the same keen perception of the faults and failings of mankind as Jacques, but a fool with his own knowledge and consent, and not merely passive but active also. He speaks, acts and directs his whole life in accordance with the capricious folly and foolish capriciousness which he considers to be the principles of human existence. While therefore the other lovers are in pursuit of their high ideals of beauty, amiability and virtue, and yet do not in reality attain anything beyond the common human standard, he takes to himself quite an ordinary, silly, ugly, peasant girl; he loves her, in fact, just because she pleases him, and she pleases him just because he loves her. This is the obstinacy of love in its full force, as conceived by Shakespeare in his comedies. And yet this capriciousness which apparently ridicules itself, at the same time, contains a significant trait in which he exhibits his inmost nature, a trait of what is simple, natural, and common to all men, in contrast to what is exaggerated and unnatural, and to all that which is sentimental, eccentric and fantastic—a genuine human trait which, however, he had hitherto been unable to show. While, further, all the other characters have chosen the secluded free life of the Forest of Arden on account of their outward circumstances or inward impulse, in short, with good reason or free will, he alone has gone there without any occasion or reason whatever; he has even done so against his own inclination as the good cheer at court suited him far better; in other words he has done so deliberately in the actual sense of the word. And yet it is just in this that he again, under the mask of folly, shows a trait of genuine human nature, noble unselfishness and fidelity. Lastly, while all the other characters appear more or less like the unconscious play-balls of their own caprices and whims, feelings and impulses, he proves himself to be the one that makes game both of himself and of all the others; by this very means, however, he shows his true independence and freedom. And inasmuch as he consciously and intentionally makes himself a fool and gives free reins to his caprices, freaks

and humors, he, at least, shows that he possesses the first necessary elements of true freedom, the consciousness of, and sovereignty over himself. He the professed Fool may frankly be declared the most rational person of the whole curious company, for he alone invariably knows his own mind; in regarding everything as sheer folly, he, at the same time takes it up in the humor in which it is meant to be understood. Accordingly, in Touchstone (who, as it were, personifies the humor which pervades the whole), we find all the perversities and contradictions of a life and mode of life *as you like it* reflected in a concave mirror; but this exterior, at the same time, conceals the poetic truth of the reverse side of the whole. Therefore we find a striking contrast to him in Sir Oliver Martext, the very embodiment of common prose, who will not suffer anything to lead him from his own text, but in doing this thoroughly perverts the text of true living reality, the ideal, poetical substance of the book of life—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

SILVIUS AND PHEBE

Amongst the couples whom Hymen unites are Silvius and Phebe, who had already made their appearance in Lodge's romance. The novelist had censured Phebe for her excessive scorn, and had emphasized the retribution in kind that falls upon her head. But his picture of the self-forgetting devotion of Silvius was, on the whole, sympathetic, and neither of the characters moved in a different plane from the remaining figures in the story. But in the drama this is exactly what they do, for, by a number of minute touches, Shakspere transposes them into the region of caricature. Unlike the other lovers, they speak uniformly in verse instead of prose, and this in itself gives a distinctively idealistic flavor to their sentiments. Silvius' recital in strophic form to Corin of the signs of true love, ending with the triple invocation of the name of Phebe, prepares us for the pageant played between him and his

disdainful mistress. Phebe has all the "regulation" charms of a pastoral nymph—inky brows, black silk hair, bugle eyeballs, and cheeks of cream; but these are turned into burlesque by the addition of "a leathern hand, a free-stone coloured hand." She has been allowed a very pretty gift of language, and her process of proof to Silvius that eyes, "the frailest, softest things, who shut their coward gates on atomies," cannot be called butchers or murderers, is a charming piece of filigree logic. But her dainty terms become ridiculous when they are used to express her love for Ganymede; and the poetical epistle in which she questions the supposed youth whether he is a "god to shepherd turned," and promises, if her passion is fruitless, to "study how to die," is a glaring travesty of the sentimental effusions of the conventional love-lorn Phyllises and Chloes. Similarly the "tame snake," Silvius, who is satisfied to live upon a "scattered smile" loosed now and then by his mistress, and who bears her letter to Ganymede in the fond belief that it has an angry tenor, is a parody of that true loyalty of heart which, as seen in Orlando, is no enemy to either cheerfulness or self-respect. At the end of the comedy, when they have served the dramatist's purpose, they are united in marriage like the other lovers; but this similarity of fate does not annul the contrast between the Dresden-china couple, and the true children of nature, Orlando and Rosalind.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

THE FOREST OF ARDEN

It has been truly and beautifully said of Shakspere,—"All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets—but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth." [1] But there are critics of another caste, who ob-

[1] Knight, *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

ject to Shakspere's forest of Arden, situated, as they hold, "between the rivers Meuse and Moselle." They maintain that its geographical position ought to have been known by Shakspere; and that he is consequently most vehemently to be reprehended for imagining that a palm-tree could flourish, and a lioness be starving, in French Flanders. We most heartily wish that the critics would allow poetry to have its own geography. We do *not* want to know that Bohemia has no seaboard; we do *not* wish to have the island of Sycorax defined on the map; we do *not* require that our forest of Arden should be the *Arduenna Sylva* of Cæsar and Tacitus, and that its rocks should be "clay-slate, grauwacke-slate, grauwacke, conglomerate, quartz-rock, and quartzose sandstone." We are quite sure that Ariosto was thinking nothing of French Flanders when he described how

> "two fountains grew,
> Like in the taste, but in effects unlike,
> *Plac'd in Ardenna,* each in other's view:
> Who tastes the one, love's dart his heart doth strike
> Contrary of the other dost ensue,
> Who drinks thereof, their lovers shall mislike."

We are equally sure that Shakspere *meant* to take his forest out of the region of the literal, when he assigned to it a palm-tree and a lioness.

Banishment and flight have assembled together in the Forest of Arden a singular society: a Duke dethroned by his brother, and, with his faithful companions in misfortune, living in the wilds on the produce of the chase; two distinguished princesses, who love each other with a sisterly affection; a witty court fool; lastly, the native inhabitants of the forest, ideal and natural shepherds and shepherdesses. These lightly-sketched figures pass along in the most diversified succession; we see always the shady, dark-green landscape in the background, and breathe in imagination the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or toil; they flow on unnumbered in voluntary occupation

or fanciful idleness, to which every one addicts himself according to his humor or disposition; and this unlimited freedom compensates all of them for the lost conveniences of life. One throws himself down solitarily under a tree and indulges in melancholy reflections on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-created torments of social life; others make the woods resound with social and festive songs to the accompaniment of their horns. Selfishness, envy, and ambition have been left in the city behind them; of all the human passions, love alone has found an entrance into the wilderness, where it dictates the same language to the simple shepherd and the chivalrous youth who hangs his love-ditty to a tree. A prudish shepherdess falls instantaneously in love with Rosalind, disguised in man's apparel; the latter sharply reproaches her with her severity to her poor lover, and the pain of refusal, which she at length feels from her own experience, disposes her to compassion and requital. The fool carries his philosophical contempt of external show and his raillery of the illusion of love so far, that he purposely seeks out the ugliest and simplest country wench for a mistress. Throughout the whole picture it seems to have been the intention of the poet to show that nothing is wanted to call forth the poetry which has its dwelling in nature and the human mind, but to throw off all artificial constraint and restore both to their native liberty.—SCHLEGEL, *Lectures on Dramatic Literature.*

Shakespeare has made the inhabitants of this forest appear so happy in their banishment, that, when they are called back to the cares of the world, it seems more like a punishment than a reward. Jaques has too much prudence to leave his retirement; and yet, when his associates are departed, his state can no longer be enviable, as refined society was the charm which seemed here to bestow on country life its more than usual enjoyments.—INCHBALD, "*As you like it*" in *The British Theatre.*

A PASTORAL COMEDY

Though said to be oftener read than any other of Shakespeare's plays, *As You Like It* is certainly less fascinating than several of his other comedies. The dramatist has presented us with a pastoral comedy, the characters of which, instead of belonging to an ideal pastoral age, are true copies of what Nature would produce under similar conditions. . . . . The poet has relieved the development of a melancholy subject and an insignificant story by the introduction of a more than usual number of really individual subordinate characters. Even Rosalind, that beautiful but willful representation of woman's passion, is not an important accessory to the moral purpose of the comedy; and the other characters, however gracefully delineated, are not amalgamated into an artistic action with that full power which overwhelms us with astonishment in the grander efforts of Shakespeare's genius.—HALLIWELL, *Introduction to "As You Like It."*

A PLEASING PLAY

Few comedies of Shakespeare are more generally pleasing, and its manifold improbabilities do not much affect us in perusal. The brave injured Orlando, the sprightly but modest Rosalind, the faithful Adam, the reflecting Jaques, the serene and magnanimous Duke, interest us by turns, though the play is not so well managed as to condense our sympathy, and direct it to the conclusion.—HALLAM, *Literature of Europe.*

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, *living in banishment*
FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions*
AMIENS, JAQUES, } *lords attending on the banished Duke*
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick*
CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick*
OLIVER, JAQUES, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys*
ADAM, DENNIS, } *servants to Oliver*
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar*
CORIN, SYLVIUS, } *shepherds*
WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey*
A person representing Hymen

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke*
CELIA, *daughter to Frederick*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess*
AUDREY, *a country wench*

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden*

The pronunciation of *"Jaques"* is still somewhat doubtful, though the metrical test makes it certain that it is always a dissyllable in Shakespeare: there is evidence that the name was well known in England, and ordinarily pronounced as a monosyllable; hence Harrington's *Metamorphosis of A-jax* (1596). The name of the character was probably rendered *"Jakës":* the modern stage practice is in favor of *"Jaq-wes."*—I. G.

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Frederick, the younger brother of a French Duke, usurps the place of his brother and banishes him. The rightful Duke retires to the forest of Arden and is there joined by a few of his faithful friends whose possessions are confiscated by the usurper. The Duke's daughter Rosalind remains at her uncle's court as a companion for her cousin Celia. These two girls have been bred together from their cradles and "never two ladies loved as they do." In disguise, Orlando, the son of one of the banished Duke's friends, wrestles with the Duke's wrestler and is victorious. Frederick is kindly disposed toward the youth until he finds out who he is. Rosalind rejoices to know of this relationship, for she is much attracted to Orlando. Because of her accomplishments and for the sake of her father, Rosalind has many friends—so many that her uncle grows alarmed and banishes her from his court. Celia insists on accompanying her cousin, as she says, for "the love which teacheth thee that thou and I am one."

ACT II

The ladies take with them Frederick's clown, who is devoted to both of them. Rosalind dresses herself as a country-man and Celia as his sister. They find their way to the Forest of Arden, and not knowing in what part of the woods to look for the Duke, they purchase a shepherd's house and his flocks. Orlando, finding it impossible to live peacefully with his elder brother Oliver and fearing

the latter's evil designs, also journeys to this forest to join the banished Duke.

ACT III

On the day of the wrestling-match, Orlando had fallen in love with Rosalind and he now spends much of his time writing verses about her and fastening them to the trees. Rosalind and Celia find some of these, and Rosalind, remembering how she is dressed, is distressed to think Orlando is so near. But she soon recovers her light spirits and decides to talk to him as youth to youth and find out how much he really cares for her. She invites him to visit her and to talk to her as he would like to talk to Rosalind. Orlando gladly accepts this offer.

ACT IV

Orlando's brother Oliver follows Orlando to the forest to do him harm. He is discovered by the younger man, sleeping under an oak-tree and in two-fold danger of his life by a snake and by a lioness. Orlando is tempted to leave his brother to his fate, but the good in him triumphs over this evil thought and he saves Oliver's life. But in so doing he himself is wounded by the lioness. He sends Oliver, who has repented of his treatment of him, to tell Rosalind of his injury. Rosalind swoons at the news, but pretends that the faint was only counterfeit.

ACT V

Oliver has fallen in love with Celia, and she returns his affection. They decide to be married very shortly, and Rosalind, still in male disguise, promises Orlando that he shall marry his lady-love at the same time and that she will find a way to bring the lady to him. Rosalind finds her father and obtains his permisssion for his daughter to marry Orlando. Then she and Celia retire and return in their proper dress. The Duke and Orlando are delighted at the transformation. The weddings take place imme-

diately, and instead of just two couples, there are four, for the clown who had accompanied the ladies to the forest had met and loved a country-lass, and the fourth couple are a shepherd and his sweetheart. The joy of the wedding party is increased by the news which comes to them of Duke Frederick. While on his way to the forest to capture his brother and put him to the sword, he had met "with an old religious man," and "after some question with him, was converted both from his enterprise and from the world, his crown bequeathing to his banished brother, and all their lands restored to them again that were with him exiled."

AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home un-

1. *"it was upon this fashion: bequeathed,"* &c. The Folio does not place a stop at *"fashion,"* but makes *"bequeathed"* a past participle; the words *"charged"* . . . *"on his blessing"* presuppose *"he"* or *"my father"*; the nominative, may, however, be easily supplied from the context, or possibly, but doubtfully, *"a"* (=*"he"*) has been omitted before *"charged."* There is very much to be said in favor of the Folio reading; a slight confusion of two constructions seems to have produced the difficulty. Warburton, Hanmer, and Capell proposed to insert *"my father"* before *"bequeathed."* Others punctuate in the same way as in the present text, but read *"he bequeathed"* or *"my father bequeathed"*; the Cambridge editors hold that the subject of the sentence is intentionally omitted. —I. G.

kept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

33. *"what make you here"*; that is, what *do* you here? See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. ii. sc. 1, and Act iv. sc. 2.—H. N. H.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well, here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Aye, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my

brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me?

I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay be-

118. *"Duke's daughter";* that is, the *usurping* duke's daughter.—H. N. H.

hind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentle-

126. *"forest of Arden"; Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the river Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. Spenser, in his *Colin Clout,* mentions it.

> "So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
> Not famous *Ardeyn,* nor foul Arlo was."

In Lodge's *Rosalynde* the exiled king of France is said to be living as "an outlaw in the forest of Arden."—H. N. H.

128. *"old Robin Hood of England";* this prince of outlaws and "most gentle theefe" lived in the time of Richard I, and had his chief residence in Sherwood forest, Notinghamshire. Wordsworth aptly styles him "the English ballad-singer's joy"; and in Percy's *Reliques* is an old ballad entitled *Robin Hood* and *Guy of Gisborne,* showing how his praises were wont to be sung. Of his mode of life the best account that we have seen is in the twenty-sixth song of Drayton's *Poly-Olbion,* where the nymph of Sherwood forest,

> "All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
> That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a king
> Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range
> For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
> To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court.
> The merry pranks he play'd would ask an age to tell,
> And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell.
> In this our spacious isle I think there is not one,
> But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
> And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
> Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
> Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
> In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade.
> An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood
> Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right good,
> All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue;
> His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
> When, setting to their lips their little bugles shrill,

men flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well

> The warbling Echoes wak'd from every dale and hill.
> And of these archers brave there was not any one,
> But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
> Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
> Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
> Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
> Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
> From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
> What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the poor:
> The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
> And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd:
> He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
> But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
> Was ever constant known, which, wheresoe'er she came,
> Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game."

Robin Hood's mode of life is well set forth in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd.*—H. N. H.

as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I 'll tell thee, Charles:—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I 'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I 'll

never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I 'll go about. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

183. *"Gamester";* that is, frolicsome fellow.—H. N. H.

194. *"which now I'll go about";* upon this passage Coleridge has a very characteristic remark: "It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakespeare with want of truth to nature; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths, which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly have presented to itself, in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it."—H. N. H.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety

17. *"condition of my estate"*; state of my fortune.—C. H. H.

of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dullness of the

fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught; now I 'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Aye, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

70. *"a certain knight";* this joke had already appeared in the old play of *Damon and Pithias.*—C. H. H.

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

91. *"old Frederick"; old* is here used merely as a term of familiarity; not meaning *aged.*—H. N. H.

93. The Folio prefixes *"Rosalind"* to the speech: Theobald first proposed the change to *"Celia,"* and he has been followed by most editors. Capell suggested *"Fernandine"* for *"Frederick"* in the previous speech. Shakespeare does not give us the name of Rosalind's father; he is generally referred to as *"Duke Senior":* Celia's father is mentioned as *"Frederick"* in two other places (l. 259 of this scene, and V. iv. 166). One has, however, a shrewd suspicion that Touchstone is referring to the exiled king as *"old* Frederick," and that Rosalind speaks the words *"my father's love is enough to honour him";* the expression is so much in harmony with her subsequent utterance, ll. 260–263.

"My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul."

And again, in the next scene, l. 32:—

"The Duke my father loved his father dearly."—I. G.

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau; what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what color?

Le Beau. What color madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel, Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

118. *"laid on with a trowel";* this is a proverbial phrase, meaning to do anything without delicacy. If a man flatter grossly, it is a common expression to say, he *lays it on with a trowel.*—H. N. H.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

138. *"with bills on their necks";* so in the old copies; but most editors are agreed that these words probably belong to Le Beau's speech, though the matter is not deemed so clear as to warrant a change. *Bills* were instruments or weapons used by watchmen and foresters. Watchmen were said to carry their bills or halberds on their *necks,* not on their shoulders. Of course there is a quibble on the word *bills,* the latter part of the speech referring to public notices, which were generally headed with the words,—"Be it known unto all men by these presents."—H. N. H.

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Aye, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I 'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

176. *"such odds in the man";* so in the original, meaning, of course, the man is so unequal. *Man* is usually but needlessly altered to *men.* —H. N. H.

183. *"the princess calls for you";* this is the only authorized text. The usual reading is, "the *princesses call* for you"; the text being thus changed, to make it agree with *them* in the next line. But the

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much

truth is, only *one* of the ladies calls for Orlando; and he says *them,* because he *sees* two, not because the request comes from them both.—H. N. H.

194. *"your eyes; our judgment";* Coleridge says,—"Surely it should be *'our eyes'* and *'our judgment'";* whereas the speaker's design apparently is, to compliment Orlando; the reverse of which would be the case in the reading proposed. The meaning, therefore, seems to be, that his own eyes and judgment, if he would use them about himself, would give him better counsel than he is following.—H. N. H.

205. This *wherein* is not a little in the way. Some have understood it as referring to *thoughts;* which is clearly wrong. The only meaning it can well bear is that of *since,* or *in that.* We are apt to think that the printer's eye caught the *wherein* just below, and thus inserted it here out of place. To our mind the sense would run much clearer, should we leave out the first *wherein,* put

guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

a period after *thoughts,* and a semicolon after *any thing.* Nevertheless, we adhere to the original.—H. N. H.

230. *"You mean";* Theobald proposed *"An' you mean,"* and the Cambridge editors suggested that *"and"* for *"an'"* (=*if*) may be the right reading, omitted by the printer, who mistook it for part of the stage-direction *"Orl. and"* for *"Orland."*—I. G.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!
Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg [*They wrestle.*
Ros. O excellent young man!
Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.
[*Shout. Charles is thrown.*
Duke F. No more, no more.
Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.
Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?
Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.
Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?
Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.
Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fair thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*
Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

248. *"I would thou hadst,"* etc. In Lodge, on the contrary, when Rosader named his father, "the king rose from his seat and embraced him, and the peers entreated him with all favourable courtesy." Shakespeare's alteration helps to explain both Orlando's flight to Arden, and Rosalind's interest in him as the son of her father's friend.—C. H. H.

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.
Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.
Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Aye. Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.
Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I 'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown

More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

301. *"the taller";* but Rosalind is later on described as *"more than common tall,"* and Celia as *"the woman low, and browner than her brother":* probably *"taller"* is a slip of Shakespeare's pen: *"shorter," "smaller," "lesser," "lower,"* have been variously proposed; of these *"lesser"* strikes one perhaps as most Shakespearian.—I. G.

To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
[*Exit Le Beau.*
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

Scene III

A room in the palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

11. *"my child's father";* so in the original. Rowe suggested that it should be "my father's child," and that reading has been adopted in several editions. Coleridge says,—"Who can doubt that it is a mistake for 'my father's child,' meaning herself? A most indelicate anticipation is put into the mouth of Rosalind without reason;—and besides, what a strange thought, and how out of place, and unintelligible!" With these remarks we fully agree, yet do not feel at liberty to admit the change.—H. N. H.

21. *"hem and have him."* Rosalind probably said *ha'im* or *hae'm*, this colloquial pronunciation of *have* and its parts being occasionally used by Shakespeare even in verse, where the fuller form is written. As in *1 Hen. IV*, iii. 1.:—

Our grandam earth *having* this distemperature.—C. H. H.

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well? 40

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles, 50
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,

36. *"hated his father dearly";* Shakespeare's use of *dear* in a double sense has been already illustrated. See *Twelfth Night,* Act v. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

40. *"deserve well";* Celia, be it observed, has already shown that she has no sympathy with her father's crime, and she here speaks ironically, implying the severest censure upon him; her meaning apparently being,—"It was because your father deserved well that my father hated him; and ought I not, on your principle of reasoning, to hate Orlando for the same cause?"—H. N. H.

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What 's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Aye, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,

Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke. F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I 'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I 'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart

112. *"change,"* &c., Folio 1; the other Folios read *"charge," i. e.* "burden," probably the true reading.—I. G.

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Ros. I 'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let 's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

133. *"outface it";* put others out of countenance.—C. H. H.

139. There has been much discussion of the scansion of this line; several critics, in their anxiety to save Shakespeare from the serious charge of using a false quantity, propose to accent *"Aliena"* on the penultimate, but for all that it seems most likely that the line is to be read—

"No lóng/er Cél/ya bût / Alĭ/ena."—I. G.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity;

5. *"here feel we but"*; Theobald first conjectured *"but"* for *"not"* of the Folios, and his emendation has been accepted by many scholars, though violently opposed by others. Most of the discussions turn on *"the penalty of Adam,"* which ordinarily suggests toil—"in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread"—but in this passage Shakespeare makes the penalty to be "the seasons' difference," *cp. Paradise Lost,* x. 678, 9:—

"Else had the spring Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flowers."
—I. G.

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp

13–14. *"like the toad, ugly and venomous,"* &c. A favorite Euphuistic conceit, *e. g. "The foule toade hath a faire stone in his head,"* Euphues, p. 53 (ed. Arber), based on an actual belief in toad-stones. The origin of the belief is traced back to Pliny's description of a stone as "of the colour of a frog."—I. G.

14. The *"precious jewel"* in the toad's head was not his bright eye, as is sometimes supposed, but one of the "secret wonders of nature," which exist no longer "in the faith of reason." According to Edward Fenton, it was found in the heads of old, and large, and especially he toads, and was of great value for its moral and medicinal virtues. Of course so precious a thing, being rather hard to find, was often counterfeited, and there was an infallible test for distinguishing the counterfeit from the true: "You shall know whether the toad-stone be the right and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a toad, so that he may see it; and if it be a right and true stone the toad will leap towards it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone."—H. N. H.

Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,'quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
As worldings do, giving thy sum of more

39. *"tears coursed,"* etc.; it was an ancient notion that a deer, being closely pursued, "fleeth to a ryver or ponde, and roreth, cryeth, and *wepeth*, when he is take." Drayton in the thirteenth song of his *Poly-Olbion* has a fine description of a deer-hunt, which he winds up with an allusion to the same matter:

> "He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
> Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall."

And in a note upon the passage he adds,—"The hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held precious in medicine."—H. N. H.

To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
"Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Aye,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what 's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place!
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.

First Lord. I 'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*

49. *"to that which had too much"*; so in *3 Henry VI*, Act v. sc. 4:

"With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength *to that which hath too much.*"—H. N. H.

51. *"part"*; shut out.—C. H. H.
52. *"flux"*; flow.—C. H. H.

Scene II

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.
Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I 'll make him find him: do this suddenly,

3. *"Are of consent and sufferance in this";* have connived at and permitted it. A legal phrase.—C. H. H.

And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Before Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who 's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

8. *"bonny";* big, burly.—C. H. H.

12. *"no more do yours,"* a somewhat loose construction, but one easily understood, the force of the previous sentence being "to some kind of men their graces serve them not as friends."—I. G.

15. *"Envenoms";* acts as a poison upon (not "makes poisonous").—C. H. H.

Orl. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father,—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.
Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I 'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we 'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore

50. *"unbashful"*; immodest, unchaste.—C. H. H.
65. *"in lieu of"*; in return for.—H. N. H.
68. *"content"*; contented state.—C. H. H.
71. *"seventeen"*; Rowe's emendation for *"seaventie"* of the Folios. —I. G.

Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.
Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.
Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.
Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.
Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

1. *"weary";* Theobald's emendation for *"merry"* of the Folios, and generally adopted; some scholars are in favor of the Folio reading, and put it down to Rosalind's assumed merriment; her subsequent confession as to her weariness must then be taken as an aside.—I. G.

Touch. Aye, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travelers must be content.

Ros. Aye, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slighest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Of if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

30. *"As"; though.*—C. H. H.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

45. *"searching";* probing.—C. H. H.

55. *"from whom," i. e.* from the peascod; similarly *"her"* in the next line: he was wooing the peascod instead of his mistress.—I. G.

56. *"with weeping tears";* tears of weeping, a tautological phrase, used seriously by Lodge in the *Rosalynd,* but not peculiar to him.—C. H. H.

Touch. Holla, you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool: he 's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Touch. Your betters, sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched.
Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succor.
Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,

85. *"fleeces"*; flocks.—C. H. H.

Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

Song.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

99. *"have to pay";* have wherewith to pay.—C. H. H.
101. *"waste";* spend.—C. H. H.
3. *"turn,"* so the Folios: Pope substituted *"tune,"* but the change is unnecessary; according to Steevens *"to turn a tune or note"* is still a current phrase among vulgar musicians.—I. G.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I 'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I 'll end the song. Sirs, cover the

19. *"stanzo";* this form (as well, apparently, as *stanze, Love's Labor's Lost,* iv. 2. 113) was in occasional use for the still exotic and unfamiliar *stanza.*—C. H. H.

21. *"owe me nothing";* this has the appearance of being a legal phrase, and Mr. Caldecott says it refers to the words *nomina facere,* in the Roman law. In the *Pandects, nomina facere* means to enter an account, because not only the sums, but the names of the parties are entered. Cicero uses *nomina facere* for to lend money, and *nomen solvere* for to pay a debt; and in *Livy* we have *nomen transcribere in alium* for to transfer a debt to another.—H. N. H.

while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I 'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I 'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

34. *"look"*; look for.—C. H. H.

Ami. What 's that 'ducdame'? 60

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I 'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I 'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I 'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene VI

The forest.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it

63. *"I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt."* According to Johnson *"the first-born of Egypt"* was a proverbial expression for high-born persons, but it has not been found elsewhere. Nares suggests that perhaps Jaques is only intended to say that, if he cannot sleep, he will, like other discontented persons, rail against his betters. There is no doubt some subtler meaning in the words, and the following is possibly worthy of consideration:— Jaques says if he cannot sleep he'll rail again all first-borns, for it is the question of birthright which has caused him "leave his wealth and ease," merely as he had previously put it "to please a stubborn will"; this idea has perhaps suggested Pharaoh's stubbornness, and by some such association "all first-borns" became "all the first-born of Egypt"; or, by mere association, the meaningless tag *"of Egypt"* is added by Jaques to round off the phrase, and to give it some sort of color.—I. G.

or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I 'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

The forest.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

10. *"comfortable";* of good cheer.—C. H. H.

15. *"well said";* a phrase of the time, meaning the same as our *well done!*—H. N. H.

Enter Jaques.

First Lord. He saves my labor by his own approach.
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!
Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-luster eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

19. Touchstone of course alludes to the common saying "Fortune favours fools," *cp. Every Man out of His Humour,* I. i.:

Sogliardo. "Why, who am I, sir?
Macilente. One of those that fortune favours.
Carlo. [*Aside*] The periphrasis of a fool."—I. G.

And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

34, 36. *"A worthy fool" . . . "O worthy fool":* the *"A"* and *"O"* should probably change places, according to an anonymous conjecture noted in the Cambridge Edition.—I. G.

39. *"dry";* slow, dull. In Elizabethan physiology intellect was conceived as a kind of moisture in the brain; a "dry jest" was a dull one. A trace of this survives in our "humour."—C. H. H.

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

55. *"Not to seem";* the words *"not to"* were first added by Theobald: the Folios read *"seem";* Collier, following his MS. corrections, proposed *"but to seem";* the meaning is the same in both cases. Mr. Furness follows Ingleby in maintaining the correctness of the text, and paraphrases thus:—"He who is hit the hardest by me must laugh the hardest, and that he must do so is plain; because if he is a wise man he must seem foolishly senseless of the bob by laughing it off. Unless he does this, viz., shows his insensibility by laughing it off, any chance hit of the fool will expose every nerve and fibre of his folly."—I. G.

As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot has caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

73. *"the weary very means,"* the reading of the Folios (Folios 1 and 2, *"wearie"*; Folios 3, 4, *"weary"*). Pope proposed *"very very"*; Collier (MS.) *"the very means of wear"*; Staunton, *"weary-very,"* or *"very-weary."* Others maintain the correctness of the original reading, and explain, "until that its very means, being weary or exhausted, do ebb." A very plausible emendation was suggested by Singer, viz., *"wearer's"* for *"weary,"* and it has rightly been adopted by several editors: *cp. Henry VIII,* I. i. 83–5:—

"O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey."—I. G.

Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of? 90
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear; I say:

87. *"Unclaimed of any man";* Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour* was first acted in 1599, and probably written before *As You Like It.* The character of Asper, wherein the author clearly personates himself, is in some respects quite similar to that of Jaques; insomuch that a writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare* thinks the latter to have been meant partly as a satire upon the former. Asper's satire is perfectly scorching, his avowed purpose being to "strip the ragged follies of the time naked as at their birth"; and the Induction has some lines bearing so strong a resemblance to this speech of Jaques', as might well suggest that the Poet had them in his mind:

"If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For, if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls
As lick up every idle vanity."—H. N. H.

Orl. "Forbear, and eat no more!"

As You Like It. Act 2, Scene 7.

He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,

And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,

139. *"Wherein we play in";* pleonasms of this kind were by no means uncommon in the writers of Shakespeare's age. Thus Baret: "I was afearde *to* what end his talke would come *to.*" In *Coriolanus,* Act ii. sc. 1: *"In* what enormity is Marcius poor *in?"* And in *Romeo and Juliet,* Act i. Chorus: "That fair *for* which love groan'd *for.*" And a little before in this scene: *"Of* what kind should this cock come *of?"*—H. N. H.

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, leopard 150
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,

143. *"seven ages";* in the old play of *Damon and Pythias* we have, —"Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage, whereon many play their parts." In *The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times,* 1613, is a division of the life of man into *seven ages,* said to be taken from Proclus: and it appears from Browne's *Vulgar Errors,* that Hippocrates also divided man's life into seven degrees or stages, though he differs from *Proclus* in the number of years allotted to each stage. Dr. Henley mentions an old emblematical print, entitled *The Stage of Man's Life* divided into Seven Ages, from which he thinks Shakespeare more likely to have taken his hint than from Hippocrates or Proclus; but he does not tell us that this print was of Shakespeare's age. The Poet has again referred to it in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play his part."—H. N. H.

144. *"Mewling";* squalling.—C. H. H.

148. *"ballad";* lyric (in general, including the sonnet, then the fashionable form of love-lay).—C. H. H.

With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;

163. *"his"*; its.—C. H. H.
165. *"mere"*: complete.—C. H. H.

Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,

178. *"because thou art not seen," i. e.* "as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence" (Johnson): several unnecessary emendations have been proposed, *e. g. "Thou causest not that teen"* (Hanmer); *"Because thou art foreseen"* (Staunton), &c.—I. G.

189. *"As friend remember'd not," i. e.* "as forgotten friendship," or "as what an unremembered friend feels": *cp. "benefits forgot," supra.*—I. G.

Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.
Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.
Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature

6. *"Seek him with candle";* a reference to the parable of the lost piece of silver.—C. H. H.

Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The forest.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I 'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.
[*Exit.*

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect

that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never

32. *"of good breeding"*; of the want of good breeding.—C. H. H.

40. *"all on one side"*; merely completes the description of the ill-roasted egg. "Shakespeare's similes," says Malone, "seldom run on four feet." "Similes seldom do, and Shakespeare sometimes exhibits the inadequacy of an image by the vividness with which he sees it" (J. C. Smith).—C. H. H.

sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worm's-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

55. *"Instance"*; give your reason.—C. H. H.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I 'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I 'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I 'll graff it with you, and then I shall

124. *"the very false gallop," cp.* Nashe's *Four Letters Confuted,* "I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses, but that if I should retort his rime dogrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run hobling like a Brewer's Cart upon the stones, and observe no length in their feet."—I. G.

graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [*reads*]

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalina write,
Teaching all that read to know

131. *"earliest fruit in the country";* upon this passage Steevens remarks,—"Shakespeare seems to have had little knowledge in gardening: the medlar is one of the latest fruits, being uneatable till the end of November." True, O George! and Shakespeare most manifestly knew it. Do not the words,—*"Then* it will be the earliest fruit,"—clearly infer that it is not so *now?* Moreover, though the *latest* of fruits to *ripen,* is it not one of the *earliest* to *rot?* and does not Rosalind mean that when the tree is graffed with Touchstone, its fruit will rot earlier than ever?—H. N. H.

The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people'!

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with script and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too;

153. *"in little"*; in miniature.—C. H. H.
156. *"wide-enlarged"*; dispersed through the world.—C. H. H.
168. *"pulpiter"*; Spedding's suggestion for *"Jupiter"* of the Folios. —I. G.

for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Aye, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

179. *"some of them had in them more feet,"* etc. It is Rosalind's cue to be captious; but her criticism may be explained (though not justified) by the interchange of iambic and trochaic rhythm.—C. H. H.

201. *"and so encounter";* in Holland's translation of Pliny, Shakespeare found that "two *hills* removed by an earthquake encountered together, charging as it were and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise."—H. N. H.

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say aye and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

255. *"propositions"*; questions.—C. H. H.

259. *"Jove's tree"*; the oak was anciently sacred to Zeus or Jupiter. —C. H. H.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God buy you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

270. *"to kill my heart";* a quibble between *hart* and *heart,* then spelled the same.—H. N. H.

275. *"bring me out";* put me out.—C. H. H.

Jaq. What stature is she of?
Orl. Just as high as my heart.
Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?
Orl. Not so; but I answer you right, painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions?
Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery?
Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.
Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.
Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.
Jaq. By my troth. I was seeking for a fool when I found you.
Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.
Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.
Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.
Jaq. I 'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.
Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*
Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play

298. *"out of rings"; i. e.* out of the mottoes or "posies" of rings.—C. H. H.

the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there 's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I 'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister: here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

374. *"inland man";* that is, civilized. See Act ii. sc. 7.—H. N. H.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in

405. *"a blue eye";* that is, a blueness about the eyes, an evidence of anxiety and dejection.—H. N. H.

your accouterments, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, in-

constant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I 'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

455. *"living," i. e.* lasting, permanent; the antithesis seems to require *"loving,"* which has been substituted by some editors: it is noteworthy that in some half-dozen instances in Shakespeare *"live"* has been printed for "love," but it is questionable whether any change is justifiable here.—I. G.

Scene III

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to

1. *"Audrey"* is a corruption of *Etheldreda.* The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars.—H. N. H.

5, 6. *"your features! . . . what features?"* Farmer's conjecture, *"feature! . . . what's feature"* seems singularly plausible; *cp.* l. 18, *"I do not know what 'poetical' is."*—I. G.

10. *"ill-inhabited";* ill-lodged.—C. H. H.

poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

33. A *"material fool"* is a fool with matter in him.—H. N. H.

40. *"I am foul";* honest Audrey uses *foul* as opposed to *fair;* that is, for *plain, homely.* She had good authority for doing so. Thus, in Thomas' *History of Italy:* "If the maiden be *fair,* she is soon had, and little money given with her; if she be *foul,* they advance her with a better portion."—H. N. H.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns?—even so:—poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defense is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir. Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed: I 'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-

call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

85. *"her,"* so Folios 1, 2; *"his,"* Folios 3, 4: the female bird was the falcon; the male was called "tercel" or "tassel."—I. G.

Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

Cel. An excellent color: your chestnut was ever the only color.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses

108. *"wind"*; turn.—C. H. H.

not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one

side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I 'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another part of the forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,

48. *"noble goose";* Hanmer substituted *"nose-quilled"* for *"noble,"* which is, of course, used ironically.—I. G.

Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,

6. *"But first begs";* without first begging.—C. H. H.

7. *"dies and lives," i. e.* "lives and dies," *i. e.* "subsists from the cradle to the grave"; the inversion of the words seems to have been an old idiom; *cp. Romaunt of the Rose,* v. 5,790:—

"With sorwe they both die and live,
That unto Richesse her hertis yive."

Other passages in later literature might be adduced where the exigencies of meter do not exist.—I. G.

The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

40. *"proud and pitiless";* the commentators have made much ado over this innocent passage, all of which only goes to show that they did not understand it. Some would strike out *no* before *beauty,* others would change it into *mo,* or *more:* whereas the peculiar force of the passage is, that Rosalind, wishing to humble Phebe, takes for granted that she is herself aware she has no beauty, and is therefore proud, even because she has none. Rosalind knows that to tell her she ought not to be proud because she has beauty, would but make her prouder; she therefore tells her she ought not to be proud be-

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman; 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favor'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets.

cause she lacks it. Need we add, that the best way to take down people's pride often is, to assume that they cannot be so big fools as to think they have anything to be proud of?—H. N. H.

43. *"sale-work";* ready-made goods.—C. H. H.

46. Dark hair and brows were disparaged at the court of the auburn-haired queen.—C. H. H.

48. *"to your worship";* to adore you.—C. H. H.

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness and she 'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

62. *"being foul to be a scoffer";* that is, the ugly seem most ugly, when, as if proud of their ugliness, they set up for scoffers.—H. N. H.

66. *"in love with your foulness";* the first clause of this sentence is addressed to Phebe; the other to the rest of the company. *Your* is commonly changed to *her;* whereas the very strength of the speech lies in its being spoken *to* the person herself.—H. N. H.

83. *"who ever loved,"* etc.; this line is from the first Sestiad of

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—
Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.
Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighborly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetousness,
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I 'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,

Marlowe's version of *Hero and Leander,* which was not printed till 1598, though the author was killed in 1593. The poem was deservedly popular, and the words "dead shepherd" look as though Shakespeare remembered him with affection. The passage runs as follows:

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overrul'd by fate.
When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win:
And one especially we do affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows: let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"—H. N. H.

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he 's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He 'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he 's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair
black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I 'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

The forest.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in

which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveler! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveler: look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swom in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

41. *"swom in a gondola";* that is, been at Venice, then the resort of all travelers, as Paris now. Shakespeare's contemporaries also point their shafts at the corruption of our youth by travel. Bishop Hall wrote his little book *Quo Vadis?* to stem the fashion.—H. N. H.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I 'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Aye, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What 's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortunes and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and

when you were graveled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair

92. *"ranker"*; greater. If she did not discomfit Orlando, her wit must be less than her virtue.—C. H. H.

101. "by attorney"; by proxy.—C. H. H.

year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Aye, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Aye, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day', without the 'ever'. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dis-

150. *"there's a girl goes before the priest";* that is, goes faster than the priest, gets ahead of him in the service; alluding to her anticipating what was to be said first by Celia.—H. N. H.

166. *"like Diana in the fountain."* Stowe mentions in his *Survey of London* (1603) that there was set up in 1596 on the east side of

posed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that.

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

the cross in Cheapside "a curiously wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast." It is very doubtful whether Shakespeare is referring to this particular "Diana," as some have supposed.—I. G.

186. *"without her answer";* this bit of satire is also to be found in Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale,* where Proserpine says of women on like occasion:

"For lacke of answere none of us shall dien."—H. N. H.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Aye, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Aye, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and

214. *"religion"*; strict observance.—C. H. H.
219. *"misused"*; abused.—C. H. H.

hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my preety little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I 'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I 'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I 'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The forest.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a

branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home:
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

6. *"branch";* a quibble, the term being also applied to the stag's antlers.—C. H. H.

13. The words *"Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burden,"* are printed as one line in the Folios. Theobald was the first to re-arrange, as in the text. Knight, Collier, Dyce, and others take the whole to be a stage-direction. Knight first called attention to the fact that possibly the original music for this song is to be found in John Hilton's *"Catch that Catch Can; or, a Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds,"* &c., 1652 (printed Furness, p. 230, 231).—I. G.

Scene III

The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,

2. *"much Orlando"; much* is used ironically; as we still say,—"A good deal you will,"—meaning, of course, "No, you won't."—H. N. H.

This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents.
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-color'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that 's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*reads*]
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.
If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chide me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I 'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover,

54. *"aspect"*; appearance. An astrological term.—C. H. H.
60. *"youth and kind"*; youthful nature.—C. H. H.

hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother'. Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind

78. *"fair ones";* Mr. Wright suggests that perhaps we should read "fair *one,*" and Mr. Furness assents to the view that "Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that Celia was apparently the only woman present." But surely it is noteworthy that Oliver a few lines lower down gives the description:—*"The boy is fair,"* &c.—I. G.

90. *"like a ripe sister: the woman low";* the pause at the woman low cæsura takes the place of a syllable.—I. G.

He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

104. *"chewing the food,"* usually quoted as "chewing the cud," a correction of the line first suggested by Scott (*cp.* Introduction to *Quentin Durward*).—I. G.

107. *"an oak."* Pope's almost certain correction for *an old Oake* (Ff.), which renders the next line otiose.—C. H. H.

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,

122. *"To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead";* the bringing lions, serpents, palm-trees, rustic shepherds, and banished noblemen together in the forest of Arden, is a strange piece of geographical licence, which the critics of course have not failed to grow big withal. Perhaps they did not see that the very grossness of the thing proves it to have been designed. By this irregular combination of actual things he informs the whole with deal effect, giving to this charming issue of his brain "a local habitation and a name," that it may link in with our flesh-and-blood sympathies, and at the same time turning it into a wild, wonderful, remote, fairy-land region, where all sorts of poetical things may take place without the slightest difficulty. Of course Shakespeare would not have done thus, but that he saw quite through the grand critical humbug, which makes the proper effect of a work of art depend upon our belief in the actual occurrence of the thing represented.—H. N. H.

134. *"his just occasion";* his legitimate opportunity of revenge.—C. H. H.

Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was't you he rescued?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in faintings, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
[*Rosalind swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We 'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm? 170

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you. 180

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will 190
you go? [*Exeunt.*

179. *"a passion of earnest"*; unfeigned emotion.—C. H. H.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Aye, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter William.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.
Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?
Will. William, sir.
Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?
Will. Aye, sir, I thank God.
Touch. 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?
Will. Faith, sir, so so.
Touch. 'So so' is good, very good very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?
Will. Aye, sir, I have a pretty wit.
Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?
Will. I do, sir.
Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?
Will. No, sir.
Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.
Will. Which he, sir?
Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman.

Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

Scene II

The forest.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, woo-

64. *"policy"*; stratagem.—C. H. H.

ing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

4. *"will you persever,"* etc.; Shakespeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the improbability in his plot. In Lodge's novel the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians; without this circumstance the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed. —H. N. H.

22. *"fair sister";* Oliver addresses "Ganymede" thus for he is Orlando's counterfeit Rosalind (*cp.* IV. iii. 95). Some interpreters of Shakespeare are of opinion that Oliver knows the whole secret of the situation.—I. G.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Aye, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness, through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore,

81. *"which I tender dearly";* probably an allusion to the Act "against Conjuracons, Inchantments, and Witchecraftes," passed under Elizabeth, which enacted that all persons using witchcraft, &c., whereby death ensued, should be put to death without benefit of clergy, &c.—I. G.

82. *"I am a magician";* she alludes to the danger in which her avowal of practicing magic, had it been a serious one, would have involved her. The Poet refers to his own times, when it would have brought her life in danger.—H. N. H.

put you in your best array; bid your friends;
for if you will be married to-morrow, you
shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover
of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to
love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy.
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I 'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I 'll not fail if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

113. *"to love you";* for loving you.—C. H. H.

119. *"Who do you speak to";* Rowe's emendation for the folio reading "Why do you speak too."—C. H. H.

123. Wolves were still found in Ireland. In England they had become extinct in the previous century.—C. H. H.

Scene III

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it will all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

Song

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

17. Chappell printed the music of the song from a MS., now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century (*cp.* Furness, pp. 262, 263). In the Folios the last stanza is made the second. Mr. Roffe is of opinion that Shakespeare contemplated a trio between the Pages and Touchstone.—I. G.

That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time.
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye.
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?
Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her.
Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Ros. You say, you' ll marry me, if I be willing?
Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

4. *"As those that fear they hope, and know they fear."* A large number of unnecessary emendations have been proposed for this plausible reading of the Folios; *e. g. "fear, they hope, and know they fear"; "fear their hope and hope their fear"; "fear their hope and know their fear,"* &c. The last of these gives the meaning of the line as it stands in the text.—I. G.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

34. *"Obscured";* hidden; with a suggestion of the charmed "circle" within which the magician remained invisible.—C. H. H.

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

68. *"a fool's bolt";* there was an old proverb,—"A fool's bolt is soon shot." See *Much Ado about Nothing,* Act i. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

72. *"Upon a lie seven times removed"; i. e.* on the ground of a mild and conciliatory contradiction (the *Retort Courteous*), separated by seven grades from the flat contradiction of Lie Direct.—C. H. H.

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he 's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

98. *"we quarrel in print, by the book";* Shakespeare probably refers to *"Vincentio Saviolo his Practise. In Two Bookes. The first intreating the use of the Rapier and Dagger. The second, of Honor and honorable Quarrels";* printed in 1594.—I. G.

99. *"books for good manners," e. g. "A lytle Booke of Good Maners for Chyldren with interpritation into the vulgare Englysshe tongue by R. Whittinton, Poet Laureat";* printed at London in 1554; (*cp.* Dr. Furnivall's *Book of Norture of John Russell,* &c., published by the *Early English Text Society,* 1868). *Cp. Hamlet,* V. ii. 115, *"he (i. e. Laertes) is the card or calendar of gentry,"* a probable allusion to the title of some such "book of manners."—I. G.

117. *"stalking-horse";* a real or artificial horse used by sportsmen as a cover when approaching game.—C. H. H.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.
Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours,
To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I 'll have no father, if you be not he:
I 'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

120. Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.—H. N. H.

126. *"her hand with his";* the first and second Folios, *"his hand";* corrected to *"her"* in the second and third Folios.—I. G.

You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two;

160. *"even daughter, welcome";* Theobald proposed *"daughter-welcome," i. e. "welcome as a daughter."* Folios 1, 2, 3, read *"daughter welcome";* Folio 4, *"daughter, welcome."* The sense is clear whichever reading is adopted, though the rhythm seems in favor of the reading in the text: "O my dear niece," says the Duke, "nay, daughter, welcome to me in no less degree than daughter."—I. G.

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again

164. *"second son of old Sir Rowland";* in the old copies this Jaques is introduced as the *Second Brother,* in accordance with what he here says of himself. Though the third brother brought into the play, he is the second in order of birth. His name is given in the first scene, and he is spoken of as being then "at school." Which might seem to make Orlando too young to have smashed up the great wrestler; but, as Mr. Verplanck observes, *school* was then a common term for any place of study or institution of learning, whether academical or professional. In Lodge's novel *Fernandine* is represented as "a *scholar* in Paris." He, also, is the second of three brothers, and, like Jaques de Bois, arrives quite at the end of the story.—H. N. H.

172. *"an old religious man";* in Lodge's novel the usurper is not turned from his purpose by any such pious counsels, but conquered and killed by the twelve peers of France, who undertake the cause of Gerismond, their rightful king. Here is a part of Fernandine's speech: "For know, Gerismond, that hard by at the edge of this forest the twelve peers of France are up in arms to recover thy right; and Torismond, troop'd with a crew of desperate runagates, is ready to bid them battle. The armies are ready to join: therefore show thyself in the field to encourage thy subjects. And you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you, and show yourselves as hardy soldiers as you have been hearty lovers: so shall you for the benefit of your country discover the idea of your father's virtues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honourable a parent."—H. N. H.

That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honor I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

181. *"the other"*; Orlando.—C. H. H.
185. *"every"*; every one.—C. H. H.

[*To Orl.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:

[*To Oli.*]. You to your land, and love, and great allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I 'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.
[*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance.*

208. *"To see no pastime I";* the reader feels some regret to take his leave of Jaques in this manner; and no less concern at not meeting with the faithful old Adam at the close. It is the more remarkable that Shakespeare should have forgotten him, because Lodge, in his novel, makes him captain of the king's guard.—H. N. H.

EPILOGUE

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I 'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and,

20. *"If I were a woman"*; the part of Rosalind was of course originally taken by a boy-actor: women's parts were not taken by women till after the Restoration.—I. G.

I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abused, deceived; III. v. 80.
Accord, consent; V. iv. 145.
Address'd, prepared; V. iv. 168.
All at once, all in a breath; III. v. 36.
Allottery, allotment, allotted share; I. i. 80.
All Points = at all points; I. iii. 127.
Amaze, confuse; I. ii. 121.
An, if; IV. i. 34.
Anatomize, expose; I. i. 174.
Answered, satisfied; II. vii. 99.
Antique, ancient, old; II. i. 31; II. iii. 57.
Any, any one; I. ii. 157.
Argument, reason; I. ii. 308.
Arm's end, arm's length; II. vi. 11.
As, to wit, namely; II. i. 6.
Assay'd, attempted; I. iii. 140.
Atalanta's better part; variously interpreted as referring to Atalanta's "swiftness," "beauty," "spiritual part"; probably the reference is to her beautiful form; III. ii. 160.
Atomies, motes in a sunbeam; III. ii. 254.
Atone together, are at one; V. iv. 122.

Bandy, contend; V. i. 63.
Banquet, dessert, including wine; II. v. 65.
Bar, forbid; V. iv. 137; "bars me," *i. e.* excludes me from; I. i. 22.
Batlet = little bat, used by laundresses; II. iv. 52.
Beholding, beholden; IV. i. 66.
Bestows himself, carries himself; IV. iii. 89.
Better, greater; III. i. 2.
Blood, affection; II. iii. 37; passion; V. iv. 59.
Bob, rap, slap; II. vii. 55.
Bonnet, hat; III. ii. 411.
Bottom, "neighbor b.," the neighboring dell; IV. iii. 81.
Bounds, boundaries, range of pasture; II. iv. 90.
Bow, yoke; III. iii. 84.
Bravery, finery; II. vii. 80.
Breathed; "well breathed," in full display of my strength; I. ii. 242.
Breather, living being; III. ii. 306.
Breed, train up, educate; I. i. 4.
Brief, in brief; IV. iii. 157.
Broke, broken; II. iv. 41.
Broken music; "Some instruments such as viols, violins, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which, when played together, formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the

result is no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music'" (Chappell); I. ii. 158.

BRUTISH, animal nature; II. vii. 66.

BUCKLES IN, surrounds; III. ii. 145.

BUGLE, a tube-shaped bead of black glass; III. v. 47.

BURDEN; the "burden" of a song was the base, foot, or undersong; III. ii. 271.

BUTCHERY, slaughter-house; II. iii. 27.

CALLING, appellation; I. ii. 258.

CAPABLE, sensible, receivable; III. v. 23.

CAPON LINED, alluding to the customary gifts expected by Elizabethan magistrates, "capon justices," as they were occasionally called; II. vii. 154.

CAPRICIOUS, used with a play upon its original sense; Ital. *capriccioso,* fantastical, goatish; *capra,* a goat; III. iii. 8.

CARLOT, little churl, rustic; III. v. 108.

CAST, cast off; III. iv. 15.

CENSURE, criticism; IV. i. 7.

CHANGE, reversal of fortune; I. iii. 112.

CHANTICLEER, the cock; II. vii. 30.

CHARACTER, write; III. ii. 6.

CHEERLY, cheerily; II. vi. 15.

CHOPT, chapped; II. iv. 53.

CHRONICLERS (Folio 1 "chronoclers") perhaps used for the "jurymen," but the spelling of Folio 1 suggests "coroners" for "chroniclers"; IV. i. 113.

CHURLISH, miserly; II. iv. 87.

CICATRICE, a mere mark (not the scar of a wound); III. iv. 23.

CITY-WOMAN, citizen's wife; II. vii. 75.

CIVIL; "c. sayings," sober, grave maxims, perhaps "polite"; III. ii. 141.

CIVILITY, politeness; II. vii. 96.

CLAP INTO 'T, to begin a song briskly; V. iii. 11.

CLUBS, the weapon used by the London prentices, for the preservation of the public peace, or for the purposes of riot; V. ii. 47.

CODS, strictly the husks containing the peas; perhaps here used for "peas"; II. iv. 55.

COLOR, nature, kind; I. ii. 113–14.

COMBINE, bind; V. iv. 162.

COME OFF, get off; I. ii. 34.

COMFORT, take comfort; II. vi. 5.

COMMANDMENT, command; II. vii. 109.

COMPACT, made up, composed; II. vii. 5.

COMPLEXION; "good my c.," perhaps little more than the similar exclamation "goodness me!" or "good heart!" possibly, however, Rosalind appeals to her complexion not to betray her; III. ii. 209.

CONCEIT, imagination; II. vi. 8; mental capacity; V. ii. 62.

CONDITION, mood; I. ii. 293.

CONDUCT, leadership; V. iv. 169.

CONNED, learnt by heart; III. ii. 298.

CONSTANT, accustomed, ordinary; III. v. 123.

CONTENTS; "if truth holds true c." *i. e.* "if there be truth in truth"; V. iv. 142.

CONTRIVER, plotter; I. i. 161.

CONVERSED, associated; V. ii. 70.

CONVERTITES, converts; V. iv. 197.

CONY, rabbit; III. ii. 368.

Cope, engage with; II. i. 67.

Copulatives, those desiring to be united in marriage; V. iv. 58.

Cote; *"cavenne de bergier;* a shepherd's cote; a little cottage or cabin made of turfs, straw, boughs, or leaves" (*Cotgrave*); II. iv. 90.

Could, would gladly; I. ii. 274.

Countenance; "his countenance" probably = "his entertainment of me, the style of living which he allows me"; I. i. 20.

Counter, worthless wager; originally pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning; II. vii. 63.

Courtship, court life; III. ii. 375.

Cousin, niece; I. iii. 48.

Cover, set the table; II. v. 32.

Cross, used equivocally in the sense of (1) misfortune, and (2) money; the ancient penny had a double cross with a crest stamped on, so that it might easily be broken into four pieces; II. iv. 13.

Crow, laugh heartily; II. vii. 30.

Curtle-axe, a short sword; I. iii. 128.

Damnable, worthy of condemnation; V. ii. 72.

Defied, disliked; Epil. 23.

Desperate, bold, daring, forbidden; V. iv. 32.

Device, aims, ambitions; I. i. 187.

Dial, an instrument for measuring time in which the hours were marked; a small portable sun-dial; II. vii. 20.

Disable, undervalue; IV. i. 37.

Disabled, disparaged; V. iv. 82.

Dishonest, immodest; V. iii. 4.

Dislike = express dislike of; V. iv. 74.

Disputable, fond of disputing; II. v. 36.

Diverted, diverted from its natural course; II. iii. 37.

Dog-apes, baboons; II. v. 27.

Dole, grief; I. ii. 146.

Ducdame, burden of Jaques' song, variously interpreted by editors, *e. g. "duc ad me," "huc ad me,"* probably, however, the word is an ancient refrain, of Celtic origin; Halliwell notes that *dus-adam-me-me* occurs in a MS. of *Piers Plowman,* where ordinary texts read *How, trolly, lolly* (C. ix. 123); it is probably a survival of some old British game like *"Tom Tidler,"* and is said to mean in Gælic "this land is mine"; according to others it is a Welsh phrase equivalent to "come to me." Judging by all the evidence on the subject the Gælic interpretation seems to be most plausible; *n. b.* l. 61, "to call fools into a circle"; II. v. 56.

Dulcet diseases, [? an error for "dulcet discourses"] perhaps "sweet mortifications," alluding to such proverbial sayings as "fool's bolt is soon shot," &c.; V. iv. 69.

East, eastern; III. ii. 98.

Eat, eaten; II. vii. 88.

Effigies, likeness; II. vii. 193.

Enchantingly, as if under a spell; I. i. 187.

Engage, pledge; V. iv. 178.

Entame, bring into a state of tameness; III. v. 48.

Entreated, persuaded; I. ii. 167.

Erring, wandering; III. ii. 143.

Estate, bequeath, settle; V. ii. 14.

ETHIOPE, black as an Ethiopian; IV. iii. 36.

EXEMPT, remote; II. i. 15.

EXPEDIENTLY, expeditiously; III. i. 18.

EXTENT, seizure; III. i. 17.

EXTERMINED, exterminated; III. v. 89.

FAIR, beauty; III. ii. 105.

FALLS, lets fall; III. v. 5.

FANCY, love; III. v. 29.

FANCY-MONGER, love-monger; III. ii. 394.

FANTASY, fancy; II. iv. 32.

FAVOR, aspect; IV. iii. 89; countenance; V. iv. 27.

FEATURE, shape, form; used perhaps equivocally, but with what particular force is not known; "feature" may have been used occasionally in the sense of "verse-making" (*cp.* Note); III. iii. 4.

FEED, pasturage; II. iv. 90.

FEEDER, servant (*"factor"* and *"fedary"* have been suggested); II. iv. 106.

FEELINGLY, by making itself felt; II. i. 11.

FELLS, woolly skins; III. ii. 57.

FLEET, make to fly; I. i. 130.

FLOUT, mock at, jeer at; I. ii. 52.

FOND, foolish; II. iii. 7.

FOR, for want of; II. iv. 81; II. vi. 2; because; III. ii. 139; as regards; IV. iii. 144.

FORKED HEADS, *i. e.* "fork-heads," which Ascham describes in his *Toxophilus* as being "arrows having two points stretching forward"; II. i. 24.

FORMAL, having due regard to dignity; II. vii. 155.

FREE, not guilty; II. vii. 85.

FREESTONE-COLOR'D, dark colored, of the color of Bath-brick; IV. iii. 26.

FURNISHED, apparelled; Epilogue 10.

GARGANTUA'S MOUTH; alluding to "the large-throated" giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims, with their pilgrims' staves, in a salad; though there was no English translation of Rabelais in Shakespeare's time, yet several chap-book histories of Gargantua were published; III. ii. 246.

GENTILITY, gentleness of birth; I. i. 24.

GESTURE, bearing; V. ii. 73.

GLANCES, hits; II. vii. 57.

GOD BUY YOU = "God be with you"; hence, "good-bye"; III. ii. 282.

GOD 'ILD YOU = "God yield (reward) you"; III. iii. 80.

GOD YE GOOD EVEN = God give you good even (often represented by some such form as "God-gigoden"); V. i. 16.

GOLDEN WORLD, golden age; I. i. 131.

"GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH"; alluding to the bush of ivy which was usually hung out at Vintners' doors; Epil. 3.

GOTHS (evidently pronounced very much like "goats," hence Touchstone's joke); the Getæ (or Goths) among whom Ovid lived in banishment; III. iii. 9.

GRACE, gain honor; I. i. 166.

GRACE ME, get me credit, good repute; V. ii. 68.

GRACIOUS, looked upon with favor; I. ii. 210.

Graff, graft; III. ii. 130.
Gravelled, stranded, at a standstill; IV. i. 80.

Harm, misfortunes; III. ii. 83.
Have with you, come along; I. ii. 285.
Having, possession; III. ii. 409.
He = man; III. ii. 430.
Headed, grown to a head; II. vii. 67.
Heart, affection, love; I. i. 189.
Here much, used ironically, in a negative sense, as in the modern phrase "much I care!"; IV. iii. 2.
Him = he whom; I. i. 47.
Hinds, serfs, servants; I. i. 22.
Holla; "cry holla to"; restrain; III. ii. 267.
Holy, sacramental; III. iv. 14.
Honest, virtuous; I. ii. 44, 45.
Hooping, "out of all hooping," beyond the bounds of wondering; III. ii. 208.
Humorous, full of whims, capricious; I. ii. 295; II. iii. 8; fanciful; IV. i. 22.
Hurtling, din, tumult; IV. iii. 136.
Hyen, hyena; IV. i. 168.

Ill-favored, ugly in face, bad looking; V. iv. 60.
Ill-favoredly, ugly; I. ii. 45.
Impressure, impression; III. v. 23.
Incision; "God make in." *i. e.* "give thee a better understanding"; a reference perhaps to the cure by blood-letting; it was said of a very silly person that he ought to be cut for the simples; III. ii. 78.
Incontinent, immediately; V. ii. 44.
Inquisition, search, inquiry; II. ii. 20.
Insinuate with, ingratiate myself with; Epil. 10.
Insomuch = in as much as; V. ii. 64.
Intendment, intention; I. i. 148.
Invectively, bitterly, with invective; II. i. 58.
Irish rat; Irish witches were said to be able to rime either man or beast to death; berimed rats are frequently alluded to in Elizabethan writers; III. ii. 192.
Irks, grieves; II. i. 22.

Jars, discordant sounds; II. vii. 5.
Judas's; "browner than J."; he was usually represented in ancient painting or tapestry with red hair and beard; III. iv. 8.
Juno's swans, probably an error for Venus, represented as swan-drawn in Ovid (Meta. x. 708); I. iii. 83.
Just, just so; III. ii. 290.
Justly, exactly; I. ii. 270.

Kind, nature; IV. iii. 60.
Kindle, enkindle, incite; I. i. 193.
Kindled, brought forth; used technically for the littering of rabbits; III. ii. 369.
Knoll'd, chimed; II. vii. 114.

Lack, do without; IV. i. 194.
Learn, teach; I. ii. 6.
Leave, permission; I. i. 114; I. ii. 174.
Leer, countenance; IV. i. 73.
Lief, gladly; I. i. 163; III. ii. 279.
Limn'd, drawn; II. vii. 194.
Lined, drawn; III. ii. 102.
Lively = life-like; V. iv. 27.

Loose, let loose; III. v. 103.
Lover, mistress; III. iv. 46.

Make = make fast, shut; IV. i. 174.
Manage, training or breaking in of a horse; I. i. 14.
Mannish, male; I. iii. 132.
Matter, sound sense; II. i. 68; sense, meaning; V. iii. 36.
Measure, a court dance; V. iv. 45.
Meed, reward; II. iii. 58.
Memory, memorial; II. iii. 3.
Might, may; I. ii. 203.
Mines, undermines; I. i. 23.
Misprised, despised, thought nothing of; I. i. 191; I. ii. 201.
Mockable, liable to ridicule; III. ii. 51.
Mocks, mockeries; III. v. 33.
Modern, commonplace, ordinary; II. vii. 156; IV. i. 7.
Moe, more; III. ii. 286.
Moonish, variable, fickle; III. ii. 445.
Moral, probably an adjective, moralizing; II. vii. 29.
Moralize, discourse, expound; II. i. 44.
Mortal, "mortal in folly"; a quibble of doubtful meaning; perhaps = "excessive, very," *i. e.* "extremely foolish" (? = likely to succumb to folly); II. iv. 60.
Motley, the parti-colored dress of domestic fools or jesters; II. vii. 34; (used adjectively); II. vii. 13; fool; III. iii. 83.
Mutton, sheep; III. ii. 59.

Napkin, handkerchief; IV. iii. 96.
Natural, idiot; I. ii. 56.
Nature, "of such a nature," whose special duty it is; III. i. 16.
Nature's sale-work = ready-made goods; III. v. 43.
Naught; "be n. awhile," a proverbial expression equivalent to "a mischief on you"; I. i. 40.
Needless, not needing; II. i. 46.
New-fangled, fond of what is new; IV. i. 164.
Nice, trifling; IV. i. 16.
Nurture, good manners, breeding; II. vii. 97.

Observance, attention; III. ii. 257; reverence, respect; V. ii. 106–108; (the repetition is probably due to the compositor; "endurance," "obedience," "deservance," have been suggested for line 108).
Occasion; "her husband's o." = an opportunity for getting the better of her husband; IV. i. 189.
Of, "searching of" = a-searching of; II. iv. 45; "complain of," *i. e.* of the want of; III. ii. 32; by; III. ii. 372; III. iii. 96.
Offer'st fairly, dost contribute largely; V. iv. 180.
Oliver; "O sweet O." the fragment of an old ballad; III. iii. 104.

Painted cloth, canvas painted with figures, mottoes, or moral sentences, used for hangings for rooms; III. ii. 299.
Pantaloon, a standing character in the old Italian comedy; he wore slippers, spectacles, and a pouch, and invariably represented as an old dotard; taken typically for a Venetian; St. Pantaleon was the patron saint of Venice; II. vii. 158.
Parcels, detail; III. v. 125.

Pard, leopard; II. vii. 150.

Parlous, perilous; III. ii. 46.

Passing, surpassing, exceedingly; III. v. 138.

Pathetical, probably "affection-moving," perhaps used with the force of "pitiful"; IV. i. 208.

Payment, punishment; I. i. 179.

Peascod, literally the husk or pod which contains the peas, used for the plant itself; "our ancestors were frequently accustomed in their love-affairs to employ the divination of a peascod, and if the good omen of the peas remaining in the husk were preserved, they presented it to the lady of their choice"; II. iv. 54.

Peevish, wayward, saucy; III. v. 110.

Perpend, reflect; III. ii. 72.

Petitionary, imploring; III. ii. 204.

Phœnix; "as rare as p."; the phœnix, according to Seneca, was born once only in 500 years; IV. iii. 18.

Place = dwelling-place; II. iii. 27.

Places, topics, subjects; II. viii. 40.

Point-device, *i. e.* at point device, trim, faultless; III. ii. 415.

Poke, pocket; II. vii. 20.

Poor; "p. a thousand crowns," the adjective precedes the article for the sake of emphasis, and probably also because of the substantival force of the whole expression "a thousand crowns"; I. i. 3.

Portugal; "bay of P." "still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of P. from Oporto to the headland of Cintra"; IV. i. 228.

Practice, plot, scheme; I. i. 167.

Practices, plots, schemes; II. iii. 26.

Present, being present; III. i. 4.

Presentation, representation; V. iv. 118.

Presently, immediately; II. vi. 11.

Prevents, anticipates; IV. i. 67.

Prizer, prize-fighter; II. iii. 8.

Private, particular, individual; II. vii. 7.

Prodigal; "what p. portion have I spent," *i. e.* "what portion have I prodigally spent"; I. i. 142.

Profit, proficiency; I. i. 7.

Prologues; "the only p.," *i. e.* only the p.; V. iii. 13.

Proper, handsome; I. ii. 136.

Properer, more handsome; III. v. 51.

Puisny, unskilled, inferior; III. iv. 47.

Pulpiter (Spedding's emendation for "Jupiter," the reading of the Folios); III. ii. 168.

Purchase, acquire; III. ii. 371.

Purgation, vindication; I. iii. 61; proof, test; V. iv. 45.

Purlieus, the grounds on the borders of the forest; IV. iii. 79.

Pythagoras' time, an allusion to that philosopher's doctrine of the transmigration of souls; III. ii. 192.

Quail, slacken; II. ii. 20.

Question, conversation; III. iv. 38.

Quintain, a figure set up for tilting at in country games, generally in the likeness of a Turk or Saracen, bearing a

shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club with his right, which moved round and struck a severe blow if the horseman made a bad aim; I. ii. 279.

QUINTESSENCE, the extract from a thing, containing its virtues in a small quantity; originally, in medieval philosophy, the fifth essence, or spirit, or soul of the world, which consisted not of the four elements, but was a certain fifth, a thing above or beside them; III. ii. 152.

QUIP, a smart saying; V. iv. 80.

QUIT, acquit; III. i. 11.

QUOTIDIAN, a fever, the paroxysms of which return every day, expressly mentioned in old writers as a symptom of love; III. ii. 396.

RAGGED, rough, untuneful; II. v. 15.

RANK, row, line; IV. iii. 82; "butter-women's rank" ["rate," "rack," "rant (at)," "canter," have been proposed] = file, order, jog-trot; III. ii. 108.

RANKNESS, presumption; I. i. 96.

RASCAL, technical term for lean deer; III. iii. 61.

RAW, ignorant, inexperienced; III. ii. 79.

REASON, talk, converse; I. ii. 59.

RECKS, cares; II. iv. 88.

RECOUNTMENTS, things recounted, narrations; IV. iii. 147.

RECOVER'D, restored; IV. iii. 157.

RELIGIOUS, belonging to some religious order; III. ii. 373.

REMEMBRANCE, memory; I. i. 70.

REMORSE, compassion; I. iii. 78.

REMOVED, remote; III. ii. 371.

RENDER, describe; IV. iii. 126.

RESOLVE, solve; III. ii. 254.

REVERENCE; "his reverence," the respect due to him; I. i. 56.

RIGHT, downright; III. ii. 108; true; III. ii. 133.

RIPE, grown up; IV. iii. 90.

ROUNDLY, without delay; V. iii. 11.

ROYNISH, rude, uncouth; II. ii. 8.

SAD, serious; III. ii. 161.

SAD BROW, serious face; III. ii. 234.

SAWS, maxims; II. vii. 156.

SCHOOL, (probably) university; I. i. 6.

SCRIP, shepherd's pouch; III. ii. 176.

SEEKS (used instead of the singular); V. i. 70.

SEEMING, seemly; V. iv. 73.

SE'NNIGHT = seven-night, a week; II. ii. 334.

SENTENTIOUS, pithy; V. iv. 67.

SHADOW, shady place; IV. i. 238.

SHALL, must; I. i. 141.

SHE, woman; III. ii. 10.

SHEAF, gather into sheaves; III. ii. 118.

SHOULD BE, came to be, was said to be; III. ii. 187.

SHOULDST = wouldst; I. ii. 252.

SHOW, appear; I. iii. 89.

SHREWD, evil, harsh; V. iv. 186.

SIMPLES, herbs used in medicine; IV. i. 18.

SIR, a title bestowed on the inferior clergy, hence Sir Oliver Mar-text, the country curate; probably a translation of "Dominus," still applied to "Bachelors" at the University; III. iii. 44.

SMIRCH, besmear, darken; I. iii. 122.

SMOTHER; "from the smoke into the s."; thick suffocating smoke; I. ii. 316.

SNAKE, used as a term of scorn; IV. iii. 72.

So, if, provided that; I. ii. 12.

SORTS, kinds, classes; I. i. 187.

SOUTH-SEA OF DISCOVERY, a voyage of discovery over a wide and unknown ocean; the whole phrase is taken by some to mean that a minute's delay will bring so many questions that to answer them all will be like a voyage of discovery. Perhaps the reference is to Rosalind's discovery of her secret, of the truth about herself; III. ii. 212.

SPEED, patron; I. ii. 223.

SPLEEN, passion; IV. i. 233.

SQUANDERING, random; II. vii. 57.

STAGGER, hesitate; III. iii. 51.

STAY, wait for; III. ii. 227.

STICKS, strikes, stabs; I. ii. 268.

STILL, continually; I. ii. 251.

STILL MUSIC, *i. e.* soft, low, gentle music; V. iv. 119.

STRAIGHT = straightway, immediately; III. v. 136.

SUCCESSFULLY, likely to succeed; I. ii. 170.

SUDDENLY, quickly, speedily; II. ii. 19.

SUIT, used quibblingly, (1) petition, (2) dress; II. vii. 44.

SUITS = favors (with a play upon "suit," "livery"); I. ii. 272.

SUN, "to live i' the s." *i. e.* to live in open-air freedom; II. v. 41.

SURE, firmly joined; V. iv. 147.

SWASHING, swaggering; I. iii. 131.

SWIFT, keen of wit; V. iv. 66.

TA'EN UP, made up; V. iv. 50.

TAXATION, censure, satire; I. ii. 95.

TEMPERED, composed, blended; I. ii. 16.

THATCHED HOUSE, alluding to the story of Baucis and Philemon; III. iii. 11.

THAT THAT = that which; V. iv. 62.

THOUGHT, melancholy; or perhaps "moody reflection"; IV. i. 232.

THRASONICAL, boastful (from Thraso the boaster, in the Eunuchus of Terence); V. ii. 35.

THRICE-CROWNED QUEEN, ruling in heaven, earth, and the underworld, as Luna, Diana, and Hecate; III. ii. 2.

THRIFTY; "the th. hire I saved," *i. e.* "that which by my thrift I saved out of the hire"; II. iii. 39.

TO, as to; II. iii. 7.

TOUCHES, characteristics; III. ii. 165.

TOWARD, at hand; V. iv. 35.

TOY, bagatelle, trifling affair; III. iii. 81.

TRAVERSE, crossways; III. iv. 45.

THROW YOU, know you; III. ii. 194.

TURN'D INTO, brought into; IV. iii. 24.

UMBER, brown pigment, brought from Umbria; I. iii. 122.

UNCOUTH, unknown, strange; II. vi. 6.

UNEXPRESSIVE, inexpressive, unable to be expressed; III. ii. 10.

UNKIND, unnatural; II. vii. 175.

UNQUESTIONABLE, unwilling to be conversed with; III. ii. 407.

UNTO, in addition to; I. ii. 263.

UNTUNEABLE (Theobald and other editors "untimeable," *cp.* the page's reply), out of tune, perhaps also "out of time"; V. iii. 37.

Up; "kill them up"; used as an intensive particle; II. i. 62.

Velvet, delicate ("velvet" is the technical term for the outer covering of the horns of a stag in the early stages of its growth); II. i. 50.

Vengeance, mischief; IV. iii. 49.

Villain, bondman, serf; with play upon the other sense; I. i. 61.

Voice, "in my voice," *i. e.* as far as my vote is concerned; II. iv. 94.

Ware, aware; II. iv. 61; cautious; II. iv. 62.

Warp, turn, change the aspect of, twist out of shape; II. vii. 187.

Ways; "come your ways" = come on; I. ii. 231.

Weak evils, evils which cause weakness; II. vii. 132.

Wear, fashion; II. vii. 34.

Wearing, wearying; II. iv. 38.

Week, an indefinite period of time, perhaps = "in the week," *cp.* the phrase "too late in the day"; II. iii. 74.

Wherein went he, how was he dressed? III. ii. 241.

Where you are = what you mean; V. ii. 33.

Wit, whither wilt; an exclamation of somewhat obscure meaning, used evidently when anyone was either talking nonsense or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him; IV. i. 179; *cp.* "Wit! whither wander you"; I. ii. 63.

Woeful, expressive of woe; II. vii. 148.

Woman of the world, *i. e.* married; V. iii. 5.

Working, endeavor; I. ii. 225.

Wrath, passion, ardor; V. ii. 46.

Wrestler (trisyllabic); II. ii. 13.

You = for you; II. v. 34.

Young, inexperienced; I. i. 59.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. When was this play probably written?
2. What two sources for this play have been named? Tell the stories of them.
3. Comment on the characteristics and quality of the play.
4. What do the peculiar setting and circumstances reveal of the nature of the persons of the drama? Why?
5. What character, or characters, are most striking?
6. Describe and contrast the characters.
7. Outline the play. What is its general scope and drift?
8. Compare the quality of comedy in this play with other degrees of comedy, and describe the general impression of the play as a whole, distinguishing its peculiar atmosphere.

ACT I

9. Does the bearing of Orlando in the first scene distinctively set forth his character? What constitutes its charm and quality?
10. To which Duke does Charles the Wrestler refer in line 118, scene i?
11. In what lines does Oliver describe his brother? What is Coleridge's comment upon this speech?
12. Describe the setting forth of the characters of Rosalind and Celia in scene ii.
13. Where had Touchstone's anecdote in line 70, scene ii, made a previous appearance?

14. Why was it not disrespect for a Fool to speak as Touchstone does, in line 88, scene ii? Is there a possibility of Touchstone's referring to Rosalind's father instead of to Celia's? What are the critical suggestions with regard to this point?

15. In Lodge's *Rosalynde* what is the reception the king gives the young unknown wrestler, Rosader?

16. How does Celia's spirit compare with her father's?

17. What points in Rosalind's character does she show upon the occasion of the Duke's cruelty to her?

18. What is the dramatic quality of the scene when the two cousins decide to seek the Duke in the forest of Arden?

ACT II

19. What romantic incident in the history of outlawry helped to give a vogue among poets and writers to such situations as that presented in the Forest of Arden?

20. Who voices an idealization of life near to nature by comparison with formal life? Does this spirit prevail in the play?

21. What is the dramatic significance of Old Adam's role? of what is his character a type? does Orlando characterize him?

22. What spirit characterizes the scene of the three travelers' entry into the Forest of Arden?

23. What is the dramatic purpose in the introduction of the love-sick Sylvius in scene iv?

24. Is it possible, judging from general knowledge of the ancient Court Fool, and peculiarly of Touchstone, in this instance, that he is throughout more "ware" of his wisdom than Rosalind suggests his being in line 59, scene iv?

25. What impression does Jaques make at his first introduction?

26. Is there any inconsistency in the adventures of Rosalind and Celia? If so, specify the incidents.

27. Compare the Duke's comments upon Jaques with

the latter's upon him. What inference is to be drawn from such a comparison as to the Duke's appreciation of a character like Jaques? Is the Duke of a type to be in sympathy with a fellow like Jaques?

28. What play of Ben Jonson's has a character somewhat like Jaques? Whom did Jonson personate by it? Are there any evidences that Shakespeare had Jonson himself, or at least passages in his play in mind, in creating Jacques?

29. What striking and much quoted lines are spoken by Jacques in scene vii?

ACT III

30. Comment on Touchstone's reflections on rural life.

31. Point out what is particularly and amusingly feminine and charming in the talk between Celia and Rosalind in scene ii.

32. In addition to its being a diversion to Orlando in his love-sick state, to fall in with the fanciful suggestion of the supposed shepherd boy, is it likely that the fascination of the real Rosalind through the disguise drew him unconsciously?

33. What mythical allusion explains Jacques' "aside"—in line 11, scene iii?

34. What genuine qualities in Touchstone are displayed in scene iii?

35. Point out the dainty touches of realism in scene iv between Rosalind and Celia.

36. Why is the introduction of the scene between Sylvius and Phebe a skillful dramatic effect?

37. What are the distinctions between Audrey and Phebe? Characterize the differences between Phebe and the two friends Rosalind and Celia? Analyze the dramatic means by which these differences are made apparent.

38. How does Phebe betray that she has fallen in love with Rosalind as a shepherd boy?

39. Characterize Phebe's request to Sylvius to take the letter she is to write to Rosalind.

ACT IV

40. Explain Rosalind's parting shaft at Jacques in scene i.

41. Comment on the passage between Orlando and Rosalind in scene i. Characterize its quality. By what means does it reveal an undercurrent of Rosalind's true feeling toward Orlando?

42. What touch does Celia give to the end of scene i?

43. What is the poetical effect of the scene Oliver describes in recounting how Orlando found him?

44. What does Oliver mean with regard to Orlando's deed to him in line 130?

45. Does Oliver penetrate Rosalind's disguise when she faints?

ACT V

46. What is the dramatic purpose of William's introduction?

47. What principle of Shakespeare's process of romance is exhibited in the marriage of Celia and Oliver?

48. Comment on the ready expedients of Rosalind for every situation, as her invention of the magician tale? In what way does this compound with and assist the whole atmosphere of the play?

49. How does line 118, scene ii, express Rosalind's mood as contrasted with the others who are losing themselves in their sentiments? Is her expression characteristic of her?

50. In Lodge's novel what happens to the usurper?

51. Is the final decision of Jaques to remain in the forest with the converted usurper, appropriate to his character and action? If so, why?

52. What very lovable character is entirely omitted from the latter part of the play?

53. Explain the phrase in the Epilogue, "If I were a woman."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

A quarto edition of *Much Ado About Nothing* was published in 1600 with the following title-page:—"*Much Adoe About Nothing as it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants Written by William Shakespeare.* London." (It had previously been entered on the Stationers' Register, August 23, 1600.) No other edition is known to have been published previous to the publication of the First Folio, 1623; the play was evidently printed from a copy of a Quarto in the possession of the Theater, or of the original MS., corrected for the purposes of the Stage. (*Cp. Facsimile Quarto Edition*, ed. by Mr. Daniel.) There are many minor variations between the Quarto and the First Folio, but most of them seem due to the printer's carelessness.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

As the play is not mentioned by Meres, in 1598, and was printed in 1600, it may be safely assigned to the year 1599, in support of which date the following points are noteworthy:—(1) Probable allusion in the opening scene to a circumstance attending the campaign of the Earl of Essex in Ireland, during the summer of 1599; (2) the character of "Amorphus, or the one Deformed," in *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, may be compared with "the one Deformed, a vile thief this seven year" (*cp.* III, iii, 133–5, 182, 185); (3) the instructions which Dogberry and Verges give to the night-watch may possibly be intended as a

burlesque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595.

SOURCE OF PLOT

The incident of the interrupted marriage is identical with the story of Ariodante and Ginevra in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, canto v; this had been translated into English by Beverly in 1565, and by Harrington in 1591. The story was dramatized before 1582, and was rendered into English verse by George Turbervile. Later on it found a place in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book ii, Canto iv. Shakespeare may, however, have derived his story from Belleforest's translation in his *Histoires Tragiques* of Bandello's 22nd Novella. It is noteworthy that about the same time the German Dramatist, Jacob Ayrer, founded his play *Beautiful Phœnicia* upon the same tale, and the English and German plays have certain points of resemblance. Possibly they were both indebted to a lost original (*cp.* Cohn's *Shakespeare in Germany*). Dr. Ward sums up the evidence as follows:—"As the date of Ayrer's piece is not known—it may have been written before or after 1600—and as that of Shakspere's is similarly uncertain, it is impossible to decide as to their relative priority. That, however, Ayrer did not copy from Shakspere seems, as Simrock points out, clear from the names of the characters in his play, which follow Bandello, while Shakspere has changed all the names except those of Don Pedro and old Leonato."

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

The mixture of tragedy and comedy in this play is so perfectly blended that it may well be regarded as the culminating point of Shakespeare's second period of activity, the period to which belongs *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, and *The Merry Wives;* the metrical tests actually place it last in this group. Beatrice and Benedick should be compared with their prototypes Rosaline and Biron, and Dogberry and his comrades should be contrasted with

the earlier clowns, in order to understand the advance which this play marks in Shakespeare's career. "Perhaps," says Hazlitt, "the middle point of comedy was never more nicely hit, in which the ludicrous blends with the tender, and our follies, turning round against themselves, in support of our affections, retain nothing but their humanity."

LATER VERSIONS OF THE PLAY

Two plays were founded upon *Much Ado About Nothing*—(1) Davenant's *Law against Lovers*, which Pepys saw on February 18, 1661, and (2) *The Universal Passion*, by Rev. James Miller, 1737.

DURATION OF ACTION

For a detailed study of the "time" of the play the reader is referred to Mr. Daniel's "Time-Analysis," *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 144. He believes that just as the Prince forgets his determination to stay "at least a month" at Messina, so the "just seven-night" to the wedding was also either forgotten or intentionally set aside, and that only four *consecutive* days are actually included in the action of the drama—

1. Act I, and Act II, i and ii.
2. Act II, iii, and Act III, i–iii.
3. Act III, iv and v; Act IV; Act V, i, ii, and part of iii.
4. Act V, part of iii, and iv.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The earliest notice that has reached us of *Much Ado about Nothing* is an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company, bearing date August 4, 1600, and running thus:

> "As You Like It, a book.
> "Henry the Fifth, a book.
> "Every Man in his Humour, a book.
> "Much Ado about Nothing, a book.
> } To be stayed."

Why these plays were thus entered and the publication stayed, cannot be certainly determined: probably it was to protect the authorized publishers and the public against those "stolen and surreptitious copies" which the editors of the folio allege to have been put forth. In the same Register, under the date of August 23, 1600, the following entry was made by Andrew Wise and William Apsley: "Two books, the one called Much Ado about Nothing, and the other The Second Part of the History of King Henry the IV, with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff: Written by Mr. Shakespeare." This entry was for publication; which may infer that the stay of August 4 had been revoked by the 23d of the same month. In the course of the same year a quarto pamphlet of thirty-six leaves was published, with a title-page reading as follows: "*Much Ado about Nothing: As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare.— London: Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Apsley. 1600.*" The frequent use of the play on the public stage, and the need of a stay to prevent a stolen issue, may doubtless be taken as evidence of a pretty good

run. There is one more contemporary reference to this play, which should not be omitted. Mr. Steevens ascertained from one of Vertue's manuscripts that *Much Ado about Nothing* once passed under the title of *Benedick and Beatrice;* and that Heminge the player received on May 20, 1613, the sum of 40 pounds, and 20 pounds more as his Majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton Court, among which was this comedy.

Except the quarto of 1600, there was no other edition of *Much Ado about Nothing*, that we know of, till the folio of 1623, where it stands the sixth in the division of Comedies. In the first edition neither the scenes nor the acts, in the second only the latter, are marked. Some question has been made whether the folio were a reprint of the quarto, or from another manuscript. Considerable might be urged on either side of the question: but the arguments would hardly pay for the stating; the differences between the two copies being so few and slight as to make it of little consequence whether they were printed from several manuscripts, or the one from the other. And the superior authority of the quarto is sufficiently established in that it came out during the author's life, and when he was at hand to correct the proof: besides, in nearly every case of difference the reading of the quarto seems better in itself. There is one point, however, bearing rather in favor of several manuscripts, which ought perhaps to be stated. In Act II, sc. iii, one of the stage directions in the folio is,—"Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilson,*" thus substituting the name of the actor for that of the character; which looks very much as if the whole came fresh from the prompter's book. Wilson was a celebrated stage singer of that time; and we thus learn that he performed the part of Balthazar. Again, in Act IV, sc. ii, both quarto and folio set the names of Kemp and Cowley before the speeches of Dogberry and Verges; thus showing what actors originally played the parts of those immortal magistrates. So far as the question of several manuscripts is concerned, perhaps the agreement of the

two editions in this latter case may be fairly regarded as offsetting their difference in the former, as Kemp had been dead some years when the folio appeared. It may be worth the while to add, that the folio omits some passages that are found in the quarto, two of which, besides being quite at home where they stand, are too good to be lost. One is the following part of Don Pedro's speech in Act III, sc. ii: "Or in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet": which Mr. Collier thinks may have been left out in consequence of some change of fashion between 1600 and 1623. The other passage includes a part of Dogberry's speech in Act IV, sc. ii: "Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains": which, as Blackstone suggests, may have been thrown out in 1623, on account of a law made in the third year of James I against the irreverent use of the sacred Name.

What with the copies of 1600 and 1623, the text of *Much Ado about Nothing*, except in one instance, is every where so clear and well-settled as almost to foreclose controversy. That exception is the last verse of the Song in Act V, sc. iii.

This play is not in the list given by Francis Meres in 1598. As Meres' purpose was to set forth the Poet's excellence in comedy, it is hardly to be supposed that he would have taken *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and left *Much Ado about Nothing*, if the latter had then been known. This circumstance, therefore, together with the publishing of the play in the latter part of 1600, sufficiently ascertains the probable date of the composition. Allowing time enough for a successful run upon the boards, and for such a growth of popularity as to invite a fraudulent publication, the play could scarce have been written after 1599, when the Poet was in his thirty-fifth year.

As in many other of our Author's plays, a part of the plot and story of *Much Ado about Nothing* was borrowed.

But the same matter had been borrowed so many times before, and run into so many variations, that we cannot affirm with certainty to what source Shakespeare was immediately indebted. Mrs. Lenox, indeed, characteristically instructs us, that the Poet here "borrowed just enough to show his poverty of invention, and added enough to prove his want of judgment": and this choice dropping of criticism, like many others vouchsafed by her learned ladyship, is too wise, if not too womanly, to need any comment from us, save that the Poet can better afford to have such things said, than the sayer can to have them repeated.

Pope says,—"The story is taken from Ariosto." And so much of it as relates to Hero, Claudio, and John, certainly bears a strong resemblance to the tale of Ariodante and Genevra, which occupies the whole of the fifth and part of the sixth books of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. A translation of this part of the poem by Peter Beverly was licensed for the press in 1565; and Warton tells us it was reprinted in 1600; which is of some consequence, as suggesting that Shakespeare's play may have had something to do with the republication. An English version of Ariosto's whole poem, by Sir John Harrington, came out in 1591; but *Much Ado about Nothing* yields no traces of the Author's having been with Sir John. And indeed the fixing of any obligations in this quarter is the more difficult, forasmuch as the same matter appears to have been borrowed by Ariosto himself. For the story of a lady betrayed to peril and disgrace by the personation of her waiting-woman was an old European tradition: it has been traced to Spain; and Ariosto interwove it with the adventures of Rinaldo, as yielding an apt occasion for his chivalrous heroism. An outline of the story as told by Ariosto is thus given by Mr. Knight:

"The Lady Genevra, so falsely accused, was doomed to die, unless a true knight came within a month to do battle for her honor. Her lover, Ariodante, had fled, and was reported to have perished. The wicked duke, Polinesso,

who had betrayed Genevra, appears secure in his treachery. But the misguided woman, Dalinda, who had been the instrument of his crime, flying from her paramour, meets with Rinaldo, and declares the truth. Then comes the combat, in which the guilty duke is slain by the champion of innocence, and the lover reappears to be made happy with his spotless princess."

From which it will be seen at once that the Polinesso of the poem answers to the John of the play. But there is this important difference, that the motive of the former in vilifying the lady is to drive away her lover, that he may have her himself; whereas the latter acts from a self-generated malignity of spirit that takes pleasure in blasting the happiness of others without any hope of supplanting them.

Spenser, whose genius sucked in whatsoever was rich and rare in all the resources that learning could accumulate, seems to have followed Ariosto in working the same tale into the variegated structure of his great poem: but the Englishman so used it as to set forth a high moral lesson; the Italian, to minister opportunity for a romantic adventure. The story of Phedon, relating the treachery of his false friend Philemon, is in Book ii, Canto 4, of the *Faery Queene.*

The same story also forms the groundwork of one of Bandello's novels; and Mr. Skottowe's brief analysis of that tale will indicate the most probable source of Shakespeare's borrowings:

"Fenicia, the daughter of Lionato, a gentleman of Messina, is betrothed to Timbreo de Cardona. Girondo, a disappointed lover of the young lady, resolves, if possible, to prevent the marriage. He insinuates to Timbreo that his mistress is disloyal, and offers to show him a stranger scaling her chamber window. Timbreo accepts the invitation, and witnesses the hired servant of Girondo, in the dress of a gentleman, ascending a ladder and entering the house of Lionato. Stung with rage and jealousy, Timbreo the next morning accuses his innocent mistress to her

father, and rejects the alliance. Fenicia sinks in a swoon; a dangerous illness succeeds; and to stifle all reports injurious to her fame, Lionato proclaims that she is dead. Her funeral rites are performed in Messina, while in truth she lies concealed in the obscurity of a country residence.

"The thought of having occasioned the death of an innocent and lovely female strikes Girondo with horror; in the agony of remorse he confesses his villainy to Timbreo, and they both throw themselves on the mercy, and ask forgiveness, of the insulted family of Fenicia. On Timbreo is imposed only the penance of espousing a lady whose face he should not see previous to his marriage: instead of a new bride, whom he expected, he is presented, at the nuptial altar, with his injured and beloved Fenicia."

How Shakespeare could have come to the knowledge of Bandello's novel, unless through the original, is not easy to explain; no translation of so early a date having been preserved. Which is probably the cause why the critics have been so unwilling to trace him to this source; as it did not suit their theory to allow that he had learning enough to read a simple tale in what was then the most generally-studied language of Europe.

This account of the matter, if it do no more, may serve to show, what is so often shown elsewhere, that in his borrowing of stories Shakespeare seems to have preferred such as were most received into the common circulation of thought, and most familiar to his audience, that he might have some tie of association to draw and hold their minds to the deep lessons of beauty and wisdom which he was ever pouring forth from himself. And surely much less of insight than he possessed might have taught him, that men are apt to study for novelty in proportion as they lack originality; and that where the latter abounds the former may be rather a hindrance than a help.

This placing of the main interest in something higher and better than any mere plot or story can be, is well stated by Coleridge: "The interest in the plot is on account of the characters, not *vice versa*, as in almost all other

writers; the plot is a mere canvas, and no more. Take away from *Much Ado about Nothing* all that is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously-absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action; take away Benedick, Beatrice, Dogberry, and the reaction of the former on the character of Hero,— and what will remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character: John is the mainspring of the plot in this play; but he is merely shown, and then withdrawn."

We have already seen from the external evidence that *Much Ado about Nothing* was probably written in or near the author's thirty-fifth year. And it requires no great perspicacity to see from the play itself that it naturally falls somewhere in the middle period of his productive years. The style, like that of *Twelfth Night*, is sustained and equal; easy, natural, and modest in dress and bearing; every where alive indeed with the exhilaration of wit, or humor, or poetry, but without the labored smoothness of his earlier plays, or the penetrating energy and quick, sinewy movement of his later ones. Compared with some of its predecessors, the play shows a decided growth in what may be termed virility of mind: a wider scope, a higher reach, a firmer grasp, have been attained: the Poet's faculties have manifestly been feeding upon tonics, and inhaling invigoration: he has come to read nature less through "the spectacles of books," and does not hesitate to meet her face to face, and trust and try himself alone with her. The result of all which appears in a greater freshness and reality of characterization: there being less of a certain dim, equivocal hearsay air about the persons; as if his mind, having outgrown its recollected terms and bookish generalities, had plunged into living intercourse with surrounding life, where his personal observation and experience are blossoming up into poetry and going to seed in philosophy.

Much Ado about Nothing has great variety of interest, now running into the most grotesque drollery, now rising into an almost tragic dignity, now reveling in the most sparkling brilliancy. Its excellences, however, both of plot and of character are rather of the striking sort, involving little of the hidden beauty which shows just enough on the surface to invite a diligent search, and then overpays all the labor it costs. The play, accordingly, has always been very effective on the stage.—The characters of Hero and Claudio, though rather beautiful than otherwise in their simplicity and uprightness, offer no very salient points, and are indeed nowise extraordinary: they derive their interest mainly from the events that befall them; the reverse of which is generally true of Shakespeare's plays. One can scarce help thinking, that had the course of love run smooth with them, its voice, even if audible, had been hardly worth the hearing. Hero, indeed, is altogether gentle and womanly in her ways, and she offers a rather sweet, inviting nestling-place for the fireside affections; and there is something very pathetic and touching in her situation when she is stricken down in mute agony by the tongue of slander.—That Claudio should lend his ear to the poisonous breathings of one whose spirits are known to "toil in frame of villanies," is no little impeachment of his temper, or his understanding; and the preparing us for this, by representing him as falling into a fit of jealousy towards the Prince, is a fine instance of the Poet's skill and care in small matters. A piece of conduct, which the circumstances do not explain, is explained at once by thus disclosing a slight predisposition to jealousy in the subject. In keeping with this part of his behavior, Claudio's action every where smacks of the soldier: he shows all along both the faults and the virtues of his calling; is sensitive, rash, "quick in quarrel," and as quick in reconciliation; and has a sort of unreflective spontaneousness about him, that is only not so good as a chastened discretion and a firm, steady self-control. This accounts very well for his sudden running into a

match, which in itself looks more like a freak of fancy than a resolution of love; while the same suddenness on the side of the more calm, discreet, and patient Hero, is accounted for by the intervention of the Prince, and the sway he might justly have over her thoughts.—Critics have unnecessarily found fault with the Poet for the character of John, as if it lay without the circumference of truth and nature. They would apparently prefer the more commonplace character of a disappointed rival in love, whose guilt might be explained away into a pressure of violent motives. But Shakespeare saw deeper into human character; and perhaps his wisest departure from the original story is in making John a moody, sullen, envious rascal, who joys at others' pain, is pained at others' joy, and gloats over his power in working mischief; thus exemplifying in a smaller figure the same innate, spontaneous malice which towers into such a stupendous height of wickedness in Iago. We may well reluct to believe in the fact of such characters; but history is unhappily too full of deeds and plots that cannot be otherwise accounted for; nor need we go far to learn that men may "spin motives out of their own bowels"; and that the man often has more to do in shaping the motive than the motive in determining the man.

Ulrici, regarding the play as setting forth the contrast between life, as it is in itself, and as it seems to those engaged in its struggle, looks upon Dogberry as embodying the whole idea of the piece. And, sure enough, the impressive insignificance of his action to the lookers-on is equaled only by its stuffed importance to himself: when he is really most absurd and ridiculous, precisely then it is that he feels most confident and grave; the irony that is rarified into wit and poetry in the other characters being thus condensed into the broadest humor and drollery in him. The German critic, however, is not quite right in thinking that his blundering garrulity brings to light the infernal plot; as it rather keeps it in the dark: he is too fond of hearing himself talk to make known what he has

to say, in time to do any good; and amidst his huge struttings and tumblings of mind the truth leaks out at last in spite of him. The part was imitated by other dramatists of the time; which shows it to have been a decided hit on the stage; and perhaps the Poet has evinced something of an author's weakness in attempting a repetition of Dogberry under the name of Elbow in *Measure for Measure.* But even Shakespeare himself could not make an imitation come up to his own original.

The good repute of Benedick and Beatrice has been greatly periled by their wit. But it is the ordinary lot of persons so wise as they, to suffer under the misconstructions of prejudice or partial acquaintance; their wisdom augmenting the difficulty of coming to a true knowledge of them. How dangerous it is to be so gifted that way, may be seen by the impression these persons have had the ill luck to make on one whose good opinion is so desirable as Campbell's. He says,—"During one half of the play, we have a disagreeable female character in that of Beatrice. Her portrait, I may be told, is deeply drawn, and minutely finished. It is; and so is that of Benedick, who is entirely her counterpart, except that he is less disagreeable." A little after, he pronounces Beatrice "an odious woman." We are sorry so tasteful and charming a critic should think so, but suppose there is no help for it. In support of his opinion he quotes Hero's speech,—"Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes," etc.; but he seems to forget that these words are spoken with the intent that Beatrice shall hear them, and at the same time think she overhears them; that is, not as being true, but as being suited to a certain end, and as having just enough of truth to be effective for that end. So that, viewed in reference to the speaker's purpose, perhaps nothing could be better; viewed as describing the character of Beatrice, scarce any thing were worse; and the effect the speech has on her proves it is not true. To the same end, the Prince, Leonato, and Claudio speak as much the other way, where they know Benedick is overhearing them; and what is there

said in her favor is just a fair offset of what was before said against her. But indeed it is clear enough that a speech thus made really for the ear of the subject, yet seemingly in confidence to another person, cannot be received in evidence against her.

Fortunately, however, for Beatrice, the critic's unfavorable opinion is accounted for by what himself has unfortunately witnessed. He says,—"I once knew such a pair: the lady was a perfect Beatrice; she railed hypocritically at wedlock before her marriage, and with bitter sincerity after it. She and her Benedick now live apart, but with entire reciprocity of sentiments; each devoutly wishing that the other may soon pass into a better world." So that the writer's strong dislike of Beatrice is one of the finest testimonies we have seen to the Poet's wonderful truth of delineation; inasmuch as it shows how our views of his characters, as of those in real life, depend less perhaps on what they are in themselves, than on our own peculiar associations. Nature's and Shakespeare's men and women seem very differently to different persons, and even to the same persons at different times. Need it be said that this is because the characters are individuals, not abstractions?—Viewed therefore in this light, the tribute is so exquisite that we half suspect the author meant it as such. In itself, however, we much prefer the ground taken by other critics: That in the unamiable part of their deportment Benedick and Beatrice are but playing; that their playing is with a view to conceal, not express, their real feelings; that it is the very strength of their feelings that puts and keeps them upon this mode of concealment; and that the exclusive pointing of their raillery against each other is itself proof of a deep and growing attachment: though it must be confessed, that the ability to play so well is a great temptation to carry it to excess, or where it will be apt to cause something else than mirth. This it is that justifies the repetition of the stratagem, the same process being necessary in both cases "to get rid of their reciprocal disguises, and make them straightforward and

in earnest." And the effect of the stratagem is to begin the unmasking which is so thoroughly completed by the wrongs and sufferings of Hero: they are thus disciplined, for a time at least, out of their playing, and made to show themselves as they are: before we saw but their art, now we see their virtue; and this, though not a little clouded with faults, strikes us as something rather noble.

The wit of these persons, though seeming at first view much the same, is very nicely discriminated, discovering in her more sprightliness, in him more strength, of mind. Beatrice, intelligent but thoughtless, has little of reflection in her wit; but throws it off in rapid flashes whenever any object ministers a spark to her fancy. Though of the most piercing keenness and the most exquisite aptness, there is no ill-nature about it; it stings indeed, but does not poison. The offspring merely of the moment and the occasion, it strikes the fancy, but leaves no trace on the memory; but we feel that she forgets it as soon as we do. Its agility is infinite: wherever it may be, the instant one goes to put his hand upon it, he is sure to find or feel it somewhere else.—The wit of Benedick, on the other hand, springs more from reflection, and grows with the growth of thought. With all the pungency and nearly all the pleasantry, it lacks the free, spontaneous volubility, of hers. Hence in their skirmishes she always gets the better of him. But he makes ample amends when out of her presence, trundling off jests in whole paragraphs. In short, if his wit be slower, it is also stronger than hers: not so agile in manner, more weighty in matter, it shines less, but burns more; and as it springs much less out of the occasion, so it will bear repeating much better.—The effect of the serious events in bringing these persons into an armistice of wit is indeed a rare stroke of art; and perhaps some such thing was necessary, to prevent the impression of their being jesters by trade. It proves at least that Beatrice is a witty woman, and not a mere female wit.

The general view of life, as opened out in this play, is pretty clearly indicated by the title. The characters do

indeed make or have *much ado;* but all the while to us who are in the secret, and ultimately to the persons themselves, all this much ado proves to be *about nothing.* Which is but a common difference in the aspect of things, as they appear to the spectators and to the partakers; it needs but an average experience to discover that real life is full of just such passages: what troubled and worried us yesterday, made others laugh then, and makes us laugh to-day: what we fret or grieve at in the progress, we still smile and make merry over in the result. This, we believe, is the simple upshot of what Ulrici, writing in a style that few know or care to understand, has discoursed upon with *much ado,* though we cannot quite add, *about nothing.*

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

BEATRICE

Shakspeare has exhibited in Beatrice a spirited and faithful portrait of the fine lady of his own time. The deportment, language, manners, and allusions, are those of a particular class in a particular age; but the individual and dramatic character which forms the groundwork, is strongly discriminated; and being taken from general nature, belongs to every age. In Beatrice, high intellect and high animal spirits meet, and excite each other like fire and air. In her wit (which is brilliant without being imaginative), there is a touch of insolence, not unfrequent in women when the wit predominates over reflection and imagination. In her temper, too, there is a slight infusion of the termagant; and her satirical humor plays with such an unrespective levity over all subjects alike, that it required a profound knowledge of women to bring such a character within the pale of our sympathy.—But Beatrice, though wilful, is not wayward; she is volatile, not unfeeling. She has not only an exuberance of wit and gaiety, but of heart, and soul, and energy of spirit; and is no more like the fine ladies of modern comedy,—whose wit consists in a temporary allusion, or a play upon words, and whose petulance is displayed in a toss of the head, a flirt of the fan, or a flourish of the pocket handkerchief,—than one of our modern dandies is like Sir Philip Sydney.

In Beatrice, Shakspeare has contrived that the poetry of the character shall not only soften, but heighten its comic effect. We are not only inclined to forgive Beatrice all her scornful airs, all her biting jests, all her assump-

tion of superiority; but they amuse and delight us the more, when we find her, with all the headlong simplicity of a child, falling at once into the snare laid for her affections; when we see *her*, who thought a man of God's making not good enough for her, who disdained to be o'ermastered by "a piece of valiant dust," stooping like the rest of her sex, vailing her proud spirit, and taming her wild heart to the loving hand of him whom she had scorned, flouted, and misused, "past the endurance of a block!" And we are yet more completely won by her generous enthusiastic attachment to her cousin. When the father of Hero believes the tale of her guilt; when Claudio, her lover, without remorse or a lingering doubt, consigns her to shame; when the Friar remains silent, and the generous Benedick himself knows not what to say, Beatrice, confident in her affections, and guided only by the impulses of her own feminine heart, sees through the inconsistency, the impossibility of the charge, and exclaims, without a moment's hesitation,

O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

—Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

It is the injury done to Hero which wrings from Beatrice the avowal of her love for Benedick. Is it a reproach to her that she would have her lover peril his life against the false accuser of her cousin? She has thrown off her maidenly disguises, and the earnestness of her soul will have vent. She and Benedick are now bound for ever in their common pity for the unfortunate. The *conventional* Beatrice has become the *actual* Beatrice. The "subjective appearance" has become the "objective reality." The same process is repeated throughout the character of Benedick, for the original groundwork of the character is the same as that of Beatrice. "Would you have me speak *after my custom*, as being a professed tyrant to their sex," presents the same key to his character as "I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he

loves me," does to that of Beatrice. They are each acting; and they have each a shrewd guess that the other is acting; and each is in the other's thoughts; and the stratagem by which they are each entrapped—not, as we think, into an *unreal* love, as Ulrici says,—is precisely in its symmetrical simplicity what was necessary to get rid of their reciprocal disguises, and to make them straightforward and in earnest. The conclusion of the affair is the playful echo of all that is past:—

"*Bene.* Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion."

—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

BENEDICK AND BEATRICE

Benedick is a shrewd and kindly man of the world, superficially affected; Beatrice, a young Renaissance damsel, brilliantly educated, flashing with sharp wit, beautiful and unabashed, the sunshine of her uncle Leonato's house, is almost, if not quite, the most attractive of all Shakespeare's heroines. There is nothing in all comedy more brilliant than the interplay of these two. The pair had begun to take an interest in each other when the play begins, but the barbed wit of Beatrice had piqued Master Benedick's self-esteem rather more than he cared to admit, while Beatrice had conceived a dislike for the airs, especially the woman-hating airs, that the gentleman gave himself. The way in which Shakespeare converts their mutual irritation into the basis of a real and lasting affection is a triumph of art. The supposed discovery that Benedick is consumed by a passion for her develops Beatrice from a saucy girl, "in whose eyes disdain and scorn ride sparkling," into a woman. The wrong done to her cousin Hero brings out all the fine and generous elements in her nature. When

Hero's own father accepts her guilt as proven, when Claudio without a doubt or a touch of remorse consigns her to shame, when the friar remains silent, and the generous Benedick himself knows not what to say, Beatrice alone, whose wit is acknowledged to be as shrewd as her heart is generous, instinctively and without a moment's hesitation rebuts the foul charge:

"Oh, on my soul, my cousin is belied!"

Benedick is successfully spurred to champion the cause of injured innocence. But as soon as ever the dark sky of trouble is cleared, Beatrice recovers her gayest spirits and is eager for fresh victories in the "merry war" between herself and "Signor Montanto." "I yield to your love," she says, "only upon great persuasion, and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption." But Benedick knows that he has won her heart, and that it is a heart of gold.—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

Beatrice creates the intellectual atmosphere in which the play moves; hence, although her part in the action is extremely slight and does not affect its issues, she seems to be the center about which it revolves. At only two points does she intervene, actively or passively, in the plot; and these are points at which the passionate woman in her subdues the dazzling mocker. No whit less helplessly than her gentle cousin had fallen a victim to the malignant device of Don John, Beatrice falls a victim to its sportive counterpart, Leonato's "pastime" for securing "that time shall not go dully with us." Nothing in the Comedies is more delicately imagined in all its details than this gay inversion of the tragic theme. Here two professed antagonists are beguiled into love, there two lovers are beguiled to a rupture. Here, as there, a deception which has a basis of truth; for Benedick's and Beatrice's professed antagonism conceals a sympathetic fascination which a slight stimulus shakes into love, and Claudio's professed

love conceals a profound ignorance of Hero, which the bare suggestion of suspicion transforms into insulting and vindictive rage. The slanderous tongues do their work; and then the ardent womanhood of Beatrice alone rises up in protest against the inanities of "evidence" and "proof," at first half baffled by grief and choked by tears, then flaming out into the great cry, "Kill Claudio"; while the hesitating Benedick gathers energy and will under her spell.—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

HERO

But the central point on which all hinges is the daughter of the house, the quiet Hero. She is her father's pride and ornament and love, compared to whom himself and everything else is thrown into the shade. With a heart tender and foreboding, she fascinates even when she is mute by the overpowering impression of her chaste, modest nature. She can practise no wanton playfulness, only at best behind the mask; she would fain not suffer the unseasonable jests of her waiting-woman; when she has played Beatrice her successful trick, she checks forbearingly every teasing word. When a scandalous suspicion is cast in the most degrading manner against this picture of innocence, shame struggles silently within her; her fiery eyes might have burned out the errors of her accusers, but she can find no words, and sinks mutely in a swoon. To the one who knows her, to Beatrice, she appears as she is, raised above all suspicion, although nothing speaks in her favor, and all witnesses and proofs testify against her. Such a being seems thoroughly qualified to form the happiness and pride of a family which consists of good, honorable, and honored men.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

DOGBERRY

Most delightful is the contradiction between appearance and reality, between subjective conception and objective

reality, as we have it exhibited in the Clown of the piece, the dutiful constable Dogberry, who considers his position so very important and maintains it so zealously, but who is always uttering contradictory maxims and precepts; who is so presumptuous and yet so modest; who looks at things with so correct an eye and yet pronounces such foolish judgments; talks so much and yet says so little, in fact, perpetually contradicts himself, giving orders for what he advises to be left undone, entreating to be registered an ass, and yet is the very one to discover the *nothing* which is the cause of the *much ado*. He is the chief representative of that view of life upon which the whole is based, inasmuch as its comic power is exhibited most strongly and most directly in him. For this contrast, which, in accordance with its nature, usually appears divided between its two poles, is, so to say, individualized in him, that is, united in the one individual and fully reflected in his inconsistent and ever contradictory doings and resolves, thoughts and sayings. Dogberry personifies, if we may say so, the spirit and meaning of the whole, and, therefore, plays essentially the same part as the Fool in *Twelfth Night*, Touchstone in *As You Like It*, Launce in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the majority of the clowns in Shakespeare's comedies. Besides this, he is also an important character in so far as it is he who discovers the rascally trick of Don John and his accomplice which gives rise to the whole complication; in fact, the comic caprice of accident delights in employing the most comic of all characters, the clowns *par excellence*, to bring to light that which it was indeed easy enough to discover, which, however, the sense of the sensible personages did not perceive. At all events our point of view gives an easy and simple explanation as to why Shakspeare conferred the difficult task of unravelling the entangled knot upon such a peculiarly foolish fellow as Dogberry, and why he made him the clown of the piece and conceived his character in this and in no other light.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

And at first it seems as if Shakspeare intended by the introduction of Dogberry and his ineffective watch merely to interpolate a bit of comic business, by parodying the important phrases and impotent exploits of the suburban constable. But Dogberry's mission extended farther than that, and is intimately woven with delightful unconsciousness on his part into the fortunes of Hero.

Dogberry is not only immortal for that, but his name will never die so long as village communities in either hemisphere elect their guardians of the peace and clothe them in verbose terrors. If the town is unfortunately short of rascals, the officer will fear one in each bush, or extemporize one out of some unbelligerent starveling to show that the majestic instructions of his townsmen have not been wasted on him. This elaborate inefficiency is frequently selected by busy communities, because so few persons are there clumsy enough to be unemployed. Such a vagrom is easily comprehended. Dogberry has caught up the turns and idioms of sagacious speech, and seems to be blowing them up as life-belts; so he goes bobbing helplessly around in the froth of his talk. "I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it." He ties his conversation in hopeless knots of absurdity; when pomp takes possession of a vacuous mind, it rattles like the jester's bladder of dried pease. Have not his fellow-citizens invested him? He will then lavish the selectest phrases. I heard a village politician once say with scorn in town-meeting, "Mr. Moderator, I know nothing about your technalities." Dogberry is the most original of Malaprops, says to the Prince's order that it shall be suffigance, and tells the watch that salvation were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them. He has furnished mankind with that adroit phrase of conversational escape from compromise, "Comparisons are odorous." Where common men would suspect a person, Dogberry says the person is auspicious.

His brain seems to be web-footed, and tumbles over itself in trying to reach swimming water; as when he says, "Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly." This is the precipitancy of a child's reasoning. —Weiss, *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

DON JOHN AND CLAUDIO

The modern reader recognizes that Shakespeare has taken no small pains to make this fable dramatically acceptable. He appreciates the fact that here again, in the person of Don John, the poet has depicted mere unmixed evil, and has disdained to supply a motive for his vile action in any single injury received, or desire unsatisfied. Don John is one of the sour, envious natures which suck poison from all sources, because they suffer from the perpetual sense of being unvalued and despised. He is, for the moment, constrained by the forbearance with which his victorious brother has treated him, but "if he had his mouth he would bite." And he does bite, like the cur and coward he is, and makes himself scarce when his villainy is about to be discovered. He is an ill-conditioned, base, and tiresome scoundrel; and, although he conscientiously does evil for evil's sake, we miss in him all the defiant and brilliantly sinister qualities which appear later on in Iago and in Edmund. There is little to object to in Don John's repulsive scoundrelism; at most we may say that it is a strange motive-power for a comedy. But to Claudio we cannot reconcile ourselves. He allows himself to be convinced, by the clumsiest stratagem, that his young bride, in reality as pure and tender as a flower, is a faithless creature, who deceives him the very day before her marriage. Instead of withdrawing in silence, he prefers, like the blockhead he is, to confront her in the church, before the altar, and in the hearing of every one overwhelm her with coarse speeches and low accusations; and he induces his patron, the Prince Don Pedro, and even the lady's own father,

Leonato, to join him in heaping upon the unhappy bride their idiotic accusations. When, by the advice of the priest, her relatives have given her out as dead, and the worthy old Leonato has lied up hill and down dale about her hapless end, Claudio, who now learns too late that he has been duped, is at once taken into favor again. Leonato only demands of him—in accordance with the mediæval fable—that he shall declare himself willing to marry whatever woman he (Leonato) shall assign to him. This he promises, without a word or thought about Hero; whereupon she is placed in his arms. The original spectators, no doubt, found this solution satisfactory; a modern audience is exasperated by it, very much as Nora, in *A Doll's House*, is exasperated on finding that Helmer, after the danger has passed away, regards all that has happened in their souls as though it had never been, merely because the sky is clear again. If ever man was unworthy a woman's love, that man is Claudio. If ever marriage was odious and ill-omened, this is it. The old taleteller's invention has been too much even for Shakespeare's art.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

DON JOHN

Don John is another of the Shaksperean villains whose nature has been warped by their circumstances. He is a bastard brother of Don Pedro, and the stinging sense of his shameful origin has turned him into a social Ishmaelite, who sees in every man a natural enemy. Scowling and laconic amidst the merry company gathered under Leonato's roof, he is a very death's head at a feast. He has lately become reconciled with his brother after a quarrel, and even his servant advises him to improve the occasion, but he sullenly prefers to be a canker in the hedge than a rose in Don Pedro's grace. Amongst Shakspere's malefactors he is distinguished by his complete lack of humor and of the kindred power to dissemble his real nature. As he says himself, "I cannot hide what I am . . . . . it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to

rob love from any." It would seem as if the dramatist in this most radiant of comedies had not wished to focus our attention upon the villain by investing him with the fascination which underlies evil-doing masquerading under the guise of good-humored honesty. Moreover, we are not inclined to augur very disastrous results from the schemes of a mischief-maker who wears his heart upon his sleeve in so transparent a fashion, and who seems so ill-fitted for an intriguer's part.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

CLAUDIO

No greater mistake can be made than to judge Shakespeare's lovers by our modern standard. Their love, as well as their jealousy, is infinitely more ardent and glowing than that which we see now-a-days, whether in life or in literature. Therefore, it ought not to surprise us if the expression of their feelings is much more vigorous and intense, or that the Poet should make free use of this expression without attaching to it, as our public is often tempted to do, the reproach of harshness or brutality. Moreover, as concerns Claudio, we cannot believe that any one save Bulthaupt has utterly condemned him. The majority of readers and spectators may blame his conduct, but they judge him much more leniently. The pain that quivers in Claudio's every word in the church, as well as the intensity of his remorse afterwards, shown in his readiness to undergo any penance that may be imposed upon him for his misconduct, prove that he was no low scoundrel, but a man of noble mind whose temperament, vehement and prone to suspicion, leads him astray. Moreover, from their own words, we can perfectly understand how Don Pedro and Claudio are driven to slander Hero publicly, thereby insulting her father also. They believe that Leonato was aware of his daughter's vile character, and had meant to take advantage of their ignorant confidence. They credit him with betrayal of friendship. Claudio says to the father: "Give not this rotten orange to your

friend"; and the Prince feels himself dishonored in his part of advocate:—"I stand dishonored that have gone about to link my dear friend to a common stale." If the two friends thought themselves thus falsely betrayed, was the revenge that they took in publicly branding a low woman and her accomplices, morally wrong or merely unbecoming? It seems certainly surprising that, while Hero, even if guilty, is to be treated with distinguished courtesy, so harsh a sentence should be passed upon two men, who, if they erred, did so from a noble motive,—an outraged sense of honor. As for the jesting at Benedick, for which Claudio is so blamed, at such a time, we must remember that characters as impulsive, as those of Shakespeare, need but the smallest occasion, in the midst of the gravest circumstances, to be converted to extreme gayety.—Wetz, *Shakespeare vom Standpunkte der vergleichenden Literatur.*

DON PEDRO'S TACTICS

Let us study Don Pedro's tactics more closely still. How does he contrive to influence the antagonistic personalities of the twain, and, although their attitude hitherto has been almost hostile, to make lovers of them? He contrives it by forcing them to *overhear.* By this one stroke of art, at the very outset, he robs them of all their peculiar advantages. Their wit, their readiness of tongue, all their mental dexterity, and volubility, in short every offensive and defensive weapon of which they have hitherto made use to ward off the danger of any deep impression, is useless to them; they are condemned to complete, absolute *passivity,* forced, contrary to all their use and wont, to play the part of silent listeners.—Sievers, *William Shakespeare.*

MARGARET AND URSULA

Margaret and Ursula may come under the denomination of "pattern waiting-women,"—that is, the patterns somewhat surpassing the order of the women. Margaret has

perhaps too accomplished a tongue for one of her class; she, however, evidently apes the manner of Beatrice, and, like all imitators of inferior mind, with a coarse and exaggerated character. She forms an excellent foil to her mistress from this very circumstance; and both domestics are samples of that menial equality that exists between mistress and dependant still common in Italy.—Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

EAVES-DROPPERS

Those persons, for whom the hearts of the audience are most engaged, have scarce one event to aid their personal interest; every occurrence which befalls them depends solely on the pitiful act of private listening. If Benedick and Beatrice had possessed perfect good manners, or just notions of honor and delicacy, so as to have refused to become eaves-droppers, the action of the play must have stood still, or some better method have been contrived,—a worse hardly could,—to have imposed on their mutual credulity. But this willingness to overhear conversations, the reader will find to be the reigning fashion with the *dramatis personæ* of this play; for there are nearly as many unwarrantable listeners, as there are characters in it. But, in whatever failings the ill-bred custom of Messina may have involved Benedick and Beatrice, they are both highly entertaining and most respectable personages. They are so witty, so jocund, so free from care, and yet so sensible of care in others, that the best possible reward is conferred on their merit,—marriage with each other.—Inchbald, *British Theatre.*

INSIPIDITY OF CHARACTERS

Here is no stuff for a comedy. A girl slandered and ill-treated to an unutterable extent is not an object to awaken merriment. And it is degrading that she should finally, without hesitation, marry her slanderer.

Consider the persons concerned. Here is Claudio, a vain coxcomb, with no will of his own. What can poor Hero expect from a marriage with such a wretch? Here is the prince, pervading the entire play, gossiping interminably, and never arousing in us the faintest sympathy. He neither attempts nor achieves anything. Here is the governor, of whom the same may be said. To swell the crowd of bores he has a brother, Antonio, so old that he "waggles his head" and has "dry hands." Here is the rascally slanderer, a rascal only because the poet chooses him to be one; he himself has no reason for it. Here are his two accomplices, rascals also, but who, when they are caught and questioned, confess everything with amiable frankness. And there are several waiting maids running about through the play. All these persons are poetically worthless, for they are uninteresting, nay, well-nigh tiresome. We cannot characterize them, unless their having no character at all will serve our turn. They are all insipid.—Benedix, *Die Shakespearomanie.*

THE THEME OF THE PLAY

The characteristic incident of the play is much ado, arising from misconception of an overheard conference, and ending in nothing at all. This theme, with the forms of incident, and of mental tendency that give it effect, is varied in the play with endless or rather with exhaustive diversity. The prince and Claudio, placed upon the watch by Don John, whom they mistrust, but not sufficiently, mistake the identity of one party to a dialogue, and hence are deceived by its purport, which was moreover so artfully expressed as to deceive in another way the person it was addressed to. Hence, by fault of haste and incaution, the much ado which causes the affliction of the fair bride, though it ultimately comes to nothing and the broken engagement recloses without injury or scar. Again, in another form, Benedick and Beatrice are severally placed in ambush, and the princes and ladies carry on a discourse

intended to be overheard by them without suspicion of the purpose. This is a sportive and not ill intended employment of the same stratagem; but this time the belief conveyed is exaggerated in form rather than false in fact, and those who think they are deceiving are to a certain extent, telling more truth than they are 'ware of, and reveal a fact when they think to forget a tale; hence, again, ensueth amusing much ado and cross purpose—but it does not end in nothing, for Benedick and Beatrice marry. Still the spirit of the play is vindicated, for we find that in their case the real much ado in truth arose from an earlier complication, and that the plot and management of the prince was all supererogatory contrivance to originate an attachment which in reality existed long before. Claudio and Benedick both therefore would have saved themselves the humiliation of regret or ridicule, had they observed those they overheard more carefully, criticised more keenly the motives of their informants, and kept better watch over their own tendencies to accept hasty conviction;—or rather let us say, had they trusted open observation rather than illicit listening, and learned to interpret the signs of a true heart and the symptoms of a melting, whether their own or another's, by proper sympathy rather than second-hand prompting. Benedick is not more extravagant in his belief by hearsay than Claudio in his mistrust; both are wretchedly inexperienced in the course and language of the affections, and learn a lesson that will go far to cure them of some unnecessary indulgence of mere intellectual exercise and artificial banter. The mistake of Claudio brings the course of the plot to the very brink of the tragic, and the misconceptions of Benedick and Beatrice to the very verge of the ridiculous; yet, the fearful and the farcical are equally evaded, and both tendencies blend away into an effect of the purest comedy.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

SHAKESPEARE'S MATERIALS

These were happy materials for Shakespear to work on, and he has made a happy use of them. Perhaps that middle point of comedy was never more nicely hit in which the ludicrous blends with the tender, and our follies, turning round against themselves in support of our affections, retain nothing but their humanity.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Play.*

INDEPENDENCE OF THE DRAMATIC INTEREST ON THE PLOT

The interest in the plot is always in fact on account of the characters, not *vice versa*, as in almost all other writers; the plot is a mere canvas and no more. Hence arises the true justification of the same stratagem being used in regard to Benedick and Beatrice,—the vanity in each being alike. Take away from the *Much Ado About Nothing* all that which is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, at best, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action;—take away Benedick, Beatrice, Dogberry, and the reaction of the former on the character of Hero,—and what will remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character; in Shakspere it is so, or is not so, as the character is in itself calculated, or not calculated, to form the plot. Don John is the main-spring of the plot of this play; but he is merely shown and then withdrawn.

Hence Shakspere never took the trouble of inventing stories. It was enough for him to select from those that had been already invented or recorded such as had one or other, or both, of two recommendations, namely, suitableness to his particular purpose, and their being parts of popular tradition,—names of which we had often heard, and

of their fortunes, and as to which all we wanted was, to see the man himself.—COLERIDGE, *Lectures.*

THE DRAMATIC ELEMENTS

Let us admire the marvellous blending of the three dramatic elements; we may almost call them the tragedy of Hero, the comedy of Beatrice, and the farce of Dogberry; with what art are these three contrasted and combined.—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Don Pedro, *prince of Arragon*
Don John, *his bastard brother*
Claudio, *a young lord of Florence*
Benedick, *a young lord of Padua*
Leonato, *governor of Messina*
Antonio, *his brother*
Balthasar, *attendant on Don Pedro*
Conrade, } *followers of Don John*
Borachio, }
Friar Francis
Dogberry, *a constable*
Verges, *a headborough*
A Sexton
A Boy

Hero, *daughter to Leonato*
Beatrice, *niece to Leonato*
Margaret, } *gentlewomen attending on Hero*
Ursula, }

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

Scene: *Messina*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Don Pedro, prince of Arragon, Claudio, a young lord of Florence, and Benedick, a young nobleman of Padua, are returning from a war just ended and stop in Messina to visit the governor, Leonato. Living in the governor's palace are two young ladies: Hero, the daughter of the governor, and Beatrice, his niece. Between Benedick and Beatrice "there is a kind of merry war" and at this meeting the "skirmish of wit" continues. Claudio's old attraction for Hero ripens into love and Don Pedro promises him his aid in winning the lady.

ACT II

Leonato gives a masquerade dance in honor of his guests and Don Pedro takes advantage of his disguise to plead for Claudio with Hero. Don John, a natural brother of Don Pedro, tries to persuade Claudio that the prince is playing him false. This scheme fails, for Leonato promises his daughter to Claudio, but Don John concocts a deeper plot. Beatrice teases Benedick so much that he desires to cut short his visit. Their friends decide that they would be well mated and plan to arouse their affections for each other. They cause Benedick to overhear that Beatrice is in love with him.

ACT III

In the same manner Beatrice is informed of Benedick's love for her. The night before Hero and Claudio are to

be married, Don John brings the prince and Claudio beneath Hero's window, where they see and hear Borachio, a follower of Don John, talking with Hero's maid, Margaret. Don John makes his companions believe that it is Hero having a secret meeting with another lover. Some watchmen overhear Borachio bragging of his share in this plot, and they arrest him and take him before the constable. The constable tries to tell Leonato about Don John's plot, but Leonato, in the confusion incident to the wedding, pays no heed to what the constable tells him.

ACT IV

Claudio repudiates Hero at the altar. Hero swoons and by the advice of the officiating friar, Leonato announces that she is dead. Benedick declares his love for Beatrice and she confesses hers for him. Believing in the innocence of Hero, Beatrice demands that he avenge Hero by slaying Claudio.

ACT V

Leonato, in his grief and anger, desires to fight Claudio. At that moment Benedick enters and challenges both the prince and Claudio. The watchmen bring Borachio before the prince and Leonato, and he tells them of the plot of Don John and of Hero's innocence. Claudio is overcome with grief and promises to perform any penance which Leonato shall inflict on him. The governor says Claudio must marry his niece, who is "almost the copy of" his "child that's dead." Great is Claudio's joy when he finds this unknown lady to be no other than the Hero whom he had believed dead. Beatrice and Benedick are told of the trick that has been played on them, but they do not regret it and continue to love one another.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expecta-

16. *"better bettered"*; more surpassed.—C. H. H.

tion than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he 's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

42. *"subscribed"*; signed.—C. H. H.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he 'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honorable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there 's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his

62. Mede, in his discourses on Scripture, speaking of Adam, says, "He whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities." Beatrice starts an idea at the words *stuffed man,* and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it. A stuffed man appears to have been one of the many cant phrases for a cuckold.—H. N. H.

companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is 't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick and Balthasar.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the

likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honorable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

129. *"convert";* be converted.—C. H. H.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humor for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?
D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.*

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?
Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.
Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?
Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?
Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.
Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she 's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.
Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.
Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?
Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?
Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?

Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there 's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short

his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her

230. *"uttered";* proclaimed.—C. H. H.

231. The English story of "Mr. Fox" alluded to here was first written down by Blakeway, who contributed to Malone's Variorum Edition a version of the tale he had heard from an old aunt (*cp.* Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales*).—I. G.

250. *"in the despite of";* in aversion from.—C. H. H.

most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire,'

252. *"force of his will";* alluding to the definition of a heretic in the schools.—H. N. H.

278. *"In time the savage bull,"* etc.; this line is from *The Spanish Tragedy.*—H. N. H.

let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

287. *"horn mad";* mad like a bull.—C. H. H.

Any hard lesson that may do thee good.
Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?
D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she 's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?
Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.
D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?
Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.
D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.

338. *"'tis once, thou lovest";* that is, once for all. So, in *Coriolanus: "Once* if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him."—H. N. H.

I know we shall have reveling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A room in Leonato's house

Enter Leonato and Antonio, meeting.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the

present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Enter attendants.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

26. *attendants"*; these must be supposed to be dependent relatives of Leonato's. The next words are addressed to them.—C. H. H.

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou sayest thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the

meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter Borachio.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad con-

50. *"model"* is here used in an unusual sense, but Bullokar explains it, *"Model,* the *platforme,* or form of any thing."—H. N. H.

63. *"a musty room";* the neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors rendered such precautions too often necessary. In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy:* "The smoke of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford to *sweeten* our chambers."—H. N. H.

ference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what 's to be done?

Bora. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

A hall in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get

10. *"my lady's eldest son"*; a young heir (in general).—C. H. H.

thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she 's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woolen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here 's no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he

shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [*To Hero*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I 'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into

the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revelers are entering, brother: make good room. [*All put on their masks.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing. I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favor; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [*Drawing her aside.*

100. *"the lute should be like the case";* that is, God forbid that your face should be like your mask.—H. N. H.

102. *"within the house is Jove";* alluding to the fable of *Baucis* and *Philemon* in Ovid, who describes the old couple as living in a thatched cottage: *"Stipulis et cannâ tecta palustri";* which Golding renders: "The *roofe* thereof was *thatched* all with straw and fennish reede." Jaques, in *As You Like It,* again alludes to it: "O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than *Jove in a thatched-house.*"—H. N. H.

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.
Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.
Balth. Which is one?
Marg. I say my prayers aloud.
Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.
Marg. God match me with a good dancer!
Balth. Amen.
Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.
Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.
Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.
Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.
Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here 's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there 's an end.
Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?
Bene. No, you shall pardon me.
Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?
Bene. Not now.
Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales':

—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What 's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I 'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do; he 'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there 's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love; he is enamored on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her: she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?
Claud. Yea, the same.
Bene. Come, will you go with me?
Claud. Whither?
Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.
Claud. I wish him joy of her.
Bene. Why, that 's spoken like an honest drovier; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?
Claud. I pray you, leave me.
Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post.
Claud. If it will not be, I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*
Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I 'll be revenged as I may.

217. *"puts the world into her person";* that is, who takes upon herself to personate the world, and so fancies that the world thinks just as she does. In nearly all modern editions, *the base though bitter disposition* is changed to *the base, the bitter disposition;* prob-

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where 's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What 's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

ably because the editors could discover no antithesis between *base* and *bitter*. Perhaps they would have seen the appropriateness of *though*, had they but understood *bitter* in the sense of *sharp, witty, satirical*.—H. N. H.

224. *"as melancholy as a lodge in a warren":* the phrase suggests "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers," Isaiah i. 8.—I. G.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Re-enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies; rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

283. *"Cham";* the Khan of Tartary.—C. H. H.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I 'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes

every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There 's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labors; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valor, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since,

how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honor in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them I will endeavor any thing.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honor, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear

me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, —for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Leonato's orchard.

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Boy!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

46. Some editors substitute "Borachio" for "Claudio" in order to relieve the difficulty here, but, as the Cambridge editors point out, "Hero's supposed offence would not be enhanced by calling one lover by the name of the other. . . . Perhaps the author meant that Borachio should persuade her to play, as children say, at being Hero and Claudio."—I. G.

"*Enter Benedick*"; in the original, both quarto and folio, the stage

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armor; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I 'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a

direction here is, "Enter Benedick alone"; in all modern editions till Mr. Collier's it is, "Enter Benedick and a Boy." The original is probably right, the design being that Benedick shall be seen pacing to and fro, ruminating and digesting the matter of his forthcoming soliloquy. In this state his mind gets so deep in philosophy, that he wants a book to feed the appetite which passing events have awakened. Of course the boy comes when called for.—H. N. H.

fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that 's certain; wise, or I 'll none; virtuous, or I 'll never cheapen her; fair, or I 'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor.

[*Withdraws.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We 'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

39. *'her hair shall be";* disguises of false hair and of dyed hair were quite common, especially among the ladies, in Shakespeare's time; scarce any of them being so richly dowered with other gifts as to be content with the hair which it had pleased Nature to bestow. The Poet has several passages going to show that this custom was not much in favor with him; as in *Love's Labor's Lost,* Act iv. sc. 3, where Biron "mourns that painting and usurping hair should ravish doters with a false aspect." That in this as in other things his mind went with Nature, further appears from his making so sensible a fellow as Benedick talk that way.—H. N. H.

41. The Folio reads:—*"Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson":* the latter was probably the singer who took the part of Balthasar.—I. G.

Enter Balthasar with Music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we 'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [*Air.*

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all 's done.

The Song.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,

62. *"crotchets";* whimsies (with a quibble).—C. H. H.

67. *"hale souls out of men's bodies";* a similar tribute to the power of music occurs in *Twelfth Night,* Act ii. sc. 3, only it is there spoken of as able to "draw three souls out of one weaver."—H. N. H.

One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.
Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exit Balthasar.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, aye: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.

I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery can-

131. *"gull"*; trick.—C. H. H.

not, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that 's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she 'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair,

prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She 's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and

she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he 'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God! and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

200. *"make tender of"*; offer.—C. H. H.

204. *"good outward happiness"*; attractive form and features.—C. H. H.

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that 's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*

Bene. [*Coming forward*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that

hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair,—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous,—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me,—by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humor? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she 's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.

You have no stomach, signior: fare you well.
[*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;' there 's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;' that 's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Leonato's orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlor
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favorites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I 'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part

To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter Beatrice, behind.

Now begin;
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.
Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
[*Approaching the bower.*
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggerds of the rock.
Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.
Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit!
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.
Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!
She cannot be so much without true judgment,—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have,—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.
Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valor,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?
Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:

I 'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She 's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*

Beat. [*Coming forward*] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

106. "*What fire is in my ears*"; alluding to the proverbial saying, which is as old as Pliny's time, "That when our *ears do glow and tingle*, some there be that in our absence do talke of us."—H. N. H.

112. "*Taming my wild heart*"; this image is taken from falconry. She has been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock;* she therefore says, that wild as her heart is, she will *tame* it *to the hand.*—H. N. H.

Scene II

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I 'll bring you thither, my lord, if you 'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I : methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there 's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

13. *"the little hangman";* that is, executioner, slayer of hearts.—H. N. H.

D. Pedro. Draw it.
Bene. Hang it!
Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.
D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?
Leon. Where is but a humor or a worm.
Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.
Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.
D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it

24. *"Draw it. Hang it!"* Benedick quibbles on "draw" in the sense of "drag on hurdles to execution."—C. H. H.

29. *"Where is but a humor or a worm";* toothache was popularly supposed to be caused by a worm at the root of the tooth.—I. G.

So, in *The False One,* by Beaumont and Fletcher:

> "O! this sounds mangily,
> Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth
> You had best be troubled with the *tooth-ache* too,
> *For lovers ever are.*—H. N. H.

37. *"in shape of two countries at once";* so, in *The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London,* by Dekker, 1606: "For an Englishman's sute is like a traitor's body that hath beene hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set up in several places: his codpiece, in Denmarke; the collar of his dublet and the belly, in France; the wing and narrow sleeve, in Italy; the short waste hangs over a botcher's stall in Utrich; his huge sloppes speak Spanish; Polonia gives him the bootes, &c.—and thus we mocke everie nation for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from everie of them to piece out our pride; and are now laughingstocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us."—H. N. H.

appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That 's as much as to say, the sweet youth 's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him; conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

64. *"crept into a lute-string"; love-songs,* in Shakespeare's time, were sung to the lute. So, in *1 Henry IV:* "As melancholy as an old lion, or a *lover's lute.*"—H. N. H.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

74. *"face upwards"*; that is, in her lover's arms. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"Flo. What! like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse:—or if,—not to be *buried,*
But quick and in my arms."—H. N. H.

D. Pedro. What 's the matter?

D. John. [*To Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage,—surely suit ill spent and labor ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what 's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honor to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?
D. Pedro. I will not think it.
D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.
Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.
D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.
D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.
D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!
Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!
D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?
Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

1. It is an interesting fact that "Dogberry," the vulgar name of the *dogwood,* was used as a surname as far back as the time of

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbor Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let

Richard II, and that "Verges," a provincial corruption or *verjuice*, occurs in an ancient MS. (MS. Ashmol. 38) as the name of a usurer whose epitaph is given:

"Here lies father Varges
Who died to save charges."—I. G.

him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I

think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child crying in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offense to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances,

call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night. Come, neighbor.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigitant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

96. *"Keep your fellows' counsels and your own."* It has been pointed out by students of Shakespeare's legal acquirements that these words still form part of the oath administered by judges' marshal to the grand jurymen at the present day.—I. G.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou has shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out her at mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night, —I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

162. *"me"*; the ethical dative.—C. H. H.
168. *"amiable encounter"*; tender meeting.—C. H. H.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You 'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

First Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we 'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Hero's apartment.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*

200. *"obey,"* for "command."—C. H. H.

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I 'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another: I 'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown 's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth 's but a night-gown in respect of yours,—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

21. *"set with pearls";* that is, with pearls set along down the sleeves. *Side* sleeves are long, full sleeves. *Side* is from the Anglo-Saxon *sid,* long, ample. Peele, in his *Old Wives' Tale,* has *"side* slops," for long trousers. So, likewise, in Jonson's play, *The New Inn,* Act v. scene i.;

> "He belly'd for it, had his velvet sleeves,
> And his branch'd cassock, a *side* sweeping gown,
> All his formalities, a good cramm'd divine."

It is plain that our word *side,* in its ordinary use, has reference to the *length* of the thing to which it is applied.—H. N. H.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honorably? Is not marriage honorable in a beggar? Is not your lord honorable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband:' an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I 'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap 's into 'Light o' love;' that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I 'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you 'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

50. *"with your heels"* (carrying on the notion of the "light o' love"), agile, *i. e.* fickle, in love.—C. H. H.

52. *"he shall lack no barns";* a quibble between *barns,* repositories for corn, and *bairns,* children, formerly pronounced *barns.* So, in *The Winter's Tale:* "Mercy on us, a *barn!* a very pretty *barn!*"—H. N. H.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there 's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there 's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think

what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbor?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

93. *"eats his meat without grudging";* that is, *feeds* on *love,* and likes his food.—H. N. H.

3. *"confidence";* for conference.—C. H. H.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbor Verges.

Leon. Neighbors, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and

18. *"Comparisons are odorous."* An elaborate extension of this joke occurs in the old play of *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* (c. 1603).—I. G.

22. *"the poor Duke's officers";* this stroke of pleasantry, arising from the transposition of the epithet *poor,* has already occurred in *Measure for Measure.* Elbow says, "If it please your honour, I am the *poor Duke's* constable."—H. N. H.

23. *"tedious";* Dogberry understands by the word "gracious," or the like.—C. H. H.

though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbor Verges: well, God 's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshiped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbor!

Leon. Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we

38. *"When the age is in, the wit is out";* a blunder for the old proverbial expression, "when the ale is in, wit is out"—

> "When ale is in, wit is out,
> When ale is out, wit is in,
> The first thou showest out of doubt,
> The last in thee hath not been."
>
> —Heywood's *Epigrams and Proverbs.*
> —I. G.

39. *"a world to see";* this was a common apostrophe of admiration, equivalent to *it is wonderful,* or *it is admirable.* Baret in his *Alvearie,* 1580, explains *"It is a world to heare"* by "It is a thing worthie the hearing, *audire est operæ pretium.*" In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* we have "Is it not *a world* to consider?"—H. N. H.

would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I 'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here 's that shall drive some of them to a noncome: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, and attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

12. *"know any inward impediment";* this is borrowed from our marriage ceremony, which (with a few changes in phraseology) is the same as was used in Shakespeare's time.—H. N. H.

Friar. Know you any, count?
Leon. I dare make his answer, none.
Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!
Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!
Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?
Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.
Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?
D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.
Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She 's but the sign and semblance of her honor.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;

23. *"ah, ha, he!";* Benedick is in a grammatical state of mind, and here quotes from his *Accidence.*—H. N. H.

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
Leon. What do you mean, my lord?
Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.
Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—
Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.
Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?
D. Pedro. What should I speak:
I stand dishonor'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

52. "the 'forehand sin"; an act which was sinful only because premature.—C. H. H.

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honor,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night

72. *"True! O God!";* Hero's words are in reply to the speech of John. The passage is usually pointed thus: "True, O God!" as if it were in answer to Benedick.—H. N. H.

Claud. ". . . But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!"

Much Ado About Nothing. Act 4, Scene 1.

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offense to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[*Hero swoons.*

Beat. Why, how how, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.
[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!

111. *"conjecture";* suspicion.—C. H. H.

Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick!
Friar!

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirched thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said, 'No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,

130. *"printed in her blood"*; that is, which her *blushes* discovered to be true.—H. N. H.

Valuing of her,—why, she, O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,

Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honor;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honor,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us

Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be level'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,

236. *"his study of imagination"*; his brooding fancy.—C. H. H.

The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not;

262. *"The smallest twine may lead me";* this is one of Shakespeare's subtle observations upon life. Men, overpowered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him.—H. N. H.

and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offense, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

307. *"I am gone, though I am here";* that is, though my person stay with you, my heart is gone from you.—H. N. H.

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

337. *"and trim ones too"; trim* seems here to signify *apt, fair spoken. Tongue* used in the singular, and *trim ones* in the plural, is a mode of construction not uncommon in Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that 's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Scene ii. Nearly all the speeches of Dogberry throughout the scene are given to the famous comedian "Kemp," those of Verges to "Cowley." William Kemp and Richard Cowley are among the "principall actors" enumerated in the First Folio. The retention of the names of the actors "supplies a measure of the editorial care to which the several Folios were submitted." Dogberry's speech is assigned to *"Andrew,"* probably a familiar appellation of Kemp, who, according to the Cambridge Edition, often played the part of "Merry Andrew."—I. G.

5. *"We have the exhibition to examine."* Verges' blunder is not

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. }

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvelous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are

quite clear: possibly "exhibition" is used in the sense of "allowance" or permission; otherwise he perhaps means "examination to exhibit." —I. G.

both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sex. Master Constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that 's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down, Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master Constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly

stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God 's my life, where 's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that

73. *"Let them be in the hands—"*; the reading of the old copies here is,—"Let them be in the hands of coxcomb"; thus running two speeches into one, as is evident from Dogberry's reply. The correction was made by Theobald, and has been universally received. Of course Verges was broken off in the midst of his speech; so that there is no telling how he would have ended.—H. N. H.

hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when he should
groan,

12. *"answer every strain for strain";* correspond, pang for pang (with my woe).—C. H. H.

16. *"Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem'!"* The Quarto and the first and second Folios read, *"And sorrow wagge, crie hem":* Folio 3, *"And*

Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My grief's cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

hallow, wag, cry hem": Folio 4, *"And hollow, wag, cry hem."* Many emendations have been suggested. Capell's *"bid sorrow wag,"* is now generally adopted. Johnson proposed *"Cry, sorrow wag! and hem."* ("Sorrow wag," like "care away," was probably a proverbial phrase.) One other suggestion is perhaps noteworthy:—*"And, sorry wag, cry 'hem.'"*—I. G.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonor her.
Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords,—
D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.
Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.
D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himself with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him:
Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with gray hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villainy!
Claud. My villainy?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I 'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.
Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child.
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that 's no matter; let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I 'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother,—

65. *"bruise of many days"*; furrows of age.—C. H. H

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!
Leon. Brother Antony,—
Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antiquely, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.
Leon. But, brother Antony,—
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.
D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honor, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord,—
D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

102. *"wake your patience";* that is, rouse, stir up, convert your patience into anger, by remaining longer in your presence.—H. N. H.

Leon. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.
Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*
D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter Benedick.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?
Bene. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.
Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.
Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valor. I came to seek you both.
Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?
Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?
D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.
D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?
Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife 's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I 'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit:' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit:' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said

I, 'the gentleman is wise:' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues:' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he foreswore on Tuesday morning: there 's a double tongue; there 's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humor: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank

172. *"wise gentleman"* was probably used ironically for a silly fellow; as we still say a *wise-acre.*—H. N. H.

192. *"Benedick the married man";* cf. i. 1. 284.—C. H. H.

195. *"break jests as braggarts do their blades";* fling them recklessly out. The braggarts "break" their blades in the figurative sense suggested by the "breaking" of jests.—C. H. H.

you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I 'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee.

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offense, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offense have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false re-

port; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what 's their offense; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there 's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what 's your offense?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments: how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record;

239. *"one meaning well suited";* that is, *one meaning put into many different dresses;* the Prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech.—H. N. H.

241. *"bound to your answer";* called to account.—C. H. H.

which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery:
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,

272. *"plaintiffs";* a double blunder; Borachio and Conrade being not "defendants" (in a civil action) but prisoners (in a criminal one).—C. H. H.

275. *"specify";* Dogberry can only have blundered into this correct use of so technical a word; he meant to say "testify."—C. H. H.

That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honorable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds:
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I:
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labor aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,

306. *"an epitaph upon her tomb";* it was the custom to attach, upon or near the tombs of celebrated persons, a written inscription,

And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it

either in prose or verse, generally in praise of the deceased.—H. N. H.

311. *"my child that 's dead";* it would seem that Antonio's son, mentioned in Act i. sc. 2, must have died since the play began.—H. N. H.

320. *"naughty";* wicked.—C. H. H.

be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbor.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I 'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellows on.
We 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Exeunt, severally.*

Scene II

Leonato's garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must

put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Exit Margaret.*

[*Sings*] The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and

yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love,—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there 's

49. *"came"; i. e.* came for.—C. H. H.

not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbors. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamor, and a quarter in rheum: therefore it is most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and

82. *"an old instance";* an argument derived from the good old days, and which had force ("lived") when men might trust their neighbors to praise them.—C. H. H.

Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and three or four with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

A Lord. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reading out of a scroll*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

112. *"buried in thy eyes";* Mr. Collier says,—"The Rev. Mr. Barry suggests to me, that the words *heart* and *eyes* have in some way changed places in the old copies."—H. N. H.

3. *"done to death";* this phrase occurs frequently in writers of Shakespeare's time: it appears to be derived from the French phrase, *faire mourir.*—H. N. H.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,

13. *"knight"* was a common poetical appellation of virgins in Shakespeare's time; probably in allusion to their being the votarists of Diana, whose chosen pastime was in knightly sports. Thus, in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen,* Act v. sc. 1:

> "O! sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
> Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
> Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
> As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy *female knights*
> Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
> Which is their order's robe."—H. N. H.

20, 21. *"Heavily, heavily";* so reads the Quarto; the Folios *"Heavenly, heavenly,"* adopted by many editors. The same error, however, of *"heavenly"* for *"heavily"* occurs in the Folio reading of *Hamlet* II. ii. 309.

"The slayers of the virgin knight are performing a solemn requiem on the body of Hero, and they invoke Midnight and the shades of the dead to assist, until *her* death be *uttered,* that is, proclaimed, published, sorrowfully, sorrowfully" (Halliwell).—I. G.

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, Friar Francis, and Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favor.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince: but what 's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honorable marriage:
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, and two or three others.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I 'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother; here 's the friar ready. [*Exit Antonio.*
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what 's the matter.
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man; we 'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies masked.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she 's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife: [*Unmasking.*

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled; but I do live
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify:
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name. What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio
Have been deceived; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I 'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her;
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here 's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I 'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humor. Dost thou think I care for a satire or or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this

87. *"of his own pure brain";* of his unaided invention.—C. H. H.

is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgeled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends: let 's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We 'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I 'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers. [*Dance. Exeunt.*

127. *"There is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn"; i. e.* having a ferrule of horn; there is, of course, a quibbling allusion in the words to the favorite Elizabethan joke.—I. G.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abused, deceived; V. ii. 107.

Accordant, favorable; I. ii. 15.

Adam; alluding to the outlaw Adam Bell, famous as an archer (*cp.* Percy's Reliques); I. i. 276.

Advertisement, moral instruction; V. i. 32.

Afeard, afraid; II. iii. 168.

Affect, love; I. i. 316.

Affection, desire; II. ii. 6.

After, afterwards; I. i. 346.

Agate; an allusion to the little figures cut in agates, often worn in rings; a symbol of smallness; III. i. 65.

Aim; "a. better at me," form a better opinion of me; III. ii. 102.

Alliance; "Good Lord for al." *i. e.* "Heaven send me a husband," or "Good Lord, how many alliances are forming!"; II. i. 337.

Alms; "an alms"=a charity; II. iii. 176.

Ancientry, old fashioned manners; II. i. 82.

Angel, a gold coin (with pun upon *noble* and *angel*, both coins); II. iii. 38.

Answer; "to your a." *i. e.* "to answer for your conduct"; V. i. 241.

Antique, antic, buffoon; III. i. 63.

Antiquely, fantastically; V. i. 96.

Apes; a reference to the old superstition that old maids had to lead apes in hell; II. i. 44.

Appear itself, appear as a reality; I. ii. 23.

Apprehension; "professed ap." *i. e.* "set up for a wit"; III. iv. 71.

Approved, tried, proved; II. i. 345; IV. i. 45.

Argument, subject (for satire); I. i. 273; proof; II. iii. 261.

At a word=in a word; II. i. 119.

Ate, goddess of Fury and Mischief; II. i. 268.

Baldrick, belt; I. i. 257.

Bear in hand, keep in (false) hope; IV. i. 318.

Bear-ward (Quartos, Folios, read berrord; other eds., bearherd), bear-leader; II. i. 43.

Beaten; "b. with brains," *i. e.* mocked; V. iv. 104.

Bel; "God Bel's priests" alludes to some representation in stained glass of the story of *Bel* and the Dragon; III. iii. 149.

Below stairs; "shall I always

keep below stairs," an expression of doubtful meaning; probably = "in the servant's room"; hence "remain unmarried"; V. ii. 10.

Bent, tension, straining (properly an expression of archery); II. iii. 249; disposition; IV. i. 196.

Bills; "set up his bills," *i. e.* "posted his challenge, like a fencing-master"; I. i. 40.

Bills, pikes carried by watchmen; III. iii. 47.

Bills, used quibblingly for (1) bonds, and (2) watchmen's halberds; III. iii. 198.

Bird-bolt, a short arrow with a broad flat end, used to kill birds without piercing; I. i. 44.

Black, dark-complexioned; III. i. 63.

Blazon, explanation; II. i. 312.

Block, wooden model for shaping hats; I. i. 81.

Blood, temperament; I. iii. 31; passion; II. i. 187.

Bloods, young fellows; III. iii. 146.

Boarded, accosted; II. i. 150.

Books; "not in your books," *i. e.* "not in your good books"; I. i. 83.

Borrows; "b. money in God's name," *i. e.* "begs it"; V. i. 334.

Bottle, a small wooden barrel; I. i. 274.

Brave, becoming, fitting; V. iv. 132.

Break, broach the subject; I. i. 329, 346.

Breathing = breathing-space; II. i. 387.

Bring, accompany; III. ii. 4.

Bucklers; "I give thee the b." *i. e.* "I yield thee the victory"; V. ii. 17.

By, concerning; V. i. 327.

Candle-wasters, those who burn the midnight oil, bookworms; V. i. 18.

Canker, canker-rose; I. iii. 29.

Capon, used as a term of contempt; (? a pun, according to some = "a fool's cap on"); V. i. 161.

Carduus; "C. Benedictus," the holy-thistle; a plant supposed to cure all diseases, including the plague; III. iv. 76.

Care killed a cat, an old proverbial expression; V. i. 136.

Career; "in the c." *i. e.* "in tilting, as at a tournament"; V. i. 138.

Carpet-mongers, carpet-knights; V. ii. 33.

Carriage, bearing, deportment; I. iii. 32.

Carry, carry out; II. iii. 239.

Carving, modeling, fashioning; II. iii. 19.

Censured, judged; II. iii. 250.

Charge, burden; I. i. 109; commission, office; III. iii. 8.

Cheapen, bid for; II. iii. 36.

Cinque-pace, a lively kind of dance; II. i. 79, 84.

Circumstances; "c. shortened," *i. e.* "to omit details"; III. ii. 110.

Civet, a perfume made from the civetcat; III. ii. 53.

Civil, used quibblingly with a play upon "civil" and "Seville"; II. i. 309.

Claw, flatter; I. iii. 19.

Cog, to deceive, especially by smooth lies; V. i. 95.

Coil; confusion; III. iii. 105;

old coil = much ado, great stir, "the devil to pay"; V. ii. 105.

Coldly, quietly; III. ii. 139.

Commodity, any kind of merchandise; III. iii. 197.

Company, companionship; V. i. 198.

Comprehended, blunder for "apprehended"; III. v. 51.

Conceit, conception; II. i. 314.

Conditions, qualities; III. ii. 71.

Confirmed, unmoved; V. iv. 17.

Consummate, consummated; III. ii. 1.

Contemptible, contemptuous; II. iii. 202.

Controlment, constraint; I. iii. 22.

Conveyance; "impossible c." incredible dexterity; II. i. 256.

Count Comfect, *i. e.* "Count Sugarplum," with probably a play upon *conte* or *compte,* a fictitious story; IV. i. 331.

Counties, counts; IV. i. 330.

County, count; II. i. 196; II. i. 378.

Courtesies, mere forms of courtesy; IV. i. 335.

Courtesy = curtsey; II. i. 59.

Cousins, kinsmen, enrolled among the dependants of great families, little more than attendants; I. ii. 27.

Cross; "broke c." *i. e.* "broke athwart the opponent's body"; (an expression taken from tilting); V. i. 142.

Cunning, clever; V. i. 242.

Curst, shrewish; II. i. 22, 23, &c.

Daff, put off; V. i. 78.

Daffed, put aside; II. iii. 188.

Dangerous, threatening; V. i. 97.

Deadly, mortally; V. i. 184.

Dear happiness, a precious piece of good fortune; I. i. 136.

Decerns = a blunder for "concerns"; III. v. 4.

Defend, forbid; II. i. 99.

Defiled (the reading of the Quartos, omitted in the Folio), defiled by slander; V. iv. 63.

Deprave, practice detraction; V. i. 95.

Difference, used technically; "heraldic differences" distinguish the bearers of the same coat armor, and demonstrate their nearness to the representative of the family; I. i. 72.

Discover, reveal; III. ii. 100.

Discovered, revealed; I. ii. 12.

Division, order, arrangement; V. i. 238.

Doctor, a learned person; V. i. 213.

Don worm (Conscience was formerly represented under the symbol of a worm); V. ii. 91.

Dotage, doting love; II. iii. 187, 241.

Double-dealer, one who is unfaithful in love or wedlock; V. iv. 118.

Doublet and hose; "in his d. and h." *i. e.* "without his cloak"; alluding to the custom of taking off the cloak before fighting a duel; V. i. 210.

Doubt, suspect; V. i. 118.

Draw, draw the bow of a fiddle (according to others draw the instruments from their cases); V. i. 130.

Drovier = drover; II. i. 202.

Dry hand (a sign of a cold and chaste nature); II. i. 123.

Dumb-show, a pantomime; II. iii. 243.

Dumps, low spirits; II. iii. 78.

Earnest, handsel, part payment; II. i. 43.
Ecstasy, madness; II. iii. 167.
Eftest, quickest (perhaps a blunder for "deftest"); IV. ii. 39.
Embassage, embassy; I. i. 299.
Engaged, pledged; IV. i. 319.
Entertained, employed; I. iii. 62.
Europa, Europe (used quibblingly); V. iv. 45–6.
Even, plain; IV. i. 277.
Every day, immediately, without delay, as the French *incessamment;* perhaps "E. to-morrow" ="every day (after) to-morrow"; III. i. 101.
Excommunication, blunder for "communication"; III. v. 71.
Exhibition; "e. to examine," possibly a blunder for "examination to exhibit"; IV. ii. 5.
Experimental; "e. seal" *i. e.* "the seal of experience"; IV. i. 176.

Faith, fidelity in friendship; I. i. 79; honor, pledge; V. iv. 8.
Fancy, love; III. ii. 33.
Fashion-monging, foppish; V. i. 94.
Fathers herself, is like her father; I. i. 118.
Favor, countenance; II. i. 99.
Fence, skill in fencing; V. i. 75.
Festival terms, not in everyday language; V. ii. 43.
Fetch me in, draw me into a confession; I. i. 238.
Fine, conclusion; I. i. 260.
Fleer, sneer; V. i. 58.
Fleet, company; II. i. 149.
Flight, shooting with the flight, a kind of light and well-feathered arrow; I. i. 41.
Flout; "f. old ends," *i. e.* make fun of old endings of letters; I. i. 307.
Flouting Jack, mocking rascal; I. i. 196.
Foining, thrusting; V. i. 84.
Frame, order, disposition of things; IV. i. 136.
Framed, devised; V. i. 71.
From, away from; "f. all fashions," averse to all fashions, eccentric; III. i. 72.
Full; "you have it full," *i. e.* "you are fully answered"; I. i. 116.
Full, fully; III. i. 45.
Furnish, to dress; III. i. 103.

Girdle; "to turn his girdle," to give a challenge (alluding to the practice of turning the large buckle of the girdle behind one, previously to challenging anyone); V. i. 147.
God save the Foundation! (the customary phrase employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses); V. i. 346.
Go in = join with you in; I. i. 199.
Good den, good evening; III. ii. 86.
Good-year, supposed to be a corruption of *goujère,* a disease; used as a mild imprecation; I. iii. 1.
Go to the world, to marry; II. i. 338.
Grace, favor; I. iii. 25.
Gracious, attractive; IV. i. 113.
Grant; the fairest grant ="the best boon is that which answers the necessities of the case"; I. i. 337.
Great Cham, the Khan of Tartary; II. i. 283.
Guarded, ornamented; I. i. 305.
Guards, ornaments; I. i. 306.
Guerdon, recompense; V. iii. 5.

H, *i. e. ache;* the latter word and the name of the letter were pronounced alike; III. iv. 59.

Haggards, wild, untrained hawks; III. i. 36.

Half-pence, very small pieces; II. iii. 156.

Happiness; "outward happiness," *i. e.* "prepossessing appearance"; II. iii. 204.

Hare-finder, one skilled to find the hare; with perhaps a play upon "hair-finder"; I. i. 197.

Head, "to thy head"="to thy face"; V. i. 62.

Hearken after, inquire into; V. i. 223.

"Heigh-ho for a husband," the title of an old ballad still extant (*cp.* III. iv. 57, 58); II. i. 340.

Height, highest degree; IV. i. 315.

High-proof, in a high degree; V. i. 123.

Hobby-horses (used as a term of contempt); III. ii. 78.

Hold it up, continue it; II. iii. 134.

Holds; "h. you well," thinks well of you; III. ii. 104.

How, however; III. i. 60.

"Hundred Merry Tales," a popular jest-book of the time (included in Hazlitt's Collection of Shakespeare Jest Books, 1864); II. i. 135.

Important, importunate; II. i. 75.

Impose me to, impose upon me; V. i. 294.

In, with; II. i. 69.

Incensed, instigated; V. i. 251.

Infinite, infinite stretch, utmost power; II. iii. 112.

In respect of = in comparison with; III. iv. 20.

Intend, pretend; II. ii. 36.

In that, inasmuch as; V. iv. 112.

Invention, mental activity; IV. i. 204.

Inwardness, intimacy; IV. i. 256.

Jacks (used as a term of contempt); V. i. 91.

Just, that is so; II. i. 29.

Kid-fox, young fox; II. iii. 46.

Kind, natural; I. i. 27.

Kindly, natural; IV. i. 78.

Lapwing, a reference to the habit of the female green plover; when disturbed on its nest it runs close to the ground a short distance without uttering any cry, while the male bird keeps flying round the intruder, uttering its peculiar cry very rapidly and loudly, and trying, by every means, to draw him in a contrary direction from the nest; III. i. 24.

Large, "large jests," broad jests; II. iii. 222.

Large, free, licentious; IV. i. 54.

Leaf'd, covered; V. iv. 49.

Learn, teach; IV. i. 31.

Lewd, depraved; V. i. 364.

Liberal, licentious; IV. i. 97.

Light o' Love, a popular old dance tune, often referred to; III. iv. 47.

Limed, snared as with bird-lime; III. i. 104.

Liver (used as "heart" for the seat of love); IV. i. 242.

Lock, a love-lock; III. iii. 190.

Lock; "he wears a key in his ear, and a l. hanging by it," a quibbling allusion to the "love-

locks" worn at the time, and perhaps to the fashion of wearing roses in the ears; V. i. 333.

Lodge, the hut occupied by the watchman in a rabbit-warren; II. i. 224.

Low, short; III. i. 65.

Lustihood, vigor; V. i. 76.

Luxurious, lustful; IV. i. 42.

March-chick, chicken hatched in March, denoting precocity; I. iii. 60.

Marl, a kind of clay; II. i. 67.

Match, mate, marry; II. i. 69.

Matter, sense, seriousness; II. i. 351.

Matter, "no such matter," nothing of the kind; II. iii. 241.

May, can; IV. i. 278.

Measure, used quibblingly in double sense in connection with dance; II. i. 75.

Medicinable, medicinal; II. ii. 5.

Meet with, even with; I. i. 49.

Merely, entirely; II. iii. 242.

Metal, material; II. i. 64.

Misgovernment, misconduct; IV. i. 104.

Misprising, despising; III. i. 52.

Misprision, mistake; IV. i. 195.

Misuse, deceive; II. ii. 28.

Misused, abused; II. i. 249.

Moe, more; II. iii. 77.

Monument; "in m."="in men's memory"; V. ii. 86.

Moral, hidden meaning, like the moral of a fable; III. iv. 81.

Moral, ready to moralize; V. i. 30.

Mortifying, killing; I. iii. 13.

Mountain, a great heap, a huge amount; II. i. 391.

Mountanto, *i. e.* montanto, a term in fencing, "an upright blow or thrust," applied by Beatrice to Benedict; I i. 31.

Near, dear to; II. i. 170.

Neighbors; the time of "good n." *i. e.* "when men were not envious of one another"; V. ii. 84.

New-trothed, newly betrothed; III. i. 38.

Night-gown, dressing gown; III. iv. 19.

Night-raven, the owl or the night-heron; II. iii. 89.

Noncome; "to a n." probably = to be *non compos mentis;* III. v. 70.

Nothing, pronounced much in the same way as "noting"; hence the pun here on "nothing" and "noting"; II. iii. 64.

Nuptial, marriage ceremony; IV. i. 71.

Of, by; I. i. 132.

Off, away from; III. v. 10.

On, of; IV. i. 145.

Only, alone, of all others; I. iii. 43.

Opinioned, a blunder for "pinioned"; IV. ii. 72.

Orchard, garden; I. ii. 10.

Orthography=orthographer, one who uses fine words; II. iii. 22.

Out-facing, facing the matter out with looks; V. i. 94.

Over-borne, overcome; II. iii. 167.

Pack'd, implicated; V. i. 322.

Palabras, *i. e. pocas palabras,* (Spanish)="few words"; III. v. 18.

Partridge wing (formerly considered the most delicate part of the bird); II. i. 156.

Passing, exceedingly; II. i. 86.

Passion, emotion; V. i. 23.

Pent-house, a porch or shed with sloping roof; III. iii. 115.

Philemon's roof; an allusion to the story of the peasant Philemon and his Baucis, who received Jupiter into their thatched cottage; II. i. 101.

Piety, Dogberry's blunder for "impiety"; IV. ii. 86.

Pigmies, a race of dwarfs fabled to dwell beyond Mount Imaus in India; II. i. 284.

Pikes, central spikes screwed into the bucklers or shields, of the 16th century; V. ii. 21.

Pitch; "they that touch pitch, &c.," a popular proverb derived from *Ecclesiasticus* xiii. 1; III. iii. 64.

Pleached, interwoven; III. i. 7.

Pleasant, merry; I. i. 38.

Pluck up, rouse thyself; V. i. 214.

Possess, inform; V. i. 303.

Possessed, influenced; III. iii. 173.

Practice, contrivance, plotting; IV. i. 198.

Preceptial; "p. medicine," *i. e.* "the medicine of precepts"; V. i. 24.

Present, represent; III. iii. 83.

Presently, immediately; II. ii. 60.

Press; an allusion to the punishment known as the *peine forte et dure,* which consisted of piling heavy weights on the body; III. i. 76.

Prester John, Presbyter John, a mythical Christian King of India, of whose wonders Mandeville tells us much; II. i. 282.

Prized, estimated; III. i. 90.

Prohibit (used amiss by Dogberry); V. i. 355.

Prolong'd, deferred; IV. i. 266.

Proof; "your own p." *i. e.* "in your own trial of her"; IV. i. 46.

Proper, handsome; II. iii. 203.

Properest, handsomest; V. i. 180.

Propose, conversation; III. i. 12.

Proposing, conversing; III. i. 3.

Push; "made a push at," *i. e.* "defied"; V. i. 38.

Qualify, moderate; V. iv. 67.

Queasy, squeamish; II. i. 399.

Question; "in q." *i. e.* "under trial, subject to judicial examination"; III. iii. 199.

Question = that 's the question; V. ii. 89.

Question, investigation; V. iv. 6.

Quips, sarcasms; II. iii. 268.

Quirks, shallow conceits; II. iii. 264.

Quit, requite; IV. i. 210.

Rabato, collar, ruff; III. iv. 6.

Rack, stretch, exaggerate; IV. i. 231.

Reasons (punning, according to some commentators, upon "reasons" and "raisins"); V. i. 218.

Recheat, a term of the chase; the call sounded to bring the dogs back; I. i. 256.

Reclusive, secluded; IV. i. 253.

Redemption, a blunder for "perdition"; IV. ii. 61.

Reechy, reeky, dirty; III. iii. 148.

Reformed, Dogberry's blunder for *informed;* V. i. 273.

Remorse, compassion; IV. i. 222.

Render, give back; IV. i. 30.

Reportingly, on mere report; III. i. 116.

Reprove, disprove; II. iii. 259.

Reverence, privilege of age; V. i. 64.
Rheum, tears; V. ii. 90.
Right; "do me right," give me satisfaction; V. i. 153.

Sad, serious; I. i. 195; I. iii. 64; II. i. 366–7.
Sadly, seriously; II. iii. 246.
Salved, palliated; I. i. 335.
Saturn; "born under S." *i. e.* "of a saturnine or phlegmatic disposition"; I. iii. 12.
Scab, used quibblingly for (1) sore, and (2) a low fellow; III. iii. 112.
Scambling, scrambling; V. i. 94.
Seeming, hypocrisy; IV. i. 58.
Self-endeared, self-loving; III. i. 56.
Sentences, sententious sayings; II. iii. 268.
Seven-night, "a just s." *i. e.* "exactly a week"; II. i. 383.
Shaven Hercules, probably alludes to Hercules, shaved to look like a woman, while in the service of Omphale; III. iii. 151.
Shrewd, shrewish; II. i. 20.
Side, long; III. iv. 22.
Sigh; "sigh away Sundays," possibly an allusion to the Puritans' Sabbath; according to others the phrase signifies that a man has no rest at all; I. i. 216.
Slanders, misapplied by Dogberry for "slanderers"; V. i. 228.
Slops, large loose breeches; III. ii. 38.
Smirched, soiled; III. iii. 151.
Smoking, fumigating; I. iii. 63.
So, if; II. i. 93.
Soft you, hold, stop; V. i. 214.
Sort, rank; I. i. 7; I. i. 34.
Sort, turn out; V. iv. 7.
Speed's, *i. e.* speed us; V. iii. 32.
Spell; "s. him backward," misconstrue him; III. i. 61.
Squarer, quarreler; I. i. 86.
Staff, lance; V. i. 141.
Stale, harlot; IV. i. 67.
Stalk, walk, like a fowler behind a stalking-horse; II. iii. 101.
Start-up, up-start; I. iii. 71.
Stomach, appetite; I. iii. 16.
Stops, the divisions on the finger-board of a lute; III. ii. 65.
Strain, family, lineage; II. i. 404.
Strain; "strain for strain," *i. e.* feeling for feeling; V. i. 12.
Style (used with a quibble on "stile"); V. ii. 6.
Success, the issue; IV. i. 245.
Sufferance, suffering; V. i. 38.
Suffigance, blunder for "sufficient"; III. v. 57.
Sun-burnt, homely, ill-favored; II. i. 339.
Sure, faithful; I. iii. 73.
Suspect, misapplied for "respect"; IV. ii. 81, 82.
Suspicion (*i. e.* suspicion of having horns under it); I. i. 213.
Swift, ready; III. i. 89.

Taken up, used quibblingly for (1) arrested, and (2) obtained on credit; III. iii. 198.
Tale; "both in a tale," *i. e.* "they both say the same"; IV. ii. 34.
Tax, to censure; I. i. 48.
Teach, to be taught; I. i. 311.
Temper, compound, mix; II. ii. 21.
Temporize, make terms; I. i. 292.
Terminations, terms; II. i. 260.
Thick-pleached, thickly interwoven; I. ii. 10.

Tickling (trisyllabic); III. i. 80.
Tire, head-dress; III. iv. 13.
To, with; II. i. 247.
Tongues; "he hath the t." *i. e.* "he knows foreign languages"; V. i. 173.
To-night, last night; III. v. 34.
Tooth-picker = tooth-pick; II. i. 280.
Top; "by the top" = by the forelock; I. ii. 16.
Trace, walk; III. i. 16.
Trans-shape, caricature; V. i. 178.
Trial; "to trial of a man," *i. e.* "to a combat, man to man"; V. i. 66.
Trow = trow ye, *i. e.* think ye? III. iv. 62.
Truth, genuine proof; II. ii. 50.
Tuition, guardianship; I. i. 300.
Turned Turk = completely changed for the worse; III. iv. 60.
Tyrant, pitiless censor; I. i. 178.

Unconfirmed, inexperienced; III. iii. 129.
Underborne, trimmed, faced; III. iv. 22.
Undergoes, is subject to; V. ii. 59.
Unhappiness, wanton or mischievous tricks; II. i. 368.
Untowardly, unluckily; III. ii. 141.
Up and down, exactly; II. i. 124.
Upon, in consequence of; IV. i. 234.
Use, usury, interest; II. i. 294.
Used; "hath u." *i. e.* has made a practice of; used equivocally; V. i. 335.
Usurer's chain, an allusion to the gold chains worn by the more wealthy merchants, many of whom were bankers; II. i. 198.

Vagrom, Dogberry's blunder for vagrant; III. iii. 28.
Venice, the city of pleasure-seekers, frequently alluded to as such by Elizabethan writers; I. i. 289.

Weak, foolish; III. i. 54.
Weeds, garments, dress; V. iii. 30.
Windy; "on the w. side of care," *i. e.* "to windward of care" (the metaphor being from two sailing boats racing); II. i. 334.
Wish, desire; III. i. 42.
Wit, wisdom; II. iii. 209.
With = by; II. i. 64; V. iv. 129.
Wits; "five wits," *i. e.* "the five intellectual powers,—common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory"; I. i 69.
Woe, woeful tribute; V. iii. 33.
Woo, press: II. iii. 53.
Woodcock, fool; V. i. 163.
Woolen, blankets; II. i. 33.
Wring, writhe; V. i. 28.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What are the sources of the plot of this play?

2. What stage of the poet's development is manifest in its style? Characterize the style and movement, and the interplay of scenes.

3. What are the causes of the play's effectiveness on the stage? Characterize the nature of its interest and specify scenes that carry its points of variety.

4. What does Coleridge say about the comparative value of plot and characters in drama, and specifically as pointed in this play?

5. Compare the wit of Beatrice and Benedick. Describe the character impression they make.

6. State the adverse opinions of Beatrice held by some commentators.

7. Describe the impression of Claudio's character. Can anything explain the presentment of his action as sometimes incompatible with a sensible temper or understanding?

8. Give a character-sketch of Hero.

9. What is the danger of over sharpness of wit even with wholesomeness of spirit and intellectual force,—as exemplified in Beatrice and Benedick?

10. Why is the repetition of the stratagem in both the cases of Beatrice and Benedick necessary to bring about their straightforward and simple recognition of each other?

11. What is Don John's place in the scheme of the play?

ACT I

12. Why does the conversation between Don Pedro and Benedick arouse suspicion as to the outcome of the drama? Why is such a dramatic effect important in the introductory scene?

13. What is the keynote of Don John's mood as introduced in scene iii?

14. What is the dramatic effect of introducing Beatrice at once with her sharpest characteristic expression?

15. What might the witty banter between Beatrice and Benedick have signified to an observer of the note they actually took of one another? Who especially seems to have been an experienced and sympathetic observer in this respect?

16. Does Benedick say anything in the introductory scene that would indicate admiration for Beatrice?—If so—does it produce the impression of being conscious,—or of being the expression of an unrealized undercurrent of appreciation of her?

17. What initial impression does Claudio make?

18. To what old tale does Benedict refer when he quotes, "It is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so," in lines 231–233, scene i?

19. What scene leads to the specific action of the plot?

ACT II

20. What is the character of Claudio's expression of love for Hero? What is the dramatic method employed to make his mood apparent?

21. Does Don John appear to have made any definite plan for crossing Claudio's love when he tells Claudio that Don Pedro loves her?

22. Why does Don John feel evilly disposed towards Claudio? Who gives him his first idea for focusing his ill will in a specific act?

23. Has Benedick already in the first two acts shown his own qualities without the praises of Don Pedro and oth-

ers, or do these materially assist the introductory conception of him?

24. What passages in this act show more a merry-heartedness at the root of all Beatrice's wit, than any of the shrewish sharpness sometimes accredited to her?

25. Characterize the comedy element of the scene of the talk in the orchard for the hidden Benedick's benefit. What is a particularly realistic touch,—for such a situation,—in the interplay of the fancy of the speakers discussing Benedick?

26. Indicate the dramatic effects of the play of "asides" and what Benedick is intended to overhear, in this scene.

27. Describe the comedy and the human elements in the change of base, Benedick expresses, in his first soliloquy and his last, in scene iii.

28. In what sense does Don Pedro probably use "contemptible" in line 202, scene iii?

29. What is meant by "within the house is Jove," line 102, scene i?

30. In what sense does Benedick use "bitter" in line 216, scene i?

31. Where does Leonato voice what might be a general impression of the chance of congeniality between Beatrice and Benedick? Does this impression seem likely to prove superficial from the trend of their character drawing in the first two acts?

ACT III

32. Compare scene iii of Act II with scene i, Act III. Is there an essential difference between them in spite of their similar intent? If so, to what is it due?

33. Compare Beatrice's expression of the effect upon her of the overheard conversation of Hero and Ursula,—with that of Benedick in the similar case in the orchard.

34. Are the distinctions which answer questions 32 and 33 characteristic of the Poet's insight into the relative natures of men and women? In what ways? State by analysis.

35. In line 9, scene ii, what is Don Pedro's object in suggesting to Benedick that he accompany him to Arragon,—and in further expatiating on Benedick's heart-whole condition? What dramatic purpose in the scene does it serve?

36. What does Claudio mean by "crept into a lute-string," line 64, scene ii?

37. Comment on the banter directed at Benedick in scene ii. On Benedick's mode of taking it.

38. Describe Dogberry. What has made him so marked a character?—Cite commentary on him.

39. What would be the sympathetic interpretation of Dogberry by an actor?

40. Does Dogberry seem to express a merry satire on officials of his *genre?* In what respects, if so, is this dramatically presented?

41. Characterize the scene in which Margaret and Hero tease Beatrice, and lead her on to her awakening feeling for Benedick. What are the playful tactics employed, and how do they succeed?

42. Is the effect of the suspension of the crisis at the end of this act, that of a fatality, or does it seem forced? Do delays at critical times occur in such ways in real life? What can be said of the relation of Dogberry's characteristic action and the effect produced by the delay at this point?

ACT IV

43. Describe the handling of scene i.

44. Was it natural or unnatural that Claudio and Don Pedro should believe in the evidence Don John presented to them concerning Hero's unfaithfulness? Is their belief a dramatic necessity to the plot?

45. Was Claudio's choice of the church wedding for his disclosure more dramatic, than it would be justifiable in real life? What is the apparently instinctive feeling of Beatrice about it?

46. How is the dramatic change of mood at Hero's broken-off wedding helpful to the love affair of Benedick

and Beatrice? Does it complete the work of the stratagem begun previously by their friends? What does this episode of Hero's trouble show of the real natures of Beatrice and Benedick?

47. In a dramatic sense,—how does this episode of Hero's suffering and wrong appertain to a comedy, and not to a tragedy? State the distinction.

ACT V

48. In scene i does Claudio's "gossip-like humor" at the encounter with Benedick seem too light in the circumstances?—Why might he outwardly appear light in such a case?

49. To what custom does Leonato refer when he says "Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb," line 306, scene i?

50. Describe the movement of the last scene. Characterize its dramatic quality;—the play of talk and mood as according with the nature of the resolution, and the by-play of cheerful banter that has lead up to it.

51. Trace the movement of the central plot from its inception to the resolution of the drama. What is directly preliminary to it?—Where first active?—Where does it critically develop?—What scenes sustain the critical interval? Who represents the genius of the plot? As distinguished from this, what characters and action convey the atmosphere and quality of the play?

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EARLY EDITIONS

The authorized text of *Hamlet* is based on (i) a Quarto edition published in the year 1604, and (ii) the First Folio version of 1623, where the play follows *Julius Cæsar* and *Macbeth*, preceding *King Lear*. The Quarto of 1604 has the following title-page:—

"The | Tragicall Historie of | Hamlet, | *Prince of Denmarke*. | By William Shakespeare. | Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much | againe as it was, according to the true and perfect | Coppie. | At London, | Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his | shoppe vnder Saint Dunston's Church in | Fleetstreet. 1604" (*vide* No. 2 of *Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles*, issued by W. Griggs, under the superintendence of Dr. Furnival).

A comparison of the two texts shows that they are derived from independent sources; neither is a true copy of the author's manuscript; the Quarto edition, though very carelessly printed, is longer than the Folio version, and is essentially more valuable; on the other hand, the Folio version contains a few passages which are not found in the Quarto, and contrasts favorably with it in the less important matter of typographical accuracy (*vide* Notes, *passim*).

The two editions represent, in all probability, two distinct acting versions of Shakespeare's perfect text.

Quarto editions appeared in 1605, 1611, *circa* 1611–1637, 1637; each is derived from the edition immediately

preceding it, the Quarto of 1605 differing from that of 1604 only in the slightest degree.

THE FIRST QUARTO

The 1604 edition is generally known as the Second Quarto, to distinguish it from a remarkable production which appeared in the previous year:—

"The | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET | *Prince of Denmarke* | By William Shake-speare. | As it hath been diuerse timis acted by his Highnesse ser- | uants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two V- | niuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where | At London printed for N: L. and John Trundell. | 1603."

No copy of this Quarto was known until 1823, when Sir Henry Bunbury discovered the treasure in "a small Quarto, barbarously cropped, and very ill-bound," containing some dozen Shakespearean plays. It ultimately became the property of the Duke of Devonshire for the sum of £230. Unfortunately, the last page of the play was missing.

In 1856 another copy was bought from a student of Trinity College, Dublin, by a Dublin book-dealer, for one shilling, and sold by him for £70; it is now in the British Museum. In this copy the title-page is lacking, but it supplies the missing last page of the Devonshire Quarto.[1]

In connection with the publication of the 1603 Quarto, reference must be made to the following entry in the *Stationers' Register:*—

[1] In 1858 a lithographed facsimile was issued by the Duke, in a very limited impression. The first serviceable edition, and still perhaps the best, appeared in 1860, together with the Quarto of 1604, *"being exact Reprints of the First and Second Editions of Shakespeare's great Drama, from the very rare Originals in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; with the two texts printed on opposite pages, and so arranged that the parallel passages face each other. And a Bibliographical Preface by Samuel Timmins. . . .* Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this." Lithographic reprints were also issued by E. W. Ashbee and W. Griggs; the text is reprinted in the Cambridge Shakespeare, *etc.*

"[1602] xxvj to Julij.
James Robertes. Entered for his Copie vnder the handes of master *Pasfield* and master *Waterson* Warden A booke called *'the Revenge of* HAMLETT *Prince* [*of*] *Denmarke' as yt was lateli Acted by the Lord Chamberleyne his servantes . . .* vjd."

James Robertes, the printer of the 1604 edition, may also have been the printer of the Quarto of 1603, and this entry may have had reference to its projected publication; it is noteworthy that in 1603 "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants" became "The King's Players," and the Quarto states that the play had been acted "by His Highness' Servants." On the other hand, the entry may have been made by Robertes to secure the play to himself, and some "inferior and nameless printer" may have anticipated him by the publication of an imperfect, surreptitious, and garbled version, impudently offering as Shakespeare's such wretched stuff as this:—

"To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe, is that all: I all?
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an e'erlasting Judge;
From whence no passenger ever return'd,
The undiscoured country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd."

The dullest poetaster could not have been guilty of this nonsense: a second-rate playwright might have put these last words in Hamlet's mouth:—

"Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse:
Farewell Horatio, heaven receive my soule":

"The rest is silence"—Shakespeare's supreme test is here.

A rapid examination of the first Quarto reveals the following among its chief divergences:—(i) the difference in length; 2,143 lines as against 3,719 in the later Quarto; (ii) the mutilation, or omission, of many passages "distinguished by that blending of psychological insight with imagination and fancy, which is the highest manifestation

of Shakespeare's genius"; (iii) absurd misplacement and maiming of lines; distortion of words and phrases: (iv) confusion in the order of the scenes; (v) difference in characterization; *e. g.* the Queen's avowed innocence ("But as I have a soul, I swear by heaven, I never knew of this most horrid murder"), and her active adhesion to the plots against her guilty husband; (vi) this latter aspect is brought out in a special scene between Horatio and the Queen, omitted in the later version; (vii) the names of some of the characters are not the same as in the subsequent editions; *Corambis* and *Montano*, for *Polonius* and *Reynaldo*. What, then, is the history of this Quarto? In the first place it is certain that it must have been printed without authority; in all probability shorthand notes taken by an incompetent stenographer during the performance of the play formed the basis of the printer's "copy." Thomas Heywood alludes to this method of obtaining plays in the prologue to his *If you know not me, you know no bodie:—*

> "(This did throng the Seats, the Boxes, and the Stage
> So much, that some by Stenography drew
> The plot: put it in print: (scarce one word trew)."

The main question at issue is the relation of this piratical version to Shakespeare's work. The various views may be divided as follows:—(i) there are those who maintain that it is an imperfect production of an old *Hamlet* written by Shakespeare in his youth, and revised by him in his maturer years; (ii) others contend that both the First and Second Quartos represent the same version, the difference between the two editions being due to carelessness and incompetence; (iii) a third class holds, very strongly, that the First Quarto is a garbled version of an old-fashioned play of *Hamlet*, written by some other dramatist, and revised to a certain extent by Shakespeare about the year 1602; so that the original of Quarto 1 represented Shakespeare's *Hamlet* in an intermediate stage; in Quarto 2 we have for the first time the complete metamorphosis. All the

evidence seems to point to this third view as a plausible settlement of the problem; there is little to be said in favor of the first and second theories.

THE LOST HAMLET

There is no doubt that a play on the subject of *Hamlet* existed as early as 1589, in which year there appeared Greene's *Menaphon*, with a prefatory epistle by Thomas Nash, containing a summary review of contemporary literature. The following passage occurs in his "talk" with "a few of our triviall translators":—

"It is a common practice now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through every arte and thrive by none to leave the trade of *Noverint* (*i. e.* attorney) whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the endevours of art, that could scarcelie latinize their neck verse if they should have neede; yet English Seneca read by candle-light yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a beggar*, and so forth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will afoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say Handfulls of tragical speaches. But O grief! *Tempus edax rerum;* what is it that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops will in continuance be drie; and Senaca, let bloud line by line, and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage." The play alluded to by Nash did not die to our stage till the end of the century; in Henslowe's *Diary* we find an entry:—"9. of June 1594. . . . R[eceive]d at hamlet. viijs:" the play was performed by the Lord Chamberlain's men, the company to which Shakespeare belonged.

"[Hate Virtue is] a foul lubber," wrote Lodge in *Wit's Miserie, and the World's Madness*, 1596, "and looks as pale as the wisard of the ghost, which cried so miserally at the theator, like an oyster-wife, *Hamlet revenge.*" [1]

[1] Several other allusions occur during the early years of the seventeenth century, evidently to the older Hamlet, *e. g.* Dekker's *Satiromastix*, 1602, ("My Name's Hamlet revenge"); *Westward Hoe*, 1607

In all probability Thomas Kyd was the author of the play alluded to in these passages; his probable authorship is borne out by Nash's subsequent allusion to "the Kidde in Æsope's fable," as also by the character of his famous *Spanish Tragedy*.[1] *Hamlet* and *The Spanish Tragedy* may well be described as twin-dramas;[2] they are both dramas of venegeance; the ghost of the victim tells his story in the one play as in the other; the heroes simulate madness; a faithful Horatio figures in each; a play-scene brings about the catastrophe in *The Spanish Tragedy*, even as it helps forward the catastrophe in *Hamlet;* in both plays Nemesis involves in its meshes the innocent as well as the guilty,—the perpetrators of the wrong and the instruments of vengeance. To this same class of drama belongs *Titus Andronicus*, and it is interesting to note that early in his career Shakespeare put his hand to a Hamletian tragedy. Nash's reference to the Senecan character of the lost *Ham-*

("Let these husbands play mad *Hamlet*, and cry *revenge*"); Rowland's *The Night Raven*, 1618 ("I will not cry *Hamlet Revenge*"), *etc.* There is a comic passage in *The Looking Glass for London and England*, written by Lodge and Greene, probably before 1589, which strikes me as a burlesque reminiscence of the original of *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. ii. 184–240; Adam, the smith's man, exclaims thus to the Clown:—"Alas, sir, your father,—why, sir, methinks I see the gentleman still: a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard rat's colour, half black, half white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses," *etc.*

[1] *The Spanish Tragedy* and Kyd's other plays are printed in Dodsley's *Old Plays*. An interesting point in Kyd's biography (*vide Dict. Nat. Biog.*) is that his father was in all probability a sort of *Noverint*.

[2] So much so was this the case that "young Hamlet," and "old Hieronimo," were often referred to together, and the parts were taken by the same actors, *cp.* Burbadge's elegy:—

> "Young Hamlet, old Hieronimo,
> King Leir, the grieved Moore, and more beside
> That liv'd in him, have now for ever died":

Occasionally the two plays were, I think, confused: thus, Armin in his *Nest of Ninnies* (1608) writes:—"There are, as Hamlet saies, things cald whips in store"; Hieronimo certainly says so in the most famous passage of *The Spanish Tragedy*.

let receives considerable confirmation when one remembers that Kyd translated into English, from the French, Garnier's Senecan drama entitled *Cornelia*, and it is possible that even in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* we can still detect the fossil remains of Senecan moralizations which figured in the older play, and which were Kyd's reminiscences of Garnier.[1]

THE GERMAN HAMLET

It is possible that although the pre-Shakespearean *Hamlet* has perished, we have some portion of the play preserved in a German MS. version bearing the date, "Pretz, October 27, 1710," which is probably a late and modernized copy of a much older manuscript. The play, entitled "*Der Bestrafte Brudermord oder: Prinz Hamlet aus Dännemark*" (*Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark*) was first printed in the year 1781, and has been frequently reprinted; the text, with an English translation, is given in Cohn's fascinating work, "*Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries: An account of English Actors in Germany and the Netherlands, and of the Plays performed by them during the same period*" (London, 1865). The "English Comedians" in all probability carried their play to Germany towards the end of the XVI Century, when a rough German translation was made; but the earliest record of a performance of *Hamlet a Prinz in Dennemarck*, by "the English actors," belongs to the year 1626.[2]

[1] *e. g.* A thoroughly Senecan sentiment is the Queen's

> *"Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,*
> *Passing through nature to eternity";*

It occurs almost verbatim in *Cornelia*.

[2] In connection with the subject of *Hamlet* one must not forget the visit of Lord Leicester's servants to Denmark in 1585; Kempe, Bryan, and Pope, three of the company, subsequently joined the Chamberlain's company, and were actors in Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's remarkable knowledge of Danish manners and customs may have been derived from these friends of his.

The intrinsic value of *Fratricide Punished* is small indeed, but two points of historical interest are noteworthy:—(i) Polonius, as in the First Quarto, is here represented by Corambus, and (ii) a prologue precedes the play, the persons represented therein being *Night, Alecto, Thisiphone, Miegera.* A strong case can, I think, be made out for the view that this thoroughly Senecan Prologue represents a fragment of the pre-Shakespearean play to which Nash and others made allusion: herein lies the chief merit of this soulless and coarse production.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

This question has been indirectly touched upon in the previous paragraphs, and it follows from what has been said that the date of revision, as represented by the Second Quarto, may be fixed at about 1603, while the First Quarto, judging by the entry in the Stationers' Books, belongs to about 1601; at all events a version of *Hamlet*, recognized as Shakespeare's, was in existence before 1602. It is significant that the play is not mentioned in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. In the matter of the date of the play "the traveling of the players" (Act II, sc. ii, 353, *etc.*) is of interest. It must be noted that we have three different forms of the passage in question:—(i) the reason for the "traveling" in Q. 1 is the popularity of a Company of Children; (ii) in Q. 2 "*their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation*"; (iii) in the Folio (the reading in the text) both causes (i) and (ii) are combined.

Now it is known that (i) in 1601 Shakespeare's Company was in disgrace, perhaps because of its share in the Essex Conspiracy; (ii) that during this year the Children of the Chapel Royal were acting at Blackfriars; (iii) that towards the end of the year the Globe Company were "traveling." Two views are possible, either that "*inhibition*" is used technically for "a prohibition of theatrical performances by authority"; and "*innovation*" = "the political innovation," or that *inhibition* = "non-residence," and

"*innovation*" refers to the Company of Children (*vide* Halliwell-Phillips' *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare;* Fleay's *Chronicle History of the London Stage*).

Over and above these points of evidence in fixing the date there is the intimate connection of *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar.*

THE SOURCE OF THE STORY

The ultimate source of the plot of *Hamlet* is the *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus (*i. e.* "the Lettered"), Denmark's first writer of importance, who lived at the close of the twelfth century.[1] Saxo's Latinity was much admired, and even Erasmus wondered "how a Dane at that day could have such a force of eloquence." Epitomes in Latin and Low-German were made during the fifteenth century, and Saxo's materials were utilized in various ways, until at length the first printed edition appeared in the year 1514; a second was issued in 1534, and a third in 1576. The tale of Hamlet, contained in the third and fourth books, is certainly the most striking of all Saxo's mythical hero-stories, quite apart from its Shakespearean interest, and Goethe, recognizing its dramatic possibilities, thought of treating the subject dramatically on the basis of Saxo's narrative. It is noteworthy that already in the fifteenth century the story was well known throughout the North, "trolled far and wide in popular song"; but its connection with the English drama was due to the French version given in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques;* the Hamlet story first appeared in the fifth volume, published in 1570, and again in 1581, 1582, 1591, *etc.* A black-letter English rendering is extant, but the date of the

[1] There is an allusion to Hamlet in Icelandic literature some two hundred years before Saxo; and to this day "*Amlothe*" (*i. e. Hamlet*) is synonymous with "*fool*" among the folk there. The history of *Hamlet in Iceland* is of great interest (*vide* the *Ambales-saga,* edited by the present writer, published in 1898 by David Nutt). According to Zinzow and others the Saga is originally a nature-myth (*vide Die Hamletsage*).

unique copy is 1608, and in certain points shows the influence of the play. There is no evidence that an earlier English version existed. The author of the pre-Shakespearean *Hamlet*, and Shakespeare too, may well have read the story in Belleforest's *Histoires.*[1] Few studies in literary origins are more instructive than to examine how the "rich barbarous tale" of the Danish historian has become transformed into the great soul-tragedy of modern literature. In Saxo's *Amleth* we have at least the frame-work of Shakespeare's *Hamlet:*—the murder of the father by a jealous uncle; the mother's incestuous marriage with the murderer; the son's feigned madness in order to execute revenge; there are the vague originals of Ophelia and Polonius; the meeting of mother and son; the voyage to England; all these familiar elements are found in the old tale. But the ghost, the play-scene, and the culmination of the play in the death of the hero as well as of the objects of his revenge, these are elements which belong essentially to the machinery of the Elizabethan Drama of vengeance. It is of course unnecessary to dwell on the subtler distinction between the easily understood *Amleth* and "the eternal problem" of *Hamlet.*[2] Taine has said that the Elizabethan Renaissance was a Renaissance of the Saxon genius; from the point of view it is significant that its crowning glory should be the presentment of a typical Northern hero,—an embodiment of the Northern character;

'dark and true and tender is the North."

[1] To Mr. Oliver Elton, Prof. York Powell, and the Folk-Lore Society, we owe the first English rendering of the mythical portion of Saxo's work, and a valuable study of Saxo's sources (published by David Nutt, 1894).

[2] A *résumé* of Hamlet criticism is given in Vol. II. of Furness' noble edition of the play (London and Philadelphia, 1877).

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The story on which Shakespeare founded *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, was told by Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian, whose work was first printed in 1514, though written as early as 1204. The incidents as related by him were borrowed by Belleforest, and set forth in his *Histoires Tragiques*, 1564. It was probably through the French version of Belleforest that the tale first found its way to the English stage. The only English translation that has come down to us was printed in 1608; and of this only a single copy is known to have survived. The edition of 1608 was most likely a reprint; but, if so, we have no means of ascertaining when it was first printed: Mr. Collier thinks there can be no doubt that it originally came from the press considerably before 1600. The only known copy is preserved among Capell's books in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and has been lately republished by Collier in his *Shakespeare's Library*. It is entitled *The History of Hamblet*.

As there told, the story is, both in matter and style, uncouth and barbarous in the last degree; a savage, shocking tale of lust and murder, unredeemed by a single touch of art or fancy in the narrator. Perhaps there is nothing of the Poet's achieving more wonderful than that he should have reared so superb a dramatic structure out of materials so scanty and so revolting. The scene of the incidents is laid before the introduction of Christianity into Denmark, and when the Danish power held sway in England: further than this, the time is not specified. So

much of the story as was made use of for the drama is soon told.

Roderick, king of Denmark, divided his kingdom into provinces, and placed governors in them. Among these were two valiant and warlike brothers, Horvendile and Fengon. The greatest honor that men of noble birth could at that time win, was by exercising the art of piracy on the seas; wherein Horvendile surpassed all others. Collere, king of Norway, was so wrought upon by his fame, that he challenged him to fight body to body; and the challenge was accepted on condition that the vanquished should lose all the riches he had in his ship, and the vanquisher should cause his body to be honorably buried. Collere was slain; and Horvendile, after making great havoc in Norway, returned home with a mass of treasure, most of which he sent to King Roderick, who thereupon gave him his daughter Geruth in marriage. Of this marriage proceeded Hamblet, the hero of the tale.

All this so provoked the envy of Fengon, that he determined to kill his brother. So, having secretly assembled certain men, when Horvendile was at a banquet with his friends, he suddenly set upon him and slew him; but managed his treachery with so much cunning that no man suspected him. Before doing this, he had corrupted his brother's wife, and was afterwards married to her. Young Hamblet, thinking that he was likely to fare no better than his father had done, went to feigning himself mad, and made as if he had utterly lost his wits; wherein he used such craft that he became an object of ridicule to the satellites of the court. Many of his actions, however, were so shrewd, and his answers were often so fit, that men of a deeper reach began to suspect somewhat, thinking that beneath his folly there lay hid a sharp and pregnant spirit. So they counselled the king to try measures for discovering his meaning. The plan hit upon for entrapping him was, to leave him with some beautiful woman in a secret place, where she could use her art upon him. To this end they led him out into the woods, and arranged that the

woman should there meet with him. One of the men, however, who was a friend of the Prince, warned him, by certain signs, of the danger that was threatening him: so he escaped that treachery.

Among the king's friends there was one who more than all the rest suspected Hamblet's madness to be feigned; and he counselled the king to use some more subtle and crafty means for discovering his purpose. His device was, that the king should make as though he were going out on a long hunting excursion; and that, meanwhile, Hamblet should be shut up alone in a chamber with his mother, some one being hidden behind the hangings to hear their speeches. It was thought that, if there were any craft in the Prince, he would easily discover it to his mother, not fearing that she would make known his secret intent. So, the plot being duly arranged, the counsellor went into the chamber secretly and hid himself behind the arras, not long before the queen and Hamblet came thither. But the Prince, suspecting some treacherous practice, kept up his counterfeit of madness, and went to beating with his arms, as cocks use to strike with their wings, upon the hangings: feeling something stir under them, he cried, "A rat, a rat!" and thrust his sword into them; which done, he pulled the counseller out half dead, and made an end of him.

Hamblet then has a long interview with his mother, who weeps and torments herself, being sore grieved to see her only child made a mere mockery. He lays before her the wickedness of her life and the crimes of her husband, and also lets her into the secret of his madness being feigned. "Behold," says he, "into what distress I am fallen, and to what mischief your over-great lightness and want of wisdom have induced me, that I am constrained to play the madman to save my life, instead of practising arms, following adventures, and seeking to make myself known as the true heir of the valiant and virtuous Horvendile. The gestures of a fool are fit for me, to the end that, guiding myself wisely therein, I may preserve my life for the

Danes, and the memory of my deceased father; for the desire of revenging his death is so engraven in my heart, that, if I die not shortly, I hope to take so great vengeance that these countries shall forever speak thereof. Nevertheless, I must stay my time and occasion, lest by making over-great haste I be the cause of mine own ruin and overthrow. To conclude, weep not, madam, to see my folly, but rather sigh and lament your own offence; for we are not to sorrow and grieve at other men's vices, but for our own misdeeds and great follies."

The interview ends in an agreement of mutual confidence between Hamblet and his mother; all her anger at his sharp reproofs being forgotten in the joy she conceives, to behold the gallant spirit of her son, and to think what she might hope from his policy and wisdom. She promises to keep his secret faithfully, and to aid him all she can in his purpose of revenge; swearing to him that she had often hindered the shortening of his life, and that she had never consented to the murder of his father.

Fengon's next device was, to send Hamblet into England, with secret letters to have him there put to death. Hamblet, again suspecting mischief, comes to some speech with his mother, and desires her not to make any show of grief at his departure, but rather to counterfeit gladness at being rid of his presence. He also counsels her to celebrate his funeral at the end of a year, and assures her that she shall then see him return from his voyage. Two of Fengon's ministers being sent along with him with secret letters to the king of England, when they were at sea, the Prince, his companions being asleep, read their commission, and substituted for it one requiring the messengers to be hung. After this was done, he returned to Denmark, and arrived the very day when the Danes were celebrating his funeral, supposing him to be dead. Fengon and his courtiers were then at their banquet, and Hamblet's arrival provoked them the more to drink and carouse; wherein Hamblet encouraged them, himself acting as butler, and keeping them supplied with liquor, until they were all laid

drunk on the floor. When they were all fast asleep, he caused the hangings of the room to fall down and cover them; then, having nailed the edges fast to the floor so that none could escape, he set fire to the hall, and all were burned to death. Fengon having previously withdrawn to his chamber, Hamblet then went to him, and, after telling him what he had done, cut off his head with a sword.

The next day, Hamblet makes an oration to the Danes, laying open to them his uncle's treachery, and what himself has done in revenge of his father's death; whereupon he is unanimously elected king. After his coronation, he goes to England again. Finding that the king of England has a plot for putting him to death, he manages to kill him, and returns to Denmark with two wives. He is afterwards assailed by his uncle Wiglerus, and finally betrayed to death by one of his English wives named Hermetrude, who then marries Wiglerus.

There is, besides, an episodical passage in the tale, from which the Poet probably took some hints towards the part of his hero, especially his melancholy mood, and his suspicion that "the spirit he has seen may be a devil": "In those days, the north parts of the world, living then under Satan's laws, were full of enchanters, so that there was not any young gentleman that knew not something therein sufficient to serve his turn, if need required; and so Hamblet, while his father lived, had been instructed in that devlish art, whereby the wicked spirit abuseth mankind, and advertiseth them, as he can, of things past. It toucheth not the matter herein to discover the parts of divination in man, and whether this Prince, by reason of his overgreat melancholy, had received those impressions, divining that which never any had before declared; like such as are saturnists by complexion, who oftentimes speak of things which, their fury ceasing, they can hardly understand." It is hardly needful to add, that Shakespeare makes his persons Christians, giving them the sentiments and manners of a much later period than they have in the tale; though he still places the scene at a time when Eng-

land paid some sort of homage to the Danish crown, which was before the Norman conquest.

The earliest edition of the tragedy, in its finished state, was a quarto pamphlet of fifty-one leaves, the title-page reading thus: "*The Tragical History of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark: By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy. At London: Printed by J. R. for N. L., and are to be sold at his shop under St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-street. 1604.*" The same text was reissued in the same form in 1605, and again in 1611; besides an undated edition, which is commonly referred to 1607, as it was entered at the Stationers' in the fall of that year. In the folio of 1623, it stands the eighth of the tragedies, and is without any marking of the Acts and scenes save in the first two Acts. The folio also omits several passages that are among the best in the play, and some of them highly important to the right understanding of the hero's character. On the other hand, the folio has a few short passages, and here and there a line or two, that are not in the quartos. On the whole, the quartos give the play considerably longer than the folio; the latter having been most likely printed from a playhouse copy, which had been shortened, in some cases not very judiciously, for the greater convenience of representation.

From the words, "enlarged to almost as much again as it was," in the title-page of 1604, it was for a long time conjectured that the play had been printed before. At length, in 1825, a single copy of an earlier edition was discovered, and the text accurately reprinted, with the following title-page: "*The Tragical History of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark: By William Shakespeare. As it hath been divers times acted by his Highness' Servants, in the city of London; as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London: Printed for N. L. and John Trundell. 1603.*" There is no doubt that this edition was piratical: it gives the play but about

half as long as the later quartos; and carries in its face abundant evidence of having been greatly marred and disfigured in the making-up.

As to the methods used in getting up the edition of 1603, a careful examination of the text has satisfied us that they were much the same as appear to have been made use of in the quarto issues of *King Henry V*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. From divers minute particulars which cannot be specified without over much of detail, it seems very evident that the printing was done, for the most part, from rude reports taken at the theater during representation, with, perhaps, some subsequent eking out and patching up from memory. There are indeed a few passages that seem to be given with much purity and completeness; they have an integrity of sense and language, that argues a faithful transcript; as, for instance, the speech of Voltimand in Act II, sc. ii, which scarcely differs at all from the speech as we have it: but there is barely enough of this to serve as an exception to the rule. As to the other parts, the garbled and dislocated state of the text, where we often have the first of a sentence without the last, or the last without the first, or the first and last without the middle; the constant lameness of the verse where verse was meant, and the bungling attempts to print prose so as to look like verse;—all this proves beyond question, that the quarto of 1603 was by no means a faithful transcript of the play as it then stood; and the imperfectness is of just that kind and degree which would naturally adhere to the work of a slovenly or incompetent reporter.

On the other hand, it is equally clear, that at the time that copy was taken the play must have been very different from what it afterwards became. Polonius is there called Corambis, and his servant, Montano. Divers scenes and passages, some of them such as a reporter would have been least likely to omit, are there wanting altogether. The Queen is there represented as concerting and actively cooperating with Hamlet against the King's life; and she has an interview of considerable length with Horatio, who

informs her of Hamlet's escape from the ship bound for England, and of his safe arrival in Denmark; of which scene the later issues have no traces whatsoever. All this fully ascertains that the play must have undergone a thorough revisal after the making up of the copy from which the first quarto was printed. But, what is not a little remarkable, some of the passages met with in the folio, but not in the enlarged quartos, are found in the quarto of 1603; which shows that they were omitted in the later quartos, and not added afterwards.

With such and so many copies before us, it may well be asked, where the true text of *Hamlet* is to be found. The quarto of 1603, though furnishing valuable aid in divers cases, is not of any real authority: this is clear enough from what has already been said about it. On the other hand, it can hardly be questioned that the issue of 1604 was as authentic and as well authorized, as any that were made of Shakespeare's plays while he was living. We therefore take this as our main standard of the text, retaining, however, all the additional passages found in the folio of 1623. Moreover, the folio has many important changes and corrections which no reasonable editor would make any question of adopting. Mr. Knight indeed, who, after the true style of Knight-errantry, everywhere gives himself up to an almost unreserved championship of the folio, takes that as the supreme authority. But in this case, as usual, his zeal betrays him into something of unfairness: for wherever he prefers a folio reading (and some of his preferences are odd enough), he carefully notes it; but in divers cases, where the quarto readings are so clearly preferable that he dare not reject them, we have caught him adopting them without making any note of them.

The next question to be considered is, at what time was the *Tragedy of Hamlet* originally written? On this point we find it extremely difficult to form a clear judgment. Thus much, however, is quite certain, that either this play was one of the Poet's very earliest productions, or else there

was another play on the same subject. This certainty rests on a passage in an *Epistle* by Thomas Nash, prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia:* "It is a common practice now-a-days, among a sort of shifting companions that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint* whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavors of art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verse, if they should have need; yet English *Seneca*, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as 'Blood is a beggar,' and so forth; and, if you entreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches." The words, "trade of *Noverint*," show that this squib was pointed at some writer of *Hamlet*, who had been known as an apprentice in the law; and Shakespeare's remarkable fondness for legal terms and allusions naturally suggests him as the person referred to. On the other hand, Nash's *Epistle* was written certainly as early as 1589, probably two years earlier, though this has been disputed. In 1589 Shakespeare was in his twenty-sixth year, and his name stood the twelfth in a list of sixteen, as a sharer in the Blackfriars play-house. The chief difficulty lies in believing that he could have been known so early as the author of a tragedy having Hamlet for its hero; but this difficulty is much reduced by the circumstance, that we have no knowledge how often or how much he may have improved a piece of that kind even before the copy of 1603 was made up.

Again: It appears from Henslowe's accounts that a play of *Hamlet* was performed in the theater at Newington Butts on June 9, 1594. At this time, "my lord admirell men and my lord chamberlen men" were playing together at that theater; the latter of whom was the company to which Shakespeare belonged. At the performance of *Hamlet*, Henslowe sets down nine shillings as his share of the receipts; whereas in case of new plays he commonly received a much larger sum. Besides, the item in question is without the mark which the manager usually

prefixed in case of a new play; so that we may conclude the *Hamlet* of 1594 had at that time lost the feature of novelty. The question is, whether the *Hamlet* thus performed was Shakespeare's? That it was so, might naturally be inferred from the fact that the Lord Chamberlain's men were then playing there; besides, it has at least some probability, in that on the 11th of the same month Henslowe notes *The Taming of a Shrew* as having been performed at the same place. Whether this latter were Shakespeare's play, is sufficiently considered in our Introduction to *The Taming of the Shrew.*

The next particular, bearing upon the subject, is from a tract by Thomas Lodge, printed in 1596, and entitled *Wit's Misery, or The World's Madness, discovering the incarnate Devils of the Age;* where one of the devils is said to be "a foul lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the *Ghost*, who cried so miserably at the theatre, *Hamlet, revenge.*" All these three notices are regarded by Malone and some others as referring to another play of *Hamlet*, which they suppose to have been written by Thomas Kyd; though their only reason for thinking there was such another play, is the alleged improbability of the Poet's having so early written on that subject.

It is to be observed, further, that a copy of Speight's *Chaucer* once owned by Gabriel Harvey, and having his name written in it, together with the date of 1598, has, among others, the following manuscript note: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis;* but his *Lucrece*, and his *Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, have it in them to please the wiser sort." This, however, does not seem to infer any thing with certainty as to time; since the name and date may have been written when Harvey purchased the book, and the note at some later period.

The only other contemporary notice to be quoted of the play, is an entry at the Stationers' by James Roberts, on July 26, 1602: "*A Book,—The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, as it was lately acted by the Lord*

Chamberlain his Servants." As the quarto of 1604 was printed by James Roberts, we may reasonably conclude that this entry refers to the "enlarged" form of the play. Why the publication was not made till two years later, is beyond our reach: perhaps it was because no copy could be obtained for the press, until the maimed and stolen issue of 1603 had rendered it necessary to put forth an edition in self-defense, "according to the true and perfect copy." In the spring of 1603 "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants" became "His Majesty's Servants"; or, as they are called in the title-page of 1603, "His Highness' Servants."

A piece of internal evidence fixes the date of the enlarged *Hamlet* soon after June 22, 1600. It is the reason assigned by Rosencrantz, in Act II, sc. ii, why the players have left the city and gone to traveling: "I think their inhibition comes by means of the late innovation." The passage just quoted is not in the copy of 1603: a different reason is there assigned why the players travel: "*Novelty* carries it away; for the principal public audience that came to them are turned to *private* plays, and the humour of children."

Plays were acted in private by the choir-boys of the Chapel Royal and of St. Paul's before 1590, several of Lyly's pieces being used in that way. It appears that in 1591 these juvenile performances had been suppressed; as in the printer's address prefixed to Lyly's *Endymion*, which was published that year, we are told that, "since the plays in Paul's were dissolved, there are certain comedies come to my hand." Nash, in his *Have with You to Saffron Waldon*, published in 1596, expresses a wish to see the "plays at Paul's up again"; which infers that at that time the interdict was still in force. In 1600, however, we find that the interdict had been taken off, a play attributed to Lyly being that year "acted by the children of Paul's." From this time forward these juvenile performances appear to have been kept up, both in private and in public, until 1612, when, on account of the abuses attending them, they were again suppressed.

It would seem, then, that the reason assigned in the text of 1603 refers to a period when the acting of children was only in *private*, and was regarded as a *novelty;* whereas at the time of the later text the qualities of novelty and privacy had been removed. And it appears not improbable, that the taking-off of the interdict before 1600, and the consequent revival of plays by children, was "the late innovation" by means of which the "inhibition" had been brought about. Howbeit, so far as regards the date of the older text, the argument is by no means conclusive, and we are not for laying any very marked stress upon it; but it seems, at all events, worth considering. Its bearing as to the time of the later text is obvious enough, and will hardly be questioned.

Knight justly remarks, that the mention of Termagant and Herod, which occurs in the quarto of 1603, refers to a time when those personages trod the stage in pageants and mysteries; and that the directions to the players, as given in the older text, point to the customs and conduct of the stage, as it was before Shakespeare had, by his example and influence, raised and reformed it. The following passage from the first copy will show what we mean: "And then you have some again, that keeps one suit of jests, as a man is known by one suit of apparel; and gentlemen quote his jests down in their tables before they come to the play, as thus: 'Cannot you stay till I eat my porridge?' and, 'You owe me a quarter's wages'; and, 'My coat wants a cullison'; and, 'Your beer is sour'; and, blabbering with his lips, and thus keeping in his cinque-a-pace of jests, when, God knows, the warm clown cannot make a jest unless by chance, as the blind man catcheth a hare." From the absence of all this in the enlarged copy, we should naturally conclude that the evil referred to had at that time been done away, or at least much diminished. And indeed a comparison of the two texts in this part of the play will satisfy any one, we think, that, during the interval between them, the stage had been greatly elevated and improved: divers bad customs, no

doubt, had been "reformed indifferently"; so that the point still remaining was, to "reform them altogether."

As to the general character of the additions in the enlarged *Hamlet*, it is to be noted that these are mostly in the contemplative and imaginative parts; very little being added in the way of action and incident. And in respect of the former there is indeed no comparison between the two copies: the difference is literally immense, and of such a kind as evinces a most astonishing growth of intellectual power and resource. In the earlier text, we have little more than a naked, though, in the main, well-ordered and firm-knit skeleton, which, in the later, is everywhere replenished and glorified with large, rich volumes of thought and poetry; where all that is incidental or circumstantial is made subordinate to the living energies of mind and soul. The difference is like that of a lusty grove of hickory or maple brethren in December with the winds whistling through them, and in June with the birds singing in them.

So that the enlarged *Hamlet* probably marks the germination of that "thoughtful philosophy," as Hallam calls it, which never afterwards deserted the Poet; though time did indeed abate its excess, and reduce it under his control; whereas it here overflows all bounds, and sweeps onward unchecked, so as to form the very character of the piece. Moreover, this play, in common with several others, though in a greater degree, bears symptoms of a much saddened and aggrieved, not to say embittered temper of mind: it is fraught, more than any other, with a spirit of profound and melancholy cogitation; as if written under the influence of some stroke that had shaken the Poet's disposition with thoughts beyond the reaches of his soul; or as if he were casting about in the darker and sterner regions of meditation in quest of an antidote for some deep distress that had touched him. For there can be little doubt, that the birth and first stages of "the philosophic mind" were in his case, for some cause unknown to us, hung about with clouds and gloom, which, however, were

afterwards blown off, and replaced by an atmosphere of unblemished clearness and serenity.

From all which may be gathered how appropriately this play has been described as a tragedy of thought. Such is indeed its character. And in this character it stands alone, and that, not only of Shakespeare's dramas, but of all the dramas in being. As for action, the play has little that can be properly so called. The scenes are indeed richly diversified with incident; but the incidents, for the most part, engage our attention only as serving to start and shape the hero's far-reaching trains of reflection; themselves being lost sight of in the wealth of thought and sentiment which they call forth. In no other of Shakespeare's plays does the interest turn so entirely on the hero; and that, not because he overrides the other persons and crushes their individuality under, as *Richard III* does; but because his life is all centered in the mind, and the efflu-ence of his mind and character is around all the others and within them; so that they are little interesting to us, but for his sake, for the effects they have upon him, and the thoughts he has of them. Observe, too, that of all dramatic personages, "out of sight, out of mind," can least be said of him: on the contrary, he is never more in mind, than when out of sight; and whenever others come in sight, the effect still is, to remind us of him, and deepen our interest in him.

The character of Hamlet has caused more of perplexity and discussion than any other in the whole range of art. He has a wonderful interest for all, yet none can explain him; and perhaps he is therefore the more interesting because inexplicable. We have found by experience, that one seems to understand him better after a little study than after a great deal, and that the less one sees *into* him, the more apt one is to think he sees *through* him; in which respect he is indeed like nature herself. We shall not presume to make clear what so many better eyes have found and left dark. The most we can hope to do is, to start a few thoughts, not towards explaining him, but towards

showing why he cannot be explained; nor to reduce the variety of opinions touching him, but rather to suggest whence that variety proceeds, and why.

One man considers Hamlet great, but wicked; another, good, but weak; a third, that he lacks courage, and dare not act; a fourth, that he has too much intellect for his will, and so thinks away the time of action: some conclude him honestly mad; others, that his madness is wholly feigned. Yet, notwithstanding this diversity of conclusions, all agree in thinking and speaking of him as an actual person. It is easy to invest with plausibility almost any theory regarding him, but very hard to make any theory comprehend the whole subject; and, while all are impressed with the truth of the character, no one is satisfied with another's view of it. The question is, why such unanimity as to his being a man, and at the same time such diversity as to what sort of a man he is?

Now, in reasoning about facts, we are apt to forget what complex and many-sided things they are. We often speak of them as very simple and intelligible; and in some respects they are so; but, in others, they are inscrutably mysterious. For they present manifold elements and qualities in unity and consistency, and so carry a manifoldness of meaning which cannot be gathered up into logical expression. Even if we seize and draw out severally all the properties of a fact, still we are as far as ever from producing the effect of their combination. Thus there is somewhat in facts that still eludes the cunningest analysis; like the vital principle, which no subtlety of dissection can grasp or overtake. It is this mysteriousness of facts that begets our respect for them: could we master them, we should naturally lose our regard for them. For, to see round and through a thing, implies a sort of conquest over it; and when we seem to have conquered a thing, we are apt to put off that humility towards it, which is both the better part of wisdom, and also our key to the remainder.

This complexity of facts supposes the material of in-

numerable theories: for, in such a multitude of properties belonging to one and the same thing, every man's mind may take hold of some special consideration above the rest; and when we look at facts through a given theory they naturally seem to prove but that one, though they would really afford equal proof of fifty others. Hence, there come to be divers opinions respecting the same thing; and men arrive at opposite conclusions, forgetting, that of a given fact many things may be true in their place and degree, yet none of them true in such sort as to impair the truth of others.

Now, Hamlet is all varieties of character in one; he is continually turning up a new side, appearing under a new phase, undergoing some new development; so that he touches us at all points, and, as it were, surrounds us. This complexity and versatility of character are often mistaken for inconsistency: hence the contradictory opinions respecting him, different minds taking very different impressions of him, and even the same mind, at different times. In short, like other facts, he is many-sided, so that many men of many minds may see themselves in different sides of him; but, when they compare notes, and find him agreeing with them all, they are perplexed, and are apt to think him inconsistent: in so great a diversity of elements, they lose the perception of identity, and cannot see how he can be so many, and still be but one. Doubtless he seems the more real for this very cause; our inability to see through him, or to discern the source and manner of his impression upon us, brings him closer to nature, makes him appear the more like a fact, and so strengthens his hold on our thoughts. For, where there is life, there must needs be more or less of change, the very law of life being identity in mutability; and in Hamlet the variety and rapidity of changes are so managed as only to infer the more intense, active, and prolific vitality; though, in so great a multitude of changes, it is extremely difficult to seize the constant principle.

Coleridge's view of Hamlet is much celebrated, and the

currency it has attained shows there must be something of truth in it. "In the healthy processes of the mind," says he, "a balance is constantly maintained between the impressions from outward objects and the inward operations of the intellect: for, if there be an overbalance in the contemplative faculty, man thereby becomes the creature of mere meditation, and loses his natural power of action. Now, one of Shakespeare's modes of creating characters is, to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself, Shakespeare, thus mutilated or diseased, under given circumstances. In Hamlet he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our minds,—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed: his thoughts and the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions; and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the *medium* of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and color not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action, consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances, under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment:—Hamlet is brave and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve.

"The effect of this overbalance of the imaginative power is beautifully illustrated in the everlasting broodings and superfluous activities of Hamlet's mind, which, unseated from its healthy relation, is constantly occupied with the world within, and abstracted from the world without; giving substance to shadows, and throwing a mist over all common-place actualities. It is the nature of thought to be indefinite;—definiteness belongs to external imagery alone. Hence it is that the sense of sublimity arises, not

from the sight of an outward object, but from the beholder's reflection upon it; not from the sensuous impression, but from the imaginative reflex. Few have seen a celebrated waterfall without feeling something akin to disappointment: it is only subsequently that the image comes back full into the mind, and brings with it a train of grand or beautiful associations. Hamlet feels this; his senses are in a trance, and he looks upon external things as hieroglyphics."

This is certainly very noble criticism; and our main ground of doubt as to the view thus given is, that Hamlet seems bold, energetic, and prompt enough in action, when his course is free of moral impediments; as, for instance, in his conduct on shipboard, touching the commission, where his powers of thought all range themselves under the leading of a most vigorous and steady will. Our own belief is, though we are far from absolute in it, that the Poet's design was, to conceive a man great, perhaps equally so, in all the elements of character, mental, moral, and practical; and then to place him in such circumstances, bring such motives to bear upon him, and open to him such sources of influence and reflection, that all his greatness should be morally forced to display itself in the form of thought, even his strength of will having no practicable outlet but through the energies of the intellect. A brief review of the delineation will, if we mistake not, discover some reason for this belief.

Up to the time of his father's death, Hamlet's mind, busied in developing its innate riches, had found room for no sentiments towards others but generous trust and confidence. Delighted with the appearances of good, and shielded by his rank from the naked approaches of evil, he had no motive to pry through the semblance into the reality of surrounding characters. The ideas of princely elevation and moral rectitude, springing up simultaneously in his mind, had intertwisted their fibers closely together. While the chaste forms of young imagination had kept his own heart pure, he had framed his conceptions of oth-

ers according to the model within himself. To the feelings of the son, the prince, the gentleman, the friend, the scholar, had lately been joined those of the lover; and his heart, oppressed with its own hopes and joys, had breathed forth its fulness in "almost all the holy vows of heaven." In his father he had realized the ideal of character which he aspired to exemplify. Whatsoever noble images and ideas he had gathered from the fields of poetry and philosophy, he had learned to associate with that venerated name. To the throne he looked forward with hope and fear, as an elevation for diffusing the blessings of a wise sovereignty, and receiving the homage of a grateful submission. As the crown was elective, he regarded his prospects of attaining it as suspended on the continuance of his father's life, till he could discover in himself such virtues as would secure him the succession. In his father's death, therefore, he lost the mainstay of both his affections and his pretensions.

Notwithstanding, the foundations of his peace and happiness were yet unshaken. The prospects of the man were perhaps all the brighter, that those of the prince had faded. The fireside and the student's bower were still open to him; truth and beauty, thought and affection, had not hidden their faces from him: with a mind saddened, but not diseased, his bereavement served to deepen and chasten his sensibilities, without untuning their music. Cunning and quick of heart to discover and appropriate the remunerations of life, he could compensate the loss of some objects with a more free and tranquil enjoyment of such as remained. In the absence of his father, he could concentrate upon his mother the feelings hitherto shared between them; and, in cases like this, religion towards the dead comes in to heighten and sanctify an affection for the living. Even if his mother too had died, the loss, however bitter, would not have been baleful to him; for, though separated from the chief objects of love and trust and reverence, he would still have retained those sentiments themselves unimpaired. It is not his mother, how-

ever, but his faith in her, that he has to part with. To his prophetic soul, the hasty and incestuous marriage brings at once conviction of his mother's infidelity, and suspicion of his uncle's treachery, to his father. Where he has most loved and trusted, there he has been most deceived. The sadness of bereavement now settles into the deep gloom of a wounded spirit, and life seems rather a burden to be borne than a blessing to be cherished. In this condition, the appearance of the Ghost, its awful disclosures, and more awful injunctions, confirming the suspicion of his uncle's treachery, and implicating his mother in the crime, complete his desolation of mind.

Nevertheless, he still retains all his integrity and uprightness of soul. In the depths of his being, even below the reach of consciousness, there lives the instinct and impulse of a moral law with which the injunction of the Ghost stands in direct conflict. What is the quality of the act required of him? Nothing less, indeed, than to kill at once his uncle, his mother's husband, and his king; and this, not as an act of justice, and in a judicial manner, but as an act of revenge, and by assassination! How shall he justify such a deed to the world? How vindicate himself from the very crime thus revenged? For, as he cannot subpœna the Ghost, the evidence on which he must act is in its nature available only in the court of his own conscience. To serve any good end either for himself or for others, the deed must so stand in the public eye, as it does in his own; else he will, in effect, be setting an example and precedent of murder, not of justice.

Thus Hamlet's conscience is divided, not merely against his inclination, but against itself. However he multiplies to himself reasons and motives for the deed, there yet springs up, from a depth in his nature which reflection has not fathomed, and overruling impulse against it. So that we have the triumph of a pure moral nature over temptation in its most imposing form,—the form of a sacred call from heaven, or what is such to him. He thinks he ought to do the thing, resolves that he will do

it, blames himself for not doing it; but there is a power within him which still outwrestles his purpose. In brief, the trouble lies not in himself, but in his situation; it arises from the impossibility of translating the outward call of duty into a free moral impulse; and until so translated he cannot perform it; for in such an undertaking he must act from himself, not from another.

This strife of incompatible duties seems the true source of Hamlet's practical indecision. His moral sensitiveness, shrinking from the dreadful mandate of revenge, throws him back upon his reflective powers, and sends him through the abysses of thought in quest of a reconciliation between his conflicting duties, that so he may shelter either the performance of the deed from the reproach of irreligion, or the non-performance from that of filial impiety. Moreover, on reflection he discerns something in the mandate that makes him question its source: even his filial reverence leads him first to regret, then to doubt, and finally to disbelieve, that his *father* has laid on him such an injunction. It seems more likely that the Ghost should be a counterfeit, than that his father should call him to such a deed. Thus his mind is set in quest of other proofs. But when, by the stratagem of the play, he has made the King's guilt unkennel itself, this demonstration again arrests his hand, because his own conscience is startled into motion by the revelations made from that of another. Seeking ground of action in the workings of remorse, the very proofs, which to his mind would justify the inflicting of death, themselves spring from something worse than death.

And it should be remarked, withal, that by the very process of the case he is put in immediate contact with supernatural influences. The same voice that calls him to the undertaking also unfolds to him the retributions of futurity. The thought of that eternal blazon, which must not be to ears of flesh and blood, entrances him in meditation on the awful realities of the invisible world; so that, while nerved by a sense of the duty, he is at the same time

shaken by a dread of the responsibility. Thus the Ghost works in Hamlet a sort of preternatural development: its disclosures bring forth into clear apprehension some moral ideas which before were but dim presentiments in him. It is as if he were born into the other world before dying out of this. And what is thus developed in him is at strife with the injunction laid upon him.

Thus it appears, that Hamlet is distracted with a purpose which he is at once too good a son to dismiss, and too good a man to perform. Under an injunction with which he knows not what to do, he casts about, now for excuses, now for censures, of his nonperformance; and religion still prevents him from doing what filial piety reproves him for leaving undone. Not daring to abandon the design of killing the King, he is yet morally incapable of forming any plan for doing it: he can only go through the work, as indeed he does at last, under a sudden frenzy of excitement, caused by some immediate provocation; not so much acting, as being acted upon; rather as an instrument of Providence, than as a self-determining agent.

Properly speaking, then, Hamlet, we think, does not lack force of will. In him, will is strictly subject to reason and conscience; and it rather shows strength than otherwise in refusing to move in conflict with them. We are apt to measure men's force of will only by what they do, whereas the true measure thereof often lies rather in what they do *not* do. On this point, Mr. E. P. Whipple suggests, that "will is a relative term; and, even admitting that Hamlet possessed more will than many who act with decision, the fact that his other powers were larger in proportion justifies the common belief, that he was deficient in energy of purpose." But this, it strikes us, does not exactly meet the position; which is, that force of will is shown rather in holding still, than in moving, where the moral understanding is not satisfied; and that Hamlet seems to lack rather the power of seeing what he ought to do, than of doing what he sees to be right. The question is, whether the peculiarity of this representation is not meant to consist in

the hero being so placed, that strength of will has its proper outcome rather in thinking than in acting; the working of his whole mind being thus rendered as anomalous as his situation; which is just what the subject requires. Will it be said, that Hamlet's moral scruples are born of an innate reluctance to act? that from defect of will he *wishes* to hold back, and so *hunts* after motives for doing so? We should ourselves be much inclined to say so, but that those scruples seem to be the native and legitimate offspring of reason. There being, as we think, sufficient grounds for them out of him, we cannot refer them to any infirmity of his as their source.

It is true, Hamlet takes to himself all the blame of his indecision. This, we think, is one of the finest points in the delineation. For true virtue does not publish itself: radiating from the heart through the functions of life, its transpirations are so free and smooth and deep as to be scarce heard even by the subject of them. Moreover, in his conflict of duties, Hamlet naturally thinks he is taking the wrong one; the calls of the claim he meets being hushed by satisfaction, while those of the other are increased by disappointment. The current that we go with is naturally unnoticed by us; but that which we go against compels our notice by the struggle it puts us to. In this way Hamlet comes to mistake his clearness of conscience for moral insensibility. For even so a good man is apt to think he has not conscience enough, because it is quiet; a bad man, that he has too much, because it troubles him; which accounts for the readiness of bad men to supply their neighbors with conscience.

But perhaps the greatest perplexity of all in Hamlet's character turns on the point of his "antic disposition." Whether his madness be real or feigned, or sometimes the one, sometimes the other, or partly real, partly feigned, are questions which, like many that arise on similar points in actual life, perhaps can never be finally settled either way. Aside from the common impossibility of deciding precisely where sanity ends and insanity begins, there are peculiar-

ities in Hamlet's conduct,—resulting from the minglings of the supernatural in his situation,—which, as they transcend the reach of our ordinary experience, can hardly be reduced to any thing more than probable conjecture. If sanity consists in a certain harmony between a man's actions and his circumstances, it must be hard indeed to say what would be insanity in a man so circumstanced as Hamlet.

That his mind is thrown from its propriety, shaken from its due forms and measures of working, excited into irregular, fevered action, is evident enough: from the deeply-agitating experiences he has undergone, the horrors of guilt preternaturally laid open to him, and the terrible ministry enjoined upon him, he could not be otherwise. His mind is indeed full of unhealthy perturbation, being necessarily made so by the overwhelming thoughts that press upon him from without; but it nowhere appears enthralled by illusions spun from itself; there are no symptoms of its being torn from its proper holdings, or paralyzed in its power of steady thought and coherent reasoning. Once only, at the grave of Ophelia, does he lose his self-possession; and the result in this case only goes to prove how firmly he retains it everywhere else.

It is matter of common observation, that extreme emotions naturally express themselves by their opposites; as extreme sorrow, in laughter, extreme joy, in tears; utter despair, in a voice of mirth; a wounded spirit, in gushes of humor. Hence Shakespeare heightens the effect of some of his awfulest scenes by making the persons indulge in flashes of merriment; for what so appalling as to see a person laughing and playing from excess of anguish or terror? Now, the expressions of mirth, in such cases are plainly neither the reality nor the affectation of mirth. People, when overwhelmed with distress, certainly are not in a condition either to *feel* merry or to *feign* mirth; yet they do sometimes *express* it. The truth is, such extremes naturally and spontaneously express themselves by their opposites. In like manner, Hamlet's madness, it seems to

us, is neither real nor affected, but a sort of natural and spontaneous imitation of madness; the triumph of his reason over his passion naturally expressing itself in the tokens of insanity, just as the agonies of despair naturally vent themselves in flashes of mirth. Accordingly, Coleridge remarks, that "Hamlet's wildness is but half false; he plays that subtle trick of pretending to act, only when he is very near really being what he acts."

Again: It is not uncommon for men, in times of great depression, to fly off into prodigious humors and eccentricities. We have known people under such extreme pressure to throw their most intimate friends into consternation by their extravagant playings and frolickings. Such symptoms of wildness are sometimes the natural, though spasmodic, reaction of the mind against the weight that oppresses it. The mind thus spontaneously becomes eccentric in order to recover or preserve its center. Even so Hamlet's aberrations seem the conscious, half-voluntary bending of his faculties beneath an overload of thought, to keep them from breaking. His mind being deeply disturbed, agitated to its center, but not disorganized, those irregularities are rather a throwing-off of that disturbance than a giving-way to it.

On the whole, therefore, Goethe's celebrated criticism seems quite beside the mark: nevertheless, as it is the calm judgment of a great mind, besides being almost too beautiful in itself not to be true, we gladly subjoin it. "It is clear to me," says he, "that Shakespeare's intention was, to exhibit the effects of a great action imposed as a duty upon a mind too feeble for its accomplishment. In this sense I find the character consistent throughout. Here is an oak planted in a china vase, proper to receive only the most delicate flowers: the roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition, but without that energy of soul which constitutes the hero, sinks under a load which it can neither support nor resolve to abandon altogether. *All* his obligations are sacred to him; but this alone is above his powers. An impossibility

is required at his hands; not an impossibility in itself, but that which is so to him."

Still we have to confess, as stated before, that there is a mystery about Hamlet, which baffles all our resources of criticism; and our remarks should be taken as expressing rather what we have thought on the subject than any settled judgment. We will dismiss the theme by quoting what seems to us a very admirable passage from a paper in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. ii, signed "T. C." The writer is speaking of Hamlet: "In him, his character, and his situation, there is a concentration of all the interests that belong to humanity. There is scarcely a trait of frailty or of grandeur, which may have endeared to us our most beloved friends in real life, that is not found in Hamlet. Undoubtedly Shakespeare loved him beyond all his other creations. Soon as he appears on the stage, we are satisfied: when absent, we long for his return. This is the only play which exists almost altogether in the character of one single person. Who ever knew a Hamlet in real life? yet who, ideal as the character is, feels not its reality? This is the wonder. We love him not, we think of him not, because he was witty, because he was melancholy, because he was filial; but we love him because he existed, and was himself. This is the grand sum-total of the impression. I believe that of every other character, either in tragic or epic poetry, the story makes a part of the conception; but, of Hamlet, the deep and permanent interest is the conception of himself. This seems to belong, not to the character being more perfectly drawn, but to there being a more intense conception of individual human life than perhaps in any other human composition; that is, a being with springs of thought, and feeling, and action, deeper than we can search. These springs rise up from an unknown depth, and in that depth there seems to be a *oneness* of being which we cannot distinctly behold, but which we believe to be there; and thus irreconcilable circumstances, floating on the surface of his actions, have

not the effect of making us doubt the truth of the general picture."

From the same eloquent paper we must make another extract touching the apparition of "that fair and warlike form, in which the majesty of buried Denmark did sometimes march": "With all the mighty power which this tragedy possesses over us, arising from qualities now very generally described; yet, without that kingly shadow, who throws over it such preternatural grandeur, it could never have gained so universal an ascendancy over the minds of men. Now, the reality of a ghost is measured to that state of imagination in which we ought to be held for the fullest powers of tragedy. The appearance of such a phantom at once throws open those recesses of the inner spirit over which flesh was closing. Magicians, thunderstorms, and demons produce upon me something of the same effect. I feel myself brought instantaneously back to the creed of childhood. Imagination then seems not a power which I exert, but an impulse which I obey. Thus does the Ghost in *Hamlet* carry us into the presence of eternity.

"Never was a more majestic spirit more majestically revealed. The shadow of his kingly grandeur and his warlike might, rests massily upon him. He passes before us sad, silent, and stately. He brings the whole weight of the tragedy in his disclosures. His speech is ghost-like, and blends with ghost conceptions. The popular memory of his words proves how profoundly they sink into our souls. The preparation for his first appearance is most solemn. The night-watch,—the more common effect on the two soldiers,—the deeper effect on the next party, and their speculations,—Horatio's communication with the shadow, that seems as it were half way between theirs and Hamlet's,—his adjurations,—the degree of impression which they produce on the Ghost's mind, who is about to speak but for the due ghost-like interruption of the bird of morning;—all these things lead our minds up to the

last pitch of breathless expectation; and while yet the whole weight of mystery is left hanging over the play, we feel that some dread disclosure is reserved for Hamlet's ear, and that an apparition from the world unknown is still a partaker of the noblest of all earthly affections."

Horatio is a very noble character; but he moves so quietly in the drama, that his modest worth and solid manliness have not had justice done them. Should we undertake to go through the play without him, we should then feel how much of the best spirit and impression of the scenes is owing to his presence and character. For he is the medium through which many of the hero's finest and noblest traits are conveyed to us; yet himself so clear and transparent that he scarcely catches the attention. Mr. Verplanck, we believe, was the first to give him his due. "While," says he, "every other character in this play, Ophelia, Polonius, and even Osrick, has been analyzed and discussed, it is remarkable that no critic has stepped forward to notice the great beauty of Horatio's character, and its exquisite adaptation to the effect of the piece. His is a character of great excellence and accomplishment; but while this is distinctly shown, it is but sketched, not elaborately painted. His qualities are brought out only by single and seemingly-accidental touches; the whole being toned down to a quiet and unobtrusive beauty that does not tempt the mind to wander from the main interest, which rests alone upon Hamlet; while it is yet distinct enough to increase that interest, by showing him worthy to be Hamlet's trusted friend in life, and the chosen defender of his honor after death. Such a character, in the hands of another author, would have been made the center of some secondary plot. But here, while he commands our respect and esteem, he never for a moment divides a passing interest with the Prince. He does not break in upon the main current of our feelings. He contributes only to the general effect; so that it requires an effort of the mind to separate him for critical admiration."

The main features of Polonius have been seized and set

forth by Dr. Johnson with the hand of a master. It is one of the best pieces of personal criticism ever penned. "Polonius," says he, "is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it has become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his depositaries of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but, as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to the dereliction of his faculties; he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recover the leading principle, and fall into his former train. The idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius."

In all this Polonius is the exact antithesis of Hamlet, though Hamlet doubtless includes him, as the heavens do the earth. A man of but one method, that of intrigue; with his fingers ever itching to pull the wires of some intricate plot; and without any sense or perception of times and occasions; he is called to act in a matter where such arts and methods are peculiarly unfitting, and therefore only succeeds in over-reaching himself. Thus in him we have the type of a superannuated politician, and all his follies and blunders spring from undertaking to act the politician where he is most especially required to be a man. From books, too, he has gleaned maxims, but not gained development; sought to equip, not feed, his mind out of them: he has therefore made books his idols, and books have made him pedantic.

To such a mind, or rather half-mind, the character of Hamlet must needs be a profound enigma. It takes a whole man to know such a being as Hamlet; and Polonius is but the attic story of a man! As in his mind the calculative faculties have eaten out the perceptive, of course his inferences are seldom wrong, his premises seldom right. Assuming Hamlet to be thus and so, he reasons and acts most admirably in regard to him; but the fact is, he cannot *see* Hamlet; has no eye for the true premises of the case; and, being wrong in these, his very correctness of logic makes him but the more ridiculous. His method of coming at the meaning of men, is by reading them backwards; and this method, used upon such a character as Hamlet, can but betray the user's infirmity.

Shakespeare's skill in revealing a character through its most characteristic transpirations is finely displayed in the directions Polonius gives his servant, for detecting the habits and practices of his absent son. Here the old politician is perfectly at home; his mind seems to revel in the mysteries of wire-pulling and trap-setting. In the Prince, however, he finds an impracticable subject; here all his strategy is nonplussed, and himself caught in the trap he sets to catch the truth. The mere torch of policy, nature, or Hamlet, who is an embodiment of nature, blows him out; so that, in attempting to throw light on the Prince, he just rays out nothing but smoke. The sport of circumstances, it was only by a change of circumstances that Hamlet came to know him. Once the honored minister of his royal father, now the despised tool of that father's murderer, Hamlet sees in him only the crooked, supple time-server; and the ease with which he baffles and plagues the old fox shows how much craftier one *can* be who scorns craft, than one who courts it.

Habits of intrigue having extinguished in Polonius the powers of honest insight and special discernment, he therefore perceives not the unfitness of his old methods to the new exigency; while at the same time his faith in the craft, hitherto found so successful, stuffs him with over-

weening assurance. Hence, also, that singular but most characteristic specimen of grannyism, namely, his pedantic and impertinent dallying with artful turns of thought and speech amidst serious business; where he appears not unlike a certain person who "could speak no sense in several languages." Superannuated politicians, indeed, like him, seldom have any strength but as they fall back upon the resources of memory: out of these, the ashes, so to speak, of extinct faculties, they may seem wise after the fountains of wisdom are dried up within them; as a man who *has lost his sight* may seem to distinguish colors, so long as he refrains from speaking of the colors that are before him.

Of all Shakespeare's heroines, the impression of Ophelia is perhaps the most difficult of analysis, partly because she is so real, partly because so undeveloped. Like Cordelia, she is brought forward but little in the play, yet the whole play seems full of her. Her very silence utters her: unseen, she is missed, and so thought of the more: when absent in person, she is still present in effect, by what others bring from her. Whatsoever grace comes from Polonius and the Queen is of her inspiring: Laertes is scarce regarded but as he loves his sister: of Hamlet's soul, too, she is the sunrise and morning hymn. The soul of innocence and gentleness, wisdom seems to radiate from her insensibly, as fragrance is exhaled from flowers. It is in such forms that heaven most frequently visits us!

Ophelia's situation much resembles Imogen's; their characters are in marked contrast. Both appear amid the corruptions of a wicked court; Ophelia escapes them by insensibility of their presence, Imogen, by determined resistance: The former is unassailable in her innocence; the latter, unconquerable in her strength: Ignorance protects Ophelia, knowledge, Imogen: The conception of vice has scarce found its way into Ophelia's mind; in Imogen the daily perception of vice has called for a power to repel it. In Ophelia, again, as in Desdemona, the comparative want of intelligence, or rather intellectuality, is never felt as a

defect. She fills up the idea of excellence just as completely as if she had the intellect of Shakespeare himself. In the rounded equipoise of her character we miss not the absent element, because there is no vacancy to be supplied; and high intellect would strike us rather as a superfluity than a supplement; its voice would rather drown than complete the harmony of the other tones.

Ophelia is exhibited in the utmost ripeness and mellowness, both of soul and sense, to impressions from without. With her susceptibilities just opening to external objects, her thoughts are so engaged on these as to leave no room for self-contemplation. This exceeding impressibility is the source at once of her beauty and her danger. From the lips and eyes of Hamlet she has drunk in pledges of his love, but has never heard the voice of her own; and knows not how full her heart is of Hamlet, because she has not a single thought or feeling there at strife with him. Mrs. Jameson rightly says, "she is far more conscious of being loved than of loving; and yet loving in the silent depths of her young heart far more than she is loved." For it is a singular fact that, though from Hamlet we have many disclosures, and from Ophelia only concealments, there has been much doubt of his love, but never any of hers. Ophelia's silence as to her own passion has been sometimes misderived from a wish to hide it from others; but, in truth, she seems not to be aware of it herself; and she unconsciously betrays it in the modest reluctance with which she yields up the secret of Hamlet's courtship. The extorted confession of what she has received reveals how much she has given; the soft tremblings of her bosom being made the plainer by the delicate lawn of silence thrown over it. Even when despair is wringing her innocent young soul into an utter wreck, she seems not to know the source of her affliction; and the truth comes out only when her sweet mind, which once breathed such enchanting music, lies broken in fragments before us, and the secrets of her maiden heart are hovering on her demented tongue.

One of the bitterest ingredients in poor Ophelia's cup is

the belief that by her repulse of Hamlet she has dismantled his fair and stately house of reason; and when, forgetting the wounds with which her own pure spirit is bleeding, over the spectacle of that "unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth blasted with ecstacy," she meets his, "I loved you not," with the despairing sigh, "I was the more deceived," we see that she feels not the sundering of the ties that bind her sweetly-tempered faculties in harmony. Yet we blame not Hamlet, for he is himself but a victim of an inexorable power which is spreading its ravages through him over another life as pure and heavenly as his own. Standing on the verge of an abyss which is yawning to engulf himself, his very effort to frighten her back from it only hurries her in before him. To snatch another jewel from Mrs. Jameson's casket,—"He has no thought to link his terrible destiny with hers: he cannot marry her: he cannot reveal to her, young, gentle, innocent as she is, the terrific influences which have changed the whole current of his life and purposes. In his distraction he overacts the painful part to which he has tasked himself; like that judge of the Areopagus who, being occupied with graver matters, flung from him the little bird which had sought refuge in his bosom, and with such angry violence, that he unwittingly killed it."

Ophelia's insanity exhausts the fountains of human pity. It is one of those mysterious visitings over which we can only brood in silent sympathy and awe; which Heaven alone has a heart adequately to pity, and a hand effectually to heal. Its pathos were too much to be borne, but for the sweet incense that rises from her crushed spirit, as "she turns thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, to favor and to prettiness." Of her death what shall be said? The victim of crimes in which she has no share but as a sufferer, we hail with joy the event that snatches her from the rack of this world. The "snatches of old lauds," with which she chaunts, as it were, her own burial service, are like smiles gushing from the very heart of woe. We must leave her, with the words of Hazlitt: "O, rose of May!

O, flower too soon faded! Her love, her madness, her death, are described with the truest touches of tenderness and pathos. It is a character which nobody but Shakespeare could have drawn in the way that he has done; and to the conception of which there is not the smallest approach, except in some of the old romantic ballads."

The Queen's affection for this lovely being is one of those unexpected strokes, so frequent in Shakespeare, which surprise us into reflection by their naturalness. That Ophelia should disclose a vein of goodness in the Queen, was necessary perhaps to keep us both from underrating the influence of the one, and from exaggerating the wickedness of the other. The love which she thus awakens tells us that her helplessness springs from innocence, not from weakness; and so serves to prevent the pity which her condition moves from lessening the respect due to her character.

Almost any other author would have depicted Gertrude without a single alleviating trait in her character. Beaumont and Fletcher would probably have made her simply frightful or loathsome, and capable only of exciting abhorrence or disgust; if, indeed, in her monstrous depravity she had not rather failed to excite any feeling. Shakespeare, with far more effect as well as far more truth, exhibits her with such a mixture of good and bad, as neither disarms censure nor precludes pity. Herself dragged along in the terrible train of consequences which her own guilt had a hand in starting, she is hurried away into the same dreadful abyss along with those whom she loves, and against whom she has sinned. In her tenderness towards Hamlet and Ophelia, we recognize the virtues of the mother without in the least palliating the guilt of the wife; while the crimes in which she is an accomplice almost disappear in those of which she is the victim.

The plan of this drama seems to consist in the persons being represented as without plans; for, as Goethe happily remarks, "the hero is without any plan, but the play itself is full of plan." As the action, so far as there is

any, is shaped and determined rather *for* the characters than *from* them, all their energies could the better be translated into thought. Hence of all the Poet's dramas this probably combines the greatest strength and diversity of faculties. Sweeping round the whole circle of human thought and passion, its alternations of amazement and terror; of lust, ambition, and remorse; of hope, love, friendship, anguish, madness, and despair; of wit, humor, pathos, poetry, and philosophy; now congealing the blood with horror, now melting the heart with pity, now launching the mind into eternity, now startling conscience from her lonely seat with supernatural visitings;—it unfolds indeed a world of truth, and beauty, and sublimity.

Of its varied excellences, only a few of the less obvious need be specified. The platform scenes are singularly charged with picturesque effect. The chills of a northern winter midnight seem creeping on us, as the heart-sick sentinels pass in view, and, steeped in moonlight and drowsiness, exchange their meeting and parting salutations. The thoughts and images that rise in their minds are just such as the anticipation of preternatural visions would be likely to inspire. As the bitter cold stupefies their senses, an indescribable feeling of dread and awe steals over them, preparing the mind to realize its own superstitious imaginings. And the feeling one has in reading these scenes is not unlike that of a child passing a graveyard by moonlight. Out of the dim and drowsy moonbeams apprehension creates its own objects; his fancies embody themselves in surrounding facts; his fears give shape to outward things, while those things give outwardness to his fears.—The heterogeneous elements that are brought together in the grave-digging scene, with its strange mixture of songs and witticisms and dead men's bones, and its still stranger transitions of the grave, the sprightly, the meditative, the solemn, the playful, and the grotesque, make it one of the most wonderful yet most natural scenes in the drama.—In view of the terrible catastrophe, Goethe has the following weighty sentence: "It is the tendency of crime to spread

its evils over innocence, as it is of virtue to diffuse its blessings over many who deserve them not; while, frequently, the author of the one or of the other is not, so far as we can see, punished or rewarded."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET

The character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be: but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect, as in the scene where he kills Polonius, and again, where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical, dallies with his purposes, till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretense to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the King when he is at his prayers, and by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity, when he shall be engaged in some act "that has no relish of salvation in it."

He is the prince of philosophical speculators; and because he cannot have his revenge perfect, according to the most refined idea his wish can form, he declines it altogether. So he scruples to trust the suggestions of the ghost, contrives the scene of the play to have surer proof

of his uncle's guilt, and then rests satisfied with this confirmation of his suspicions, and the success of his experiment, instead of acting upon it. Yet he is sensible of his own weakness, taxes himself with it, and tries to reason himself out of it.

Still he does nothing; and this very speculation on his own infirmity only affords him another occasion for indulging it. It is not from any want of attachment to his father or of abhorrence of his murder that Hamlet is thus dilatory, but it is more to his taste to indulge his imagination in reflecting upon the enormity of the crime and refining on his schemes of vengeance, than to put them into immediate practice. His ruling passion is to think, not to act: and any vague pretext that flatters this propensity instantly diverts him from his previous purposes.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THE MOOD OF HAMLET

The mood of Hamlet is necessarily an extraordinary and an unaccountable mood. In him exceptional influences agitate an exceptional temperament. He is wayward, fitful, excited, horror-stricken. The foundations of his being are unseated. His intellect and his will are ajar and unbalanced. He has become an exception to the common forms of humanity. The poet, in his turn, struck with this strange figure, seems to have resolved on bringing its special peculiarities into special prominence, and the story which he dramatized afforded him the most ample opportunity of accomplishing this design. Hamlet is not only in reality agitated and bewildered, but he is led to adopt a disguise of feigned madness, and he is thus perpetually intensifying and distorting the peculiarities of an already over-excited imagination. It was, we think, inevitable that a composition which attempted to follow the workings of so unusual an individuality should itself seem abrupt and capricious; and this natural effect of the scene is still further deepened not only by the exceptionally large genius,

but by the exceptionally negligent workmanship, of the poet.—KENNY, *The Life and Genius of Shakespeare.*

THE PRINCIPLE OF HAMLET'S ACTION

The mind of Hamlet, violently agitated and filled with displeasing and painful images, loses all sense of felicity. He even wishes for a change of being. The appearance is wonderful, and leads us to inquire into affections and opinions that could render him despondent. The death of his father was a natural evil, and as such he endures it. That he is excluded from succeeding immediately to the royalty seems to affect him slightly; for to vehement and vain ambition he appears superior. He is moved by finer principles, by an exquisite sense of virtue, of moral beauty and turpitude. The impropriety of Gertrude's behavior, her ingratitude to the memory of her former husband and the depravity she discovers in the choice of a successor, afflict his soul, and cast him into utter agony. Here, then, is the principle and spring of all his actions.—RICHARDSON, *Essays on Some of Shakespeare's Dramatic Characters.*

THE INSANITY OF HAMLET

But let it be remembered that in those days mental phenomena were by no means accurately examined or generally known. There was but little attention paid to the peculiar forms of monomania, or to its treatment, beyond restraint and often cruelty. The poor idiot was allowed, if harmless, to wander about the village or the country to drivel or gibber amidst the teasing or ill-treatment of boys or rustics. The poor maniac was chained or tied in some wretched outhouse, at the mercy of some heartless guardian, with no protector but the constable. Shakespeare could not be supposed, in the little town of Statford, nor indeed in London itself, to have had opportunities of studying the influence and the appearance of mental derangement of a high-minded and finely-cultivated prince. How

then did Shakespeare contrive to point so highly-finished and yet so complex an image? Simply by the exercise of that strong sympathetic will which enabled him to transport, or rather to transmute, himself into another personality. While this character was strongly before him, he changed himself into a maniac; he felt intuitively what would be his own thought, what his feelings, were he in that situation; he played with himself the part of a madman, with his own grand mind as the basis of its action; he grasped on every side the imagery which he felt would have come into his mind, beautiful even when dislorded, sublime even when it was grovelling, brilliant even when dulled, and clothed it in words of fire and tenderness, with a varied rapidity which partakes of wildness and of sense. He needed not to look for a model out of himself, for it cost him no more effort to change the angle of his mirror, and sketch his own countenance awry. It was but little for him to pluck away the crown from reason and contemplate it dethroned.—WISEMAN, *William Shakespeare.*

The very exhortations to secrecy, shown to be so important in Hamlet's imagination, are but illustrations of one part of his character, and must be recognizable as such by all physicians intimately acquainted with the beginnings of insanity. It is by no means unfrequent that when the disease is only incipient, and especially in men of exercised minds, that the patient has an uneasy consciousness of his own departure from a perfectly sound understanding. He becomes aware that, however he may refuse to acknowledge it, his command over his thoughts or his words is not steadily maintained, whilst at the same time he has not wholly lost control over either. He suspects that he is suspected, and anxiously and ingeniously accounts for his oddities. Sometimes he challenges inquiry, and courts various tests of his sanity, and sometimes he declares that in doing extravagant things he has only been pretending to be eccentric, in order to astonish the fools about him

and who he knew were watching him. The young Hamlet has suddenly become a changed man. The curse of madness,—ever fatal to beauty, to order, to happiness,—has fallen upon him; deep vexation has undermined his reason, and thoughts beyond the reaches of his soul have agitated him beyond a cure. His affections are in disorder, and the disorder will increase; so that he will become by turns suspicious and malicious, impulsive and reflective, pensive and facetious, and undergo all the transformations of the most afflicting of human maladies.—Conolly, *A Study of Hamlet.*

Shakespeare . . . . . recognized what none of his critics, not conversant with medical psychology in its present advanced state, seem to have any conception of; namely, that there are cases of melancholic madness of a delicate shade, in which the reasoning faculties, the intellect proper, so far from being overcome, or even disordered, may, on the other hand, be rendered more active and vigorous, while the will, the moral feelings, the sentiments and affections, are the faculties which seem alone to suffer from the stroke of disease. Such a case he has given us in the character of Hamlet, with a fidelity to nature which continues more and more to excite our wonder and astonishment as our knowledge of this intricate subject advances.—Kellogg, *Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity, Imbecility and Suicide.*

The majority of readers at the present day believe that Hamlet's madness was real. . . . . A madness so skilfully feigned, and in so moderate and exact a degree as to deceive not only those whom it was intended to deceive, but also to deceive alike spectators and readers, who are always privileged to know more of the action and the real characters in a play than do the personages themselves,—such a feigned madness serves to make a plot more ingenious and interesting than it would be if the hero's men-

tal aberration had been made to appear unmistakably real. —Stearns, *The Shakespeare Treasury of Wit and Knowledge.*

One of the probable causes of Hamlet's feigning of madness has never yet been indicated by the critics. Hamlet, it is said, played the madman to hide his thought, like Brutus. In fact, it is easy to cover a great purpose under apparent imbecility; the supposed idiot carries out his designs at his leisure. But the case of Brutus is not that of Hamlet. Hamlet plays the madman for his safety. Brutus cloaks his project; Hamlet, his person. The manners of these tragic courts being understood, from the moment that Hamlet learns from the ghost of the crime of Claudius, Hamlet is in danger. The superior historian that is in the poet is here manifest, and we perceive in Shakespeare the profound penetration into the dark shades of ancient royalty. In the Middle Ages and in the latter empire, and even more anciently, woe to him who discovered a murder or a poisoning committed by a king. Ovid, Voltaire conjectured, was exiled from Rome for having seen something shameful in the house of Augustus. To know that the king was an assassin was treason. When it pleased the prince to have no witness, one must be shrewd enough to know nothing. It was bad policy to have good eyes. A man suspected of suspicion was lost. He had only one refuge, insanity. Passing for an "innocent" he was despised, and all was said.—Victor Hugo, *William Shakespeare.*

The question of Hamlet's madness has been much discussed and variously decided. High medical authority has pronounced, as usual, on both sides of the question. But the induction has been drawn from too narrow premises, being based on a mere diagnosis of the case, and not on an appreciation of the character in its completeness. We have a case of pretended madness in the Edgar of *King Lear;* and it is certainly true that that is a charcoal sketch,

coarsely outlined, compared with the delicate drawing, the lights, shades, and half-tints of the portraiture in Hamlet. But does this tend to prove that the madness of the latter, because truer to the recorded observation of experts, is real, and meant to be real, as the other to be fictitious? Not in the least, as it appears to me. Hamlet, among all the characters of Shakespeare, is the most eminently a metaphysician and psychologist. He is a close observer, continually analyzing his own nature and that of others, letting fall his little drops of acid irony on all who come near him, to make them show what they are made of. Even Ophelia is not too sacred, Osric not too contemptible, for experiment. If such a man assumed madness, he would play his part perfectly. If Shakespeare himself, without going mad, could so observe and remember all the abnormal symptoms as to be able to reproduce them in Hamlet, why should it be beyond the power of Hamlet to reproduce them in himself? If you deprive Hamlet of reason, there is no truly magic motive left. He would be a fit subject for Bedlam, but not for the stage. We might have pathology enough, but no pathos—Ajax first becomes tragic when he recovers his wits. If Hamlet is irresponsible, the whole play is chaos. That he is not might be proven by evidence enough were it not labor thrown away. —Lowell, *Among My Books.*

But how this has ever come to be a matter of dispute we are at a loss to understand. Had Hamlet kept his intention to play the madman to himself, there would have been room for doubt; but after having taken Horatio and Marcellus into his confidence, by stating plainly his resolve to behave himself like a madman, it is inconceivable how any misconception of the proper reading should exist. It is no proof that his madness is real to say that the King, Queen, Polonius, and others, think and say he is mad: this only proves he imitated madness well when he succeeded in creating this belief. When David scrabbled on the doors of the gate at Gath, and let his spittle fall upon his beard,

was he mad? Surely not. But Achish and others thought him mad. So it is in the present case; such proof is no proof, and is not entitled to a moment's consideration. There is not a whisper of Hamlet's madness up to the time when he warns his friends, in future, to take no heed of his acts,—not even from Polonius. The impression of his madness is created by his acts subsequent to this warning. In all his soliloquies, in his conversation with Horatio, in his instruction to the Players, in his interview with his mother, in his letter to Horatio, there is not the slightest trace of unreason, while his interviews with the King, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, are invariably and unmistakably associated with speech or actions resembling madness. Now, if Hamlet was really mad he never could have preserved such an entire consistency throughout his behavior to so many people, only acting like a madman to those whom he wished to deceive.—Meadows, *Hamlet: An Essay.*

IF

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, was speculative and irresolute, and we have a great tragedy in consequence. But if his father had lived to a good old age, and his uncle had died an early death, we can conceive Hamlet's having married Ophelia, and got through life with a reputation of sanity, notwithstanding many soliloquies, and moody sarcasms towards the fair daughter of Polonius, to say nothing of frankest incivility to his father-in-law.—George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss.*

OPHELIA

Still waters are deep is true of Ophelia, and: no fire, no coal, so hotly glows, as the secret love of which nobody knows. Thoroughly German, old German, is she in her household relations. Her obedience as a daughter is implicit; only to her brother, who warns her, does she reply

with the dry coolness which belongs to true natures, and which is also apparent, in the first scenes, in Cordelia and Desdemona. We know not what it costs her when she promises obedience to her father's stricter and weightier authority, "I will obey, sir"; further she says nothing. What is passing within her a good actress must tell us by a tone that reveals to us that under this obedience her heart is breaking, when she says, "With almost all the holy vows of Heaven." In this patriarchal submission to her father, in this touching defencelessness, this inability of resistance, which characterizes natures that are boundlessly good and created only for love, she allows herself without demur to be used, when she is sent in Hamlet's way, that they may talk together, while her father and the King privily listen; Hamlet, under the mask of madness, treats her rudely; the pure nobleness of her true, unstained tenderness speaks in the sorrowful words with which the return of his gifts is accompanied; unsuspicious, she believes in his feigned madness; and then her pain breaks out into a lament that points to an abyss from which comes no speech. The deepest tone of the heart, of which a voice is capable, is demanded in this soliloquy; there are few tragic passages sadder or more moving than, "And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, that sucked the honey of his music vows." If it ever can be said of a poetical creation that it has fragrancy in it, it is this picture of the crazed Ophelia, and the inmost secret of this bewitching fragrancy is innocence. Nothing deforms her; not the lack of sense in her sense, not the rude naïveté of those snatches of song: a soft mist, a twilight is drawn around her, veiling the rough reality of insanity, and in this sweet veil, this dissolving melancholy, the story of her death is told.—Vischer, *Kritische Gänge.*

Beyond every character that Shakspeare has drawn (Hamlet alone excepted), that of Ophelia makes us forget the poet in his own creation. Whenever we bring her to mind, it is with the same exclusive sense of her real ex-

istence, without reference to the wondrous power which called her into life. The effect (and what an effect!) is produced by means so simple, by strokes so few, and so unobtrusive, that we take no thought of them. It is so purely natural and unsophisticated, yet so profound in its pathos, that, as Hazlitt observes, it takes us back to the old ballads; we forget that, in its perfect artlessness, it is the supreme and consummate triumph of art.—Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

With what a small outlay of dramatic contrivance has Shakspeare drawn the pathos of Ophelia's fate! It begins to infect us as soon as we discover that she loves; for her lover receives the visits of a murdered father. We know, but she does not, the cause of the apparent unsettling of the Prince's wits. We can anticipate into what tragedies that ghost beckons her Lord Hamlet, while she walks unconsciously so close that her garments, perfumed with rare ladyhood, brush the greaves of the grisly visitant. Her helplessness is not cast in a faint outline against the background of these palace treacheries and lusts; but it appears in startling vividness, because she is so pure, so remote from all the wicked world, so slenderly fitted out to contend with it. Tears are summoned when we see how simple she is, and fashioned solely for dependence: a disposition, not a will; a wife for Hamlet's will, but poor to husband one of her own.

What will become of her? What becomes of the vine when lightning splits its oak? The clipping tendrils and soft green have lost their reason for existing when the wood which centuries have grained is blasted in an hour. She will shrink into herself, will sicken, grow sere, rustle to and fro. Her leaves will blab loose songs to every wanton wind. To wither is all that is left to do, since all that she could do was to love, to climb, to cling, to cloak ruggedness with grace, to make strength and stature serve to lift and develop all her beauteous quality.—Weiss, *Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare.*

THE QUEEN

The Queen is a weak thing; she is Hamlet's mother. Her share in the crime remains doubtful; she is a receiver of stolen goods, buys stolen things cheap, and never asks if a theft has been committed. The King's masculine art overpowers her; her son's lamp of conscience, not lighted until midnight, burns only until morning, and she awakes with the sins of the day before.—Boerne, *Gesammelte Shriften, Dram. Blätter.*

The Queen was not a bad-hearted woman, not at all the woman to think little of murder. But she had a soft animal nature, and was very dull and very shallow. She loved to be happy, like a sheep in the sun; and, to do her justice, it pleased her to see others happy, like more sheep in the sun. She never saw that drunkenness is disgusting till Hamlet told her so; and, though she knew that he considered her marriage "o'er-hasty" (II, ii, 57), she was untroubled by any shame at the feelings which had led to it. It was pleasant to sit upon her throne and see smiling faces round her, and foolish and unkind in Hamlet to persist in grieving for his father instead of marrying Ophelia and making everything comfortable. She was fond of Ophelia and genuinely attached to her son (though willing to see her lover exclude him from the throne); and, no doubt, she considered equality of rank a mere trifle compared with the claims of love. The belief at the bottom of her heart was that the world is a place constructed simply that people may be happy in it in a good-humored sensual fashion.

Her only chance was to be made unhappy. When affliction comes to her, the good in her nature struggles to the surface through the heavy mass of sloth. Like other faulty characters in Shakespeare's tragedies, she dies a better woman than she had lived. When Hamlet shows her what she has done she feels genuine remorse. It is true, Hamlet fears it will not last, and so at the end of the in-

terview (III, iv, 180 ff.) he adds a warning that if she betrays him, she will ruin herself as well.[1] It is true too that there is no sign of her obeying Hamlet in breaking off her most intimate connection with the King. Still she does feel remorse; and she loves her son, and does not betray him. She gives her husband a false account of Polonius's death, and is silent about the appearance of the Ghost. She becomes miserable;

> To her sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
> Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss.

She shows spirit when Laertes raises the mob, and one respects her for standing up for her husband when she can do nothing to help her son. If she had sense to realize Hamlet's purpose, or the probability of the King's taking some desperate step to foil it, she must have suffered torture in those days. But perhaps she was too dull.

The last we see of her, at the fencing-match, is most characteristic. She is perfectly serene. Things have slipped back into their groove, and she has no apprehensions. She is, however, disturbed and full of sympathy for her son, who is out of condition and pants and perspires. These are afflictions she can thoroughly feel for, though they are even more common than the death of a father. But then she meets her death because she cannot resist the wish to please her son by drinking to his success. And more: when she falls dying, and the King tries to make out that she is merely swooning at the sight of blood, she collects her energies to deny it and to warn Hamlet:

> No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—
> The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*

Was ever any other writer at once so pitiless and so just as Shakespeare? Did ever any other mingle the grotesque and the pathetic with a realism so daring and yet so true to "the modesty of nature"?—Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy.*

[1] *I. e.* the King will kill *her* to make all sure.

POLONIUS

Polonius is the comic character of the play. As Shakespeare advanced in art he threw aside the rude merriment of the clown, and contrived to satisfy the pit's demand for humor by the introduction of a laughable character as one of the regular *dramatis personæ*, and in the earlier part of *Hamlet* this *rôle* is played by Polonius. Polonius is the true father of both Laertes and Ophelia. Greatness of mind is utterly absent from his system. He is fitted out with a stock of "old saws and modern instances," which serve as contrasts to the imbecility of his own behavior. As a young man he has had the same pleasant trick of lecturing his friends as Laertes has now, and it has grown upon him. His loquaciousness has increased with his years. In figure he is ungainly to the point of exciting merriment, and though Shakespeare never raises laughter at mere deformity, he makes the combination of self-satisfied imbecility with ludicrous incompetence both of mind and body sufficiently amusing.—Ransome, *Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots.*

I see in Polonius a real statesman. Discreet, politic, keen-sighted, ready at the council board, cunning upon occasions, he had been valued by the deceased King, and is now indispensable to his successor. How much he suspected as to the death of the former King, or how sincerely he accepted that event, the poet does not tell us. When Polonius speaks to Ophelia of her relations to Hamlet, he pretends ignorance; he has only heard through others that his daughter talks with the prince, and often and confidentially. Here the cunning courtier shows himself, for the visits of the prince to his house could not have been unknown to him. But these visits were made in the time of the late King, and afterwards in the interregnum before the new ruler ascended the throne. The election was doubtful; Hamlet, as we know, had the first right, and the prospect of becoming father-in-law to the King was

tempting. But Hamlet, who had no faculty for availing himself of circumstances, or even for maintaining his rights, allowed himself to be set aside, and Polonius saw, even when the great assembly was held, that Hamlet's position at court was Hamlet's own fault. Consequently, for double reasons, Polonius forbids his daughter to have any intercourse with the prince; first, because the prince was a cypher, and then again, because the King might become suspicious if he learned that such intercourse existed.—TIECK, *Dramaturgische Blätter.*

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are favorable samples of the thorough-paced, time-serving court knave—servants of all-work, ticketed, and to be hired for any hard or dirty job. Shakespeare has at once, and unequivocally, signified his opinion of the race, by making Rosencrantz, the time-server, the schoolfellow of Hamlet, and, under the color of their early associations, professing a personal friendship—even an affection for him, at the very time that he had accepted the office of spy upon his actions, and traitor to his confidence. "Good, my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do surely but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend." Immediately upon the heel of this protestation he accepts the king's commission to convey his "friend" to England, where measures had been taken for his assassination. Rosencrantz and his fellow would designate themselves as thoroughly "*loyal* men"; they make no compromise of their calling; the "broad R" is burnt into them; they are for the king's service exclusively; and with the scavenger's calling, they would scoop all into that reservoir. The poet has sketched them in few and bold outlines; their subtleties of character stare out like the bones of a starved beast. They are time-servers by profession, and upon hire; and "verily they have their reward." The great Hebrew legislator has said, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth

out the corn"; but the corn that such oxen tread out no noble beast would consider worthy of "protective duty" at all. No one works so hard as a time-server; and, under the fairest auspices, his labor is well worthy of his pay. The machinery he constructs to accomplish his little ends, is always complicated and eccentric in movement—like the Laputan's invention for cutting a cabbage, requiring a horse-power to put it in action; or like the painstaking of Bardolph, who stole the lute-case, carried it seven leagues, and sold it for three-halfpence. The same great master-spirit—Shakespeare—has made another time-server say, "How wretched is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!" but how much more wretched is that poor prince who needs such hangers-on as Guildenstern and Rosencrantz! What a hell on earth has the man who is the suborner of meanness and villainy!—the constant sense of subjection—the instinctive sense of insincerity and sham respect—the rising of the gorge at the fawning and the mouth-honor, the self-inspection, (which will come,) the surmises, the fears, the trepidations, the heartaches: "Verily, both parties have their reward," even here, "on this bank and shoal of time." . . . . . In the spirit of just retribution, these two worthies fall into the trap they had set for their old friend and schoolfellow.—Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

HORATIO

It is commonly understood that Hamlet and Horatio were friends in the higher sense of the word, but such is not the idea of the poet. Horatio is an honest, loyal subject, very modest, contented in the humblest sphere, without any great elevation of mind, without indeed any uncommon degree of intellect, yet using well all he has learned. But why has not Shakespeare made Horatio a person of high intellectual ability? Because it would have distorted the whole piece. Were Horatio a strong, able man, he would either have had an undue influence over his friend, or he

would have acted for him, and all would have been different. But as it is, he does not help the prince to act; in many respects, in acuteness, wit, imagination, eloquence, he stands below the prince, although he excels him in his way of thinking, morally considered. It is, moreover, very tragic that the poor prince, among all around him, finds no greater friend than this Horatio, and must cling to him, as no other is at hand. Horatio is, however, at least an honest man, which is certainly *very much;* but Hamlet has to console and content himself with Horatio's intellectual mediocrity. Perfect love and reverence he has had for one only, his father, whose loss can never be supplied.—Horn, *Shakespeare Erläutert.*

THE GHOST

The Ghost only makes that an absolute certainty which already existed as a strong suspicion. The Ghost can communicate only with Hamlet, because Hamlet alone is capable of believing in the certainty that a crime had been committed. The Ghost can appear also to those who have kept themselves free from moral blight, who deplore the condition of Denmark, and who have thus naturally become the adherents of the prince.—Roetsher, *Cyclus Dramatischer Charaktere.*

HAMLET AS AN EXPRESSION OF SHAKESPEARE'S MENTAL ATTITUDE

If Shakespeare's master-passion then was, as we have seen it to be, the love of intellectual activity for its own sake, his continual satisfaction with the simple pleasure of existence must have made him more than commonly liable to the fear of death, or at least made that change the great point of interest in his hours of reflection. Often and often must he have thought, that to be or not to be forever was a question which must be settled; as it is the foundation, and the only foundation, upon which we feel that

there can rest one thought, one feeling, or one purpose worthy of a human soul. Here lie the materials out of which this remarkable tragedy was built up. From the wrestling of his own soul with the great enemy, comes that depth and mystery which startles us in Hamlet. It is to this condition that Hamlet has been reduced. . . . . He fears nothing save the loss of existence. But this thought thunders at the very base of the cliff on which, shipwrecked of every other hope, he had been thrown.—Very, *Essays and Poems.*

MATURITY OF THE PLAY

To any of the new school of Victorian Shakspereans, to any one who has a grasp of Shakspere's development, who can trace the progress of his Mind and Art from the whimsy quip and quirk, the youthful passion, the florid rhetoric, of his First-Period farces, tragedy, and histories, from these to the pathos of Constance, the grace of Portia, the humor of Falstaff, the wit of Benedick and Beatrice, the romance of Viola, the steadfastness of Helena, the wealth and brilliancy of Shakspere's delightful Second Period, and thence to the deeper Tragedies of his Third,—to any such man, no words of mine are needed to make him sure that *Hamlet* was no creation of the "rough enthusiasm of Shakspere's youth at Stratford."—Furnivall, *Hamlet* in the *Quarto Facsimile* of *Shakespeare.*

SUPERIORITY OF HAMLET

Consider Hamlet in whatsoever light you will, it stands quite alone, most peculiarly apart, from every other play of Shakespeare's. A vast deal has been written upon the subject, and by a great number of commentators, by men borne in different countries, educated after different fashions. . . . . We might hope to see a second Shakespeare, if the world had ever produced a commentator worthy of *Hamlet.* The qualities and faculties such a man should

possess would be, indeed "rare in their separate excellence, wonderful in their combinations." Such a man as Shakespeare imagined in him to whom his hero bequeathed the task of: Reporting him and his cause aright to the satisfied."—Maginn, *Shakespeare Papers.*

Not one single alteration in the whole play can possibly have been made with a view to stage effect or to present popularity and profit; or we must suppose that Shakespeare, however great as a man, was naturally even greater as a fool. There is a class of mortals to whom this inference is always grateful—to whom the fond belief that every great man must needs be a great fool would seem always to afford real comfort and support: happy, in Prior's phrase, could their inverted rule prove every great fool to be a great man. Every change in the text of *Hamlet* has impaired its fitness for the stage and increased its value for the closet in exact and perfect proportion. Now this is not a matter of opinion—of Mr. Pope's opinion or Mr. Carlyle's; it is a matter of fact and evidence. Even in Shakespeare's time the actors threw out his additions; they throw out these very same additions in our own. The one especial speech, if any one such especial speech there be, in which the personal genius of Shakespeare soars up to the very highest of its height and strikes down to very deepest of its depth, is passed over by modern actors; it was cut away by Hemings and Condell. We may almost assume it as certain that no boards have ever echoed—at least, more than once or twice—to the supreme soliloquy of Hamlet. Those words which combine the noblest pleading ever proffered for the rights of human reason with the loftiest vindication ever uttered of those rights, no mortal ear within our knowledge has ever heard spoken on the stage. A convocation even of all priests could not have been more unhesitatingly unanimous in its rejection than seems to have been the hereditary verdict of all actors. It could hardly have been found worthier of theological than it has been found of theatrical condemnation. Yet,

beyond all question, magnificent as is that monologue on suicide and doubt which has passed from a proverb into a byword, it is actually eclipsed and distanced at once on philosophic and on poetical grounds by the later soliloquy on reason and resolution.—SWINBURNE, *A Study of Shakespeare.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark*
HAMLET, *son to the late, and nephew to the present king*
POLONIUS, *lord chamberlain*
HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet*
LAERTES, *son to Polonius*
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRIC, A Gentleman, A Priest — courtiers
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO — officers
FRANCISCO, *a soldier*
REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius*
Players
Two clowns, grave-diggers
FORTINBRAS, *prince of Norway*
A Captain
English Ambassadors

GERTRUDE, *queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet*
OPHELIA, *daughter to Polonius*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants

Ghost of Hamlet's Father

SCENE: *Denmark*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

The ghost of Hamlet, King of Denmark, walks on the battlements of the castle of Kronberg at Elsinore and is seen by the sentinels, who decide to tell young Hamlet about it, believing that the ghost, though dumb to them, will speak to him. Hamlet resolves to see it and to speak to it "though hell itself should gape and bid" him "hold his peace." The ghost tells how the king's brother Claudius had murdered him that he might obtain the throne and marry the king's wife. Hamlet promises to avenge his father and the ghost vanishes. The sentinels, who are good friends to the prince, are pledged to silence.

ACT II

From this time on, Hamlet feigns madness, that no one may suspect him of serious plans. The king and queen, not believing the death of his father sufficient cause for such madness, search for another reason for it. He writes an incoherent, passionate letter to Ophelia, daughter of a courtier named Polonius, and this letter they believe proves that the cause of his madness is love. A company of strolling players come to the court and Hamlet asks them to present "The Murder of Gonzago," a play similar in incidents to the murder of his father.

ACT III

During the play, the prince closely watches the king and queen. As Hamlet expected, his uncle is much moved

and hastily leaves the room, followed by the queen. The latter sends for her son, in order that she may reason with him over his conduct. Polonius is hidden behind a curtain, and Hamlet, hearing him call out and believing it to be the king, slays him. Hamlet reproaches his mother with her past life and she is over-whelmed with shame and remorse. Their interview is interrupted by the dead king's ghost, who is invisible and inaudible to the queen.

ACT IV

The king and queen and their counselors agree that Hamlet must be banished. He is sent to England under guard of two schoolmates. Sealed orders for his death await his arrival in that country. But when they were two days at sea a pirate ship gives chase to their vessel and Hamlet is taken prisoner. The pirates deal gently with him, for they hope that he will get them some favor from the court if they do so. Hamlet returns home and a sad sight is the first thing to greet his eyes. This is the funeral of Ophelia. She had become insane from fretting over her father's sudden death at her lover's hands, over Hamlet's madness, and over her brother's prolonged absence from home. She had wandered about the court for days singing and strewing flowers, and at last, having strayed to the banks of a stream, had been drowned.

ACT V

Hamlet's grief is intense, and he leaps into the open grave and there contests with Laertes, Ophelia's brother, for the place of chief mourner. They are separated by attendants, and later at the king's instigation they engage in a supposedly friendly fencing match. But Laertes' rapier is sharp and poisoned. To make certain of the prince's death the king prepares a poisoned drink and places the cup where Hamlet will be likely to pick it up should he be thirsty. At first Hamlet gains some advantages, but suddenly he receives a mortal blow from his

opponent's weapon. In the scuffle which follows, the weapons are exchanged. Hamlet wounds Laertes with the death-giving rapier. Meanwhile the queen, desirous of encouraging her son and knowing nothing of the poisoned drink, picks up the cup near her to drink to him, and immediately dies. As the queen passes away, Hamlet realizes that there is treachery somewhere, and the dying Laertes confesses his share in it, begging forgiveness of the prince, and accuses the king of planning it all. The prince turns on his uncle and stabs him to death with the poisoned weapon, and having thus avenged his father, he dies.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who 's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

2. *"answer me";* that is, answer *me,* as I have the right to challenge *you.* Bernardo then gives in answer the watch-word, "Long live the king!"—"Compare," says Coleridge, "the easy language of common life, in which this drama commences, with the direful music and wild wayward rhythm and abrupt lyrics of the opening of Macbeth. The tone is quite familiar: there is no poetic description of night, no elaborate information conveyed by one speaker to another of what both had immediately before their senses; and yet nothing bordering on the comic on the one hand, nor any striving of the intellect on the other. It is precisely the language of sensation among men who feared no charge of effeminacy for feeling what they had no want of resolution to bear. Yet the armour, the dead silence, the watchfulness that first interrupts it, the welcome relief of the guard, the cold, the broken expressions of compelled attention to bodily feelings still under control,—all excellently accord with, and prepare for, the after gradual rise into tragedy; but, above all, into a tragedy, the interest of which is as eminently *ad et apud intra,* as that of Macbeth is directly *ad extra."* —H. N. H.

Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath relieved you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit.*
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

18. *"give you good night";* this salutation is an abbreviated form of, "May God give you a good night"; which has been still further abbreviated in the phrase, "Good night."—H. N. H.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

21. "*has this thing appeared,* etc.; the folio assigns this speech to Marcellus. The quartos are probably right, as Horatio comes on purpose to try his own eyes on the Ghost.—We quote from Coleridge again: "Bernardo's inquiry after Horatio, and the repetition of his name in his own presence indicate a respect or an eagerness that implies him as one of the persons who are in the foreground; and the scepticism attributed to him prepares us for Hamlet's after eulogy on him as one whose blood and judgment were happily commingled. Now, observe the admirable indefiniteness of the first opening out of the occasion of all this anxiety. The preparative information of the audience is just as much as was precisely necessary, and no more;—it begins with the uncertainty appertaining to a question: 'What! has *this thing* appear'd again to-night?' Even the word *again* has its *credibilizing* effect. Then Horatio, the representative of the ignorance of the audience, not himself, but by Marcellus to Bernardo, anticipates the common solution.—'Tis but our fantasy'; upon which Marcellus rises into,—'This dreaded sight twice seen of us'; which immediately afterwards becomes 'this apparition,' and that, too, an intelligent spirit that is to be spoken to!"—H. N. H.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that 's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again! 40
Ber. In the same figure, like the king that 's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

40. *"Peace, break thee off";* "this passage seems to contradict the critical law, that what is told makes a faint impression compared with what is beholden; for it does indeed convey to the mind more than the eye can see; whilst the interruption of the narrative at the very moment when we are most intensely listening for the sequel, and have our thoughts diverted from the dreaded sight in expectation of the desired, yet almost dreaded, tale,—this gives all the suddenness and surprise of the original appearance: 'Peace! break thee off: look, where it comes again!' Note the judgment displayed in having the two persons present, who, as having seen the Ghost before, are naturally eager in confirming their former opinions; whilst the sceptic is silent, and, after having been twice addressed by his friends, answers with two hasty syllables,—'Most like,'—and a confession of horror: 'It harrows me with fear and wonder'" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

42. *"speak to it";* it was believed that a supernatural being could only be spoken to with effect by persons of learning; exorcisms being usually practiced by the clergy in Latin. So in *The Night Walker* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Let's call the butler up, for *he speaks Latin,*
And that will daunt the devil."—H. N. H.

44. *"it harrows me";* to *harrow* is to *distress,* to vex, to disturb.

Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away!
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit Ghost.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armor he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

To *harry* and to *harass* have the same origin. Milton has the word in *Comus:* "Amaz'd I stood, *harrow'd* with grief and fear."—*"Question* it," in the next line, is the reading of the folio; other old copies have *"Speak to* it."—H. N. H.

63. *"He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice";* Q. 1, Q. 2, F. 1, *"pollax,"* variously interpreted as *"Polacks," "poleaxe,"* &c.; there is

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day:
Who is 't that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—

very little to be said against the former interpretation, unless it be that "the ambitious Norway" in the previous sentence would lead one to expect "the sledded Polack," a commendable reading originally proposed by Pope.—I. G.

Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved metal hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

108–125. These lines occur in the Qq., but are omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
. . . . . .
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Re-enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I 'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life

113. *"palmy state"*; that is, victorious; the *Palm* being the emblem of victory.—H. N. H.

118. *"Disasters"*; ominous signs, probably an eclipse.—C. H. H.

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, thy say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it: stay, and speak! [*The cock crows.*]
Stop it, Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'Tis here!
Hor. 'Tis here!
Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:

157. *"crowing of the cock";* this is a very ancient superstition. Philostratus, giving an account of the apparition of Achilles' shade to Apollonius of Tyanna, says, "it vanished with a little gleam as soon as the cock crowed." There is a *Hymn* of *Prudentius,* and another of St. Ambrose, in which it is mentioned; and there are some lines in the latter very much resembling Horatio's speech.—H. N. H.

And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill:
Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let 's do 't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.
[*Exeunt.*

167. *"eastward,"* so Qq.; Ff., *"easterne"*; the latter reading was perhaps in Milton's mind, when he wrote:—

> *"Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime*
> *Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearls."*
> *Par. Lost,* v. 1.—I. G.

170. *"young Hamlet"*; "note the inobtrusive and yet fully adequate mode of introducing the main character, "young Hamlet," upon whom is transferred all the interest excited for the acts and concerns of the king his father" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

Scene II

A room of state in the castle.

Flourish. Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,— 10
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,

9. *"to"*; the reading of Qq.; Ff., *"of."*—I. G.

11. *"dropping eye"*; the same thought occurs in *The Winter's Tale:* "She had *one eye declin'd* for the loss of her husband, *another elevated* that the oracle was fulfill'd." There is an old proverbial phrase, "To laugh with one eye, and cry with the other."—H. N. H.

Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. } In that and all things will we show our
Vol. } duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*
And now, Laertes, what 's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favor to return to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laborsome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

58–60. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

62. *"Take thy fair hour";* the king's speech may be thus explained: "Take an auspicious hour, Laertes; be your time your own, and thy best virtues guide thee in spending of it at thy will." Johnson thought that we should read, "And *my* best graces." The editors had rendered this passage obscure by placing a colon at graces.—H. N. H.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Aye, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

74. *"Aye, madam, it is common";* "Here observe Hamlet's delicacy to his mother, and how the suppression prepares him for the overflow in the next speech, in which his character is more developed by bringing forward his aversion to externals, and which betrays his habit of brooding over the world within him, coupled with a prodigality of beautiful words, which are the half-embodyings of thought, and are more than thought, and have an outness, a reality *sui generis*, and yet retain their correspondence and shadowy affinity to the images and movements within. Note, also, Hamlet's silence to the long speech of the King, which follows, and his respectful, but general, answer to his mother" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!

125. *"Denmark"*: *i. e.* the king.—C. H. H.

Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O, God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernado.

159. *"I must hold my tongue"*; "This *tædium vitæ* is a common oppression on minds cast in the Hamlet mould, and is caused by disproportionate mental exertion, which necessitates exhaustion of bodily feeling. Where there is a just coincidence of external and internal action, pleasure is always the result; but where the former is deficient, and the mind's appetency of the ideal is unchecked, realities will seem cold and unmoving. In such cases, passion combines itself with the indefinite alone. In this mood of his mind, the relation of the appearance of his father's spirit in arms is made all at once to Hamlet:—it is—Horatio's speech, in particular—a perfect model of the true style of dramatic narrative; the purest poetry, and yet in the most natural language, equally remote from the ink-horn and the plough" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!
Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I 'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord?
Ham. I am very glad to see you. [*To Ber.*] Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do my ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We 'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

167. The words, *"Good even, sir,"* are evidently addressed to Bernardo, whom Hamlet has not before known; but as he now meets him in company with old acquaintances, like a true gentleman, as he is, he gives him a salutation of kindness. Some editors have changed *even* to *morning,* because Marcellus has said before of Hamlet,—"I this *morning* know where we shall find him." It needs but be remembered that *good even* was the common salutation after noon.—"What *make* you?" in the preceding speech, is the old language for, "what *do* you?"—H. N. H.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked-
meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father!—methinks I see my father.
Hor. O where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,

187. *"He was a man";* some would read this as if it were pointed thus: "He was a man: take him for all in all," &c.; laying marked stress on *man,* as if it were meant to intimate a correction of Horatio's "goodly *king.*" There is, we suspect, no likelihood that the Poet had any such thought, as there is no reason why he should have had.—H. N. H.

190. *"Saw? who?";* the original has no mark after "saw." In colloquial language, it was common, as indeed it still is, thus to use the nominative where strict grammar would require the objective. Modern editions embellish the two words with various pointing; as above: "Saw? who?" or thus: "Saw! who?"—H. N. H.

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did.
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:

217. *"like as it would speak"*; "It is a most inimitable circumstance in Shakespeare so to have managed this popular idea, as to make the Ghost, which has been so long obstinately silent, and of course must be dismissed by the morning, begin or rather prepare to speak, and to be interrupted at the very critical time of the crowing of a cock. Another poet, according to custom, would have suffered his ghost tamely to vanish, without contriving this start, which is like a start of guilt: to say nothing of the aggravation of

But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honor'd lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. *Ber.* We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. *Ber.* Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. *Ber.* My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

the future suspense occasioned by this preparation to speak, and to impart some mysterious secret. Less would have been expected if nothing had been promised" (T. Warton).—H. N. H.

Mar. } Longer, longer.
Ber. }

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I 'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I 'll visit you,

All. Our duty to your honor.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

Scene III

A room in Polonius's house.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:

11. *"crescent";* growing.—C. H. H.
12. *"this temple";* so Qq.; Ff., *"his temple."*—I. G.
16. *"will,"* so Qq.; Ff., *"fear."*—I. G.
18. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

"he himself is subject to his birth"; this line is found only in the folio.—"This scene," says Coleridge, "must be regarded as one of Shakespeare's lyric movements in the play, and the skill with which

He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:

it is interwoven with the dramatic parts is peculiarly an excellence with our Poet. *You experience the sensation of a pause, without the sense of a stop.* You will observe, in Ophelia's short and general answer to the long speech of Laertes, the natural carelessness of innocence, which cannot think such a code of cautions and prudences necessary to its own preservation."—H. N. H.

26. *"particular act and place,"* so Qq.; Ff., *"peculiar sect and force."*—I. G.

Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rēde.
Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Pol. Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

59. Polonius' precepts have been traced back to Euphues' advice to Philautus; the similarity is certainly striking (*vide* Rushton's *Shakespeare's Euphuism*); others see in the passage a reference to Lord Burleigh's "ten precepts," enjoined upon Robert Cecil when about to set out on his travels (French's *Shakespeareana Genealogica*, *v.* Furness, Vol. II. p. 239).—I. G.

61. *"Vulgar"* is here used in its old sense of *common*.—In the second line below, divers modern editions have *"hooks"* instead of *hoops*, the reading of all the old copies. It is not easy to see what is gained by the unauthorized change.—H. N. H.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

65. *"comrade"* (accented on the second syllable), so F. 1; Qq. (also Q. 1), *"cowrage."*—I. G.

74. *"Are of a most select and generous chief in that";* so F. 1; Q. 1, *"are of a most select and general chiefe in that"; Q. 2, "Or of a most select and generous chiefe in that";* the line is obviously incorrect; the simplest emendation of the many proposed is the omission of the words *"of a"* and *"chief,"* which were probably due to marginal corrections of *"in"* and *"best"* in the previous line:—

"Are most select and generous in that."

(Collier *"choice"* for *"chief"; Staunton "sheaf," i. e.* set, clique, suggested by the Euphuistic phrase "gentlemen of the best sheaf"). —I. G.

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.
Laer. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.
Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
Pol. Marry, well bethought: 90
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honor.
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me. 100
Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Pol. Marry, I 'll teach you: think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,

Running it thus—you 'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honorable fashion.

Pol. Aye, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Aye, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,

109. *"Running,"* Collier's conj.; Qq., *"Wrong";* F. 1, *"Roaming";* Pope, *"Wronging";* Warburton, *"Wronging";* Theobald, *"Ranging,"* &c.—I. G.

123. *"Than a command to parley";* "be more difficult of access, and let the *suits to you* for that purpose be of higher respect, than a command to parley."—H. N. H.

125. *"larger tether";* that is, with a *longer line;* a horse, fastened by a string to a stake, is *tethered.*—H. N. H.

Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you: come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

130. *"bawds";* Theobald's emendation of *"bonds,"* the reading of Qq. and F. 1.—I. G.

135. *"come your ways";* I do not believe that in this or any other of the foregoing speeches of Polonius, Shakespeare meant to bring out the senility or weakness of that personage's mind. In the great ever-recurring dangers and duties of life, where to distinguish the fit objects for the application of the maxims collected by the experience of a long life, requires no fineness of tact, as in the admonitions to his son and daughter, Polonius is uniformly made respectable. It is to Hamlet that Polonius is, and is meant to be, contemptible, because, in inwardness and uncontrollable activity of movement, Hamlet's mind is the logical contrary to that of Polonius; and besides, Hamlet dislikes the man as false to his true allegiance in the matter of the succession to the crown (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

2. "The unimportant conversation," says Coleridge, "with which this scene opens, is a proof of Shakespeare's minute knowledge of human nature. It is a well-established fact, that on the brink of any serious enterprise, or event of moment, men almost invariably endeavour to elude the pressure of their own thoughts by turning aside to trivial objects and familiar circumstances. Thus

Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.*
What doth this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?

the dialogue on the platform begins with remarks on the coldness of the air, and inquiries, obliquely connected indeed with the expected hour of visitation, but thrown out in a seeming vacuity of topics, as to the striking of the clock and so forth. The same desire to escape from the impending thought is carried on in Hamlet's account of, and moralizing on, the Danish custom of wassailing: he runs off from the particular to the universal, and, in his repugnance to personal and individual concerns, escapes, as it were, from himself in generalizations, and smothers the impatience and uneasy feelings of the moment in abstract reasoning. Besides this, another purpose is answered;—for, by thus entangling the attention of the audience in the nice distinctions and parenthetical sentences of this speech of Hamlet, Shakespeare takes them completely by surprise on the appearance of the Ghost, which comes upon them in all the suddenness of its visionary character. Indeed, no modern writer would have dared, like Shakespeare, to have preceded this last visitation by two distinct appearances; or could have contrived that the third should rise upon the former two in impressiveness and solemnity of interest."—H. N. H.

Ham. Aye, marry, is 't:
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honor'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners, that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale

16. *"More honor'd in the breach than the observance";* better to break than observe.—C. H. H.

17–38, omitted in F. 1 (also Q. 1).—I. G.

36–38.

"the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal";

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

this famous crux has taxed the ingenuity of generations of scholars, and some fifty various readings and interpretations have been proposed. The general meaning of the words is clear, emphasizing as they do the previous statement that as a man's virtues, be they as pure as grace, shall in the general censure take corruption from one particular fault, even so "the dram of eale" reduces all the noble substance to its own low level.

The difficulty of the passage lies in (i.) *"eale"* and (ii.) *"doth . . . of a doubt"*; a simple explanation of (1) is that *"eale"*= *"e'il," i. e. "evil"* (similarly in Q. 2, II. ii. 627, *"deale"*=*"de'ile"*= *"devil"*). The chief objection to this plausible conjecture is that one would expect something rather more definite than "dram of evil"; it is said, however, that *"eale"* is still used in the sense of "reproach" in the western counties. Theobald proposed "base," probably having in mind the lines in Cymbeline (III. v. 88):—

> *"From whose so many weights of baseness cannot*
> *A dram of worth be drawn."*

As regards (ii.), no very plausible emendation has been proposed; *"of a doubt"* has been taken to be a printer's error for *"often dout," "oft endoubt," "offer doubt," "oft work out,"* &c. To the many questions which these words have called forth, the present writer is rash enough to add one more:—Could, perhaps, "doth of a doubt"= deprives of the benefit of a doubt? Is there any instance of "do" in XVIth century English="deprive"; the usage is common in modern English slang.—I. G.

38. "In addition to all the other excellences of Hamlet's speech concerning the wassel-music,—so finely revealing the predominant idealism, the ratiocinative meditativeness of his character,— it has the advantage of giving nature and probability to the impassioned continuity of the speech instantly directed to the Ghost. The *momentum* had been given to his mental activity; the full current of the thoughts and words had set in; and the very forgetfulness, in the fervour of his argumentation, of the purpose of which he was there, aided in preventing the appearance from benumbing the mind. Consequently, it acted as a new impulse,— a sudden stroke which increased the velocity of the body already in motion, whilst

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I 'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do? [*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

it altered the direction. The co-presence of Horatio and Marcellus is most judiciously contrived; for it renders the courage of Hamlet, and his impetuous eloquence, perfectly intelligible. The knowledge —the sensation—of human auditors acts as a support and a stimulation *a tergo*, while the front of the mind, the whole consciousness of the speaker, is filled, yea, absorbed, by the apparition. Add, too, that the apparition itself has, by its previous appearances, been brought nearer to a thing of this world. This accrescence of objectivity in a ghost that yet retains all its ghostly attributes and fearful subjectivity, is truly wonderful" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

52. *"in complete steel";* it appears from Olaus Wormius that it was the custom to bury the Danish kings in their armor.—H. N. H.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: I 'll follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me still.
Go on; I 'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

75–78, omitted in F. 1.—I. G.

Still am I call'd, unhand me, gentlemen;
By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me:
I say, away! Go on; I 'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let 's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. 90
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let 's follow him.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another part of the platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I 'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

91. *"Heaven will direct it";* Marcellus answers Horatio's question, "To what issue will this come?" and Horatio also answers it himself with pious resignation, "Heaven will direct it."—H. N. H.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

11. *"fast in fires";* the spirit being supposed to feel the same desires and appetites as when clothed in the flesh, the pains and punishments promised by the ancient moral teachers are often of a sensual nature. Chaucer in the *Persones Tale* says, "The misese of hell shall be *in defaute of mete and drinke.*" So, too, in *The Wyll of the Devyll:* "Thou shalt lye in frost and fire, with sicknes and *hunger.*"—Heath proposed *"lasting* fires," and such is the change in Collier's second folio.—H. N. H.

13. *"burnt and purged";* Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonic hell into "the punytion of the saulis in purgatory." "It is a nedeful thyng to suffer paines and torment;—sum in the wyndis, sum under the watter, and in the fire uther sum: thus the mony vices contrakkit in the corpis *be done away and purgit.*"—H. N. H.

22. *"List, list, O, list!"* so Qq.; F. 1, *"list, Hamlet, oh list."*—I. G.

Ham. O God!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder!
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!
Ghost. Aye, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust

37. *"process of my death";* narrative of my death.—C. H. H.
40. *"my prophetic soul";* cf. i. 2. 255, "I doubt some foul play."—C. H. H.

The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigor it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Aye, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!

O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I 'm sure it may be so in Denmark.
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't.

Hor. } [*Within*] My lord, my lord!
Mar. }

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet!
Hor. Heaven secure him!
Ham. So be it!
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.
Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you will reveal it
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

108. *"and be a villain";* "I remember nothing equal to this burst, unless it be the first speech of Prometheus, in the Greek drama, after the *exit* of Vulcan and the two Afrites. But Shakespeare alone could have produced the vow of Hamlet to make his memory a blank of all maxims and generalized truths that 'observation had copied there,'—followed immediately by the speaker noting down the generalized fact, 'That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

116. *"Hillo, ho, ho";* Hamlet imitates the falconer's call to his hawk.—C. H. H.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?
But you' ll be secret?
Hor. } Aye, by heaven, my lord.
Mar. }
Ham. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he 's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and for my own poor part,
Look you, I 'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I 'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.
Hor. There 's no offense, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offense too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Mar. } My lord, we will not.
Hor. }

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny? 150
Come on: you hear this fellow in the cellarage:
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Hic et ubique? then we 'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,

148. *"upon my sword";* the custom of swearing by the sword, or rather by the cross at the upper end of it, is very ancient. The name of Jesus was not unfrequently inscribed on the handle. The allusions to this custom are very numerous in our old writers.—H. N. H.

149. *"swear";* here again we follow the folio, with which the first quarto agrees. In the other quartos, this speech reads, "Swear *by his sword";* and the last two lines of the preceding speech are transposed. In the next line, the folio has *ground* instead of *earth.* —H. N. H.

And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we would,'
Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they might,'
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

167. *"your philosophy";* so read all the quartos; the folio, *"our* philosophy." The passage has had so long a lease of familiarity, as it stands in the text, that it seems best not to change it. Besides, *your* gives a nice characteristic shade of meaning that is lost in *our.* Of course it is not *Horatio's* philosophy, but your *philosophy,* that Hamlet is speaking of.—H. N. H.

That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They swear.*]
So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let 's go together. [*Exeunt.*

187. *"Let us go in together";* "This part of the scene after Hamlet's interview with the Ghost has been charged with an improbable eccentricity. But the truth is, that after the mind has been stretched beyond its usual pitch and tone, it must either sink into exhaustion and inanity, or seek relief by change. It is thus well known, that persons conversant in deeds of cruelty contrive to escape from conscience by connecting something of the ludicrous with them, and by inventing grotesque terms and a certain technical phraseology to disguise the horror of their practices. Indeed, paradoxical as it may appear, the terrible by a law of the human mind always touches on the verge of the ludicrous. Both arise from the perception of something out of the common order of things,—something, in fact, out of its place; and if from this we can abstract the danger, the uncommonness alone will remain, and the sense of the ridiculous be excited. The close alliance of these opposites—they are not contraries—appears from the circumstance, that laughter is equally the expression of extreme anguish and horror as of joy: as there are tears of sorrow and tears of joy, so there is a laugh of terror and a laugh of merriment. These complex causes will naturally have produced in Hamlet the disposition to escape from his own feelings of the overwhelming and supernatural by a wild transition to the ludicrous,—a sort of cunning bravado, bordering on the flights of delirium" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

A room in Polonius's house.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvelous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behavior.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense, and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:

The stage direction in Qq.:—*Enter old Polonius, with his man or two;* Ff., *Polonius and Reynaldo;* in Q. 1, *Reynaldo* is called *Montano,* hence perhaps the reading of later Qq.—I. G.

4. *"to make inquire";* so Qq.; Ff. read, *"you make inquiry."*—I. G.

Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
And in part him:' do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Aye, very well, my lord.

Pol. 'And in part him; but' you may say, 'not well:
But if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild,
Addicted so and so;' and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonor him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Aye, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarreling,
Drabbing: you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonor him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That 's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

27. "*fencing, swearing, quarreling*"; "the cunning of *fencers* is now applied to *quarrelling;* they thinke themselves no men, if, for stirring of a straw, they prove not their valure uppon some bodies fleshe." (Gosson's *Schole of Abuse,* 1579).—H. N. H.

Rey. But, my good lord,—
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Aye, my lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, sir, here 's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured
He closes with you in this consequence;
'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, sir, does he this—he does—what was I about to say? By the mass, I was about to say something: where did I leave?
Rey. At 'closes in the consequence,' at 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'
Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,' aye, marry;
He closes with you thus: 'I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as you say,
There was a' gaming, there o'ertook in 's rouse,
There falling out at tennis:' or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.
See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' ye; fare ye well.
Rey. Good, my lord!
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord.
Pol. Farewell! [*Exit Reynaldo.*

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia! what 's the matter?
Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighed!
Pol. With what, i' the name of God?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so pitious in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

71. *"observe his inclination in you";* that is, in your own person; add your own observations of his conduct to these inquiries respecting him.—H. N. H.

Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord, but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age

To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A room in the castle.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him

118. *"being kept close";* "this must be made known to the king, for the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet." Johnson, whose explanation this is, attributes the obscurity to the Poet's *"affectation* of concluding the scene with a couplet." There would surely have been more affectation in deviating from the universally established custom.—The quartos add *Come,* after the closing couplet.—H. N. H.

2. *"Moreover that";* we do not recollect another instance of *moreover that* used in this way. Of course, the sense is the same as *besides that,* or "over and above the fact that," &c.—H. N. H.

So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him
And sith so neighbor'd to his youth and havior,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

10. *"dream of";* so the quartos; the folio, *"deem* of."—H. N. H.
17. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Aye, amen!

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege,
I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit Polonius.*

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.
King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Giving a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

61. *"Upon our first";* on our first application.—C. H. H.
73. *"three";* so Q. 1 and Ff.; Qq. read *"threescore."*—I. G.

King. It likes us well,
And at our more consider'd time we 'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labor:
Go to your rest; at night we 'll feast together:
Most welcome home!
[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter,—have while she is mine,—

Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather and surmise.
[*Reads.*

'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,'—
That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase; but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*

'In her excellent white bosom, these,' &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. [*Reads.*

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu. 'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET.'

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;

108. *"Hath given me this."* We must suppose Hamlet's letter to have been one of those received by Ophelia before she was required to "repel" them (i. 3. 122); written, therefore, before the opening of the play, and unaffected by Hamlet's feigned eccentricity. —C. H. H.

110. *"beautified"* is not uncommon in dedications and encomiastic verses of the Poet's age.—H. N. H.

113. The word *"these"* was usually added at the end of the superscription of letters.—H. N. H.

114. Elizabethan ladies wore a pocket in the fore-part of their stays, to which they consigned their more confidential correspondence. —C. H. H.

And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honorable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be:' and then I prescripts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be, very like.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, I 'ld fain know that,
That I have positively said "'tis so,'
When it proved otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. [*Pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does, indeed.
Pol. At such a time I 'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.
King. We will try it.
Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I 'll board him presently.
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*

Enter Hamlet, reading.

O, give me leave: how does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord.

Ham. Aye, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That 's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to 't.

Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I 'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together

with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that 's out of the air. [*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools.

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius*] God save you, sir!

[*Exit Polonius.*

219–220, 249–281. The reading of Ff.; omitted in Qq.—I. G.

222. *"take my leave of you";* such is the folio reading; the quartos give the latter part of the speech thus: "I will leave him and my daughter.—My lord, I will take my leave of you."—In the next speech, the folio has, "except my life, my life." Coleridge says of the quarto reading,—"This repetition strikes me as most admirable." —H. N. H.

Guil. My honored lord!
Ros. My most dear lord!
Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do you both?
Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.
Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.
Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?
Ros. Neither, my lord.
Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favors?
Guil. Faith, her privates we.
Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What 's the news?
Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.
Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?
Guil. Prison, my lord!
Ham. Denmark 's a prison.
Ros. Then is the world one.
Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.
Ros. We think not so, my lord.
Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is

nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. } We 'll wait upon you.
Guil. }

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

275. *"Then are our beggars bodies,"* etc. If the ambitions are shadows, "beggars"—the "antitypes of ambition"—are substance, and as such throw shadow; it is Hamlet's caprice to identify the shadowy ambitious "monarchs and outstretch'd heroes" with the "beggars' shadows,"—a caprice which he impatiently dismisses the next moment: "for, by my fay, I cannot reason."—C. H. H.

282. *"dreadfully attended";* by his "bad dreams."—C. H. H.

284. *"what make you";* what do you.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to color: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

Ros. [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you?

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay then, I have an eye of you.—

If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I

288. "*too dear a halfpenny*"; *i. e.* at a halfpenny.—C. H. H.

313. "*moult no feather*"; that is, not *change* a feather; *moult* being an old word for *change;* applied especially to birds when putting on

know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

a new suit of clothes. So in Bacon's *Naturall Historie:* "Some birds there be, that upon their *moulting* do turn colour; as robin-redbreasts, after their *moulting,* grow red again by degrees."—The whole passage seems to mean, "my anticipation shall prevent your discovering to me the purpose of your visit, and so your promise of secrecy will be perfectly kept."—H. N. H.

320. *"o'erhanging firmament";* so the quartos; the folio omits *firmament,* and so of course turns *o'erhanging* into a substantive. It may well be thought, that by the omission the language becomes more Shakespearean, without any loss of eloquence. But the passage, as it stands, is so much a household word, that it seems best not to change it.—The folio also has, *"appears no other thing* to me *than,"* instead of, *"appeareth nothing* to me *but."*—H. N. H.

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere, and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, are they not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted

347–349. *"the clown . . . sere,"* omitted in Qq.; *vide* Glossary, "Tickle o' the sere."—I. G.

356–357. *"I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation"; vide* Preface.—I G.

362–389. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

pace: but there is, sir, an eyrie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them —that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escorted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both

364–378, *cp.*:—

> *"I saw the children of Powles last night:*
> *And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,*
> *The apes, in time, will do it handsomely.*
> *—I like the audience that frequenteth there*
> *With much applause."*
>
> *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601).—I. G.

364. *"Aiery,"* from *eyren,* eggs, properly means a *brood,* but sometimes a *nest.—Eyas* is a name for an unfledged hawk.—"Top of question" probably means, top of their *voice; question* being often used for *speech.*—The allusion is to the children of St. Paul's and of the Revels, whose performing of plays was much in fashion at the time this play was written. From an early date, the choir-boys of St. Paul's, Westminster, Windsor, and the Chapel Royal, were engaged in such performances, and sometimes played at Court. The complaint here is, that these juveniles so abuse "the common stages," that is, the theaters, as to deter many from visiting them.—H. N. H.

367. *"berattle";* abuse.—C. H. H.

sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was for a while no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is 't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Aye, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outwards, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when

408. *"mad north-north-west";* just touched with madness.—C. H. H.

the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Re-enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too: at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Ros. Happily he 's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honor,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'One fair daughter, and no more, 440
The which he loved passing well.'

Pol. [*Aside*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'As by lot, God wot,'

and then you know, 450

'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good

440. These lines are from an old ballad, entitled *"Jephtha, Judge of Israel."* It was first printed in Percy's *Reliques,* having been "retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady, who wrote it down from memory, as she had formerly heard it sung by her father." A more correct copy has since been discovered, and reprinted in Evans' *Old Ballads,* 1810; where the first stanza runs thus:

"I have read that many years agoe,
When Jephtha, judge of Israel,
Had one fair daughter and no moe,
Whom he loved passing well;
As by lot, God wot,
It came to passe, most like it was,
Great warrs there should be,
And who should be the chiefe but he, but he."

—H. N. H.

friends. O, my old friend! Why thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We 'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we 'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affection; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it

466. *"French falconers";* so the folio and the first quarto; the other quartos have *friendly* instead of *French.*—H. N. H.

486. *"Æneas' tale to Dido";* one cannot but believe that Hamlet's

especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;
'The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,'—
It is not so: it begins with 'Pyrrhus.'
'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,

criticism of the play is throughout ironical, and that the speeches quoted are burlesque. "The fancy that a burlesque was intended," wrote Coleridge, "sinks below criticism; the lines, as epic narrative, are superb"; perhaps he would have changed his mind, and would have recognized them as mere parody, if he had read *Dido, Queen of Carthage,* a play left incomplete by Marlowe and finished by Nash (*cp. e. g.* Act II. Sc. i., which seems to be the very passage Shakespeare had in view).—I. G.

492. *"The rugged Pyrrhus";* Schlegel observes, that "this speech must not be judged by itself, but in connexion with the place where it is introduced. To distinguish it as dramatic poetry in the play itself, it was necessary that it should rise above the dignified poetry of that in the same proportion that the theatrical elevation does above simple nature. Hence Shakespeare has composed the play in Hamlet altogether in sententious rhymes, full of antithesis. But this solemn and measured tone did not suit a speech in which violent emotion ought to prevail; and the Poet had no other expedient than the one of which he made use, overcharging the pathos."—H. N. H.

To the remarks of Schlegel on this speech should be added those of Coleridge, as the two appear to have been a coincidence of thought, and not a borrowing either way: "This admirable substitution of the epic for the dramatic, giving such reality to the dramatic diction of Shakespeare's own dialogue, and authorized, too, by the actual style of the tragedies before his time, is well worthy of notice. The fancy, that a burlesque was intended, sinks below criticism: the lines, as epic narrative, are superb.—In the thoughts, and even in the separate parts of the diction, this description is highly poetical: in truth, taken by itself, that is its fault, that it is too poetical!—the language of lyric vehemence and epic pomp, and not of the drama. But if Shakespeare had made the diction truly dramatic, where would have been the contrast between Hamlet and the play in Hamlet?"—H. N. H.

Hath now this dread and black complexion
smear'd
With heraldry more dismal: head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With the blood of fathers, mothers, daughters,
sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath and
fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'
So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. 'Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless
Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:

504. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

513. *"Then senseless Ilium"; 545, mobled . . . good"* omitted in Qq.—I. G.

So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus' pause
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armor, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod take away her power,
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven
As low as to the fiends!'

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he 's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say on: come to Hecuba.

First Play. 'But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—'

Ham. 'The mobled queen?'

Pol. That 's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. 'Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head

Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven
And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his color and has tears in 's eyes. Prithee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I 'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

559. *"burning eyes of heaven";* by a hardy poetical license this expression means, "Would have *filled with tears* the burning eye of heaven." We have "Lemosus, *milch*-hearted," in Huloet's and Lyttleton's *Dictionaries.* It is remarkable that, in old Italian, *l*attuoso is used for *l*uttuoso, in the same metaphorical manner.—H. N. H.

561. *"whether";* Malone emendation; Qq., Ff., *"where"* (*i. e. "wh'ere = whether"*).—I. G.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play to-morrow. [*Exit Polonius with all the Players but the First.*] Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Aye, my lord.

Ham. We 'll ha 't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

First Play. Aye, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends, I 'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Ham. Aye, so, God be wi' ye! [*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] Now I am alone.

586. *"a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines"*; there was much throwing about of brains in the attempt to find these lines in the play-scene in Act III. Sc. ii. "The discussion," as Furness aptly puts it, "is a tribute to Shakespeare's consummate art," and the view of this scholar commends itself—viz., that "in order to give an air of probability to what everyone would feel [otherwise] highly improbable, Shakespeare represents Hamlet as adapting an old play to his present needs by inserting in it some pointed lines." —I. G.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general air with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be

But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brain! Hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,

627. *"oppression bitter";* of course the meaning is, "lack gall to make me feel the bitterness of oppression." There were no need of saying this, but that Collier, on the strength of his second folio, would read *transgression,* and Singer, on the strength of nothing, *aggression.* Dyce justly pronounces the alteration "nothing less than villainous."—H. N. H.

632. *"dear father murdered";* thus the folio; some copies of the undated quarto, and the quarto of 1611, read, "the son of *a* dear *father murder'd.*" The quartos of 1604 and 1605 are without father; and that of 1603 reads, "the son of my dear father." There can be no question that the reading we have adopted, besides having the most authority, is much the more beautiful and expressive, though modern editors commonly take the other.—The words, "O, vengeance!" are found only in the folio.—H. N. H.

638:—

"Hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play," &c.,

vide Heywood's *Apology for Actors,* where a number of these stories are collected; perhaps, however, Shakespeare had in mind the plot of *A Warning for Faire Women,* a play on this theme published in 1599, referring to a *cause célèbre* which befell at Lynn in Norfolk. —I. G.

Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I 'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks;
I 'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy.
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I 'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king.
[*Exit.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.
Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

13–14. *"Niggard of question, but of our own demands most free"*; Hanmer, *"Most free of our question, but to our demands most niggard"*; Warburton, *"Most free of question, but of our demands most niggard"*; Collier MS., *"niggard of our question, but to our demands most free."*—I. G.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We shall, my lord.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honors.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia.*] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may color
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming: let 's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

59. *"to take arms against a sea of troubles,"* &c.; the alleged con-

And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: aye, there 's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,

fusion of metaphors in this passage was due to the commentator's ignorance, not to Shakespeare's; *vide* Glossary, *"take arms."*—I. G.

79, 80:—

"The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns."

In Catullus' *Elegy on a Sparrow,* occur the words:—

"Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
Illuc unde negant redire quenquam."—I. G.

And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honor'd lord, you know right well you did;
And with them words of so sweet breath composed

83. *"conscience"*; speculative reflection.—C. H. H.

89. *"Be all my sins remembered"*; "This is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect that he is to personate madness, but makes an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts" (Johnson). —H. N. H.

92. *"well, well, well"*; thus the folio; the quartos have *well* but once. The repetition seems very apt and forcible, as suggesting the opposite of what the word means.—H. N. H.

97. *"you know"*; the quartos have *"you* know" instead of *"I* know." We scarce know which to prefer; but, on the whole, the folio reading seems to have more of delicacy, and at least equal feeling.—H. N. H.

As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Aye, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can trans-

103. *"are you honest?";* "Here it is evident that the penetrating Hamlet perceives, from the strange and forced manner of Ophelia, that the sweet girl was not acting a part of her own, but was a decoy; and his after speeches are not so much directed to her as to the listeners and spies. Such a discovery in a mood so anxious and irritable accounts for a certain harshness in him;—and yet a wild up-working of love, sporting with opposites in a wilful self-tormenting strain of irony, is perceptible throughout. "I did love you once,"—"I loved you not":—and particularly in his enumeration of the faults of the sex from which Ophelia is so free, that the mere freedom therefrom constitutes her character. Note Shakespeare's charm of composing the female character by absence of characters, that is, marks and out-juttings" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

108. *"your honesty should admit";* that is, "your honesty should not admit your beauty to any discourse with it."—The quartos have merely *you* instead of *your honesty.*—In the next speech, the folio substitutes *your* for *with.*—It should be noted, that in these speeches Hamlet refers, not to Ophelia personally, but to the sex in general. So, especially, when he says, "I have heard of your paintings too," he does not mean that Ophelia paints, but that the use of paintings is common with her sex.—H. N. H.

late beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offenses at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth! We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where 's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I 'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what

monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I 'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth

150. *"paintings"*; so (Q. 1) Qq.; F. 1, *"pratlings"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"pratling"*; Pope, *"painting"*; Macdonald conj. *"prancings."*—I. G.

158. *"all but one"*; "Observe this dallying with the inward purpose, characteristic of one who had not brought his mind to the steady acting-point. He would fain sting the uncle's mind;—but to stab his body!—The soliloquy of Ophelia, which follows, is the perfection of love,—so exquisitely unselfish!" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

164. *"The observed of all observers"*; the object of all men's courtly deference.—C. H. H.

Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There 's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I 'll be placed, so please you, in the ear

Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing

4. *"I had as lief the town-crier,"* etc.; "this dialogue of Hamlet with the players," says Coleridge, "is one of the happiest instances of Shakespeare's power of diversifying the scene while he is carrying on the plot."—H. N. H.

Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theater of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

33. *"allowance";* judgment.—C. H. H.

39. *"nor man";* so Qq.; Ff., *"or Norman."*—I. G.

43. *"abominably";* the word was currently derived from "ab homine"; hence the point of its use here.—C. H. H.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that 's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. } We will, my lord.
Guil. }

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;

53. There is a striking passage in Q. 1, omitted in Q. 2 and Ff., concerning those "that keep one suit of jests, as a man is known by one suit of apparell"; the lines have a Shakespearean note, and are probably of great interest.—I. G.

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor
be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are
those
Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that
man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt

73. *"her election hath sealed thee";* thus the folio; the quartos make *election* the object of *distinguish,* and use *She* as the subject of *hath seal'd.*—In the fourth line after, the quartos have *co-meddled* instead of *commingled.*—H. N. H.

Do not itself unkennel in one speech
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play: I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with the Guard carrying torches.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

113. *"I was killed i' the capitol";* a Latin play on Cæsar's death

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Aye, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here 's metal more attractive.

Pol. [*To the King*] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Aye, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That 's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Aye, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you,

was performed at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1582. Malone thinks that there was an English play on the same subject previous to Shakespeare's. Cæsar was killed in *Pompey's portico,* and not in the Capitol: but the error is at least as old as Chaucer's time.—H. N. H.

117. *"stay upon your patience";* that is, they *wait* upon your *sufferance* or *will.* Johnson would have changed the word to *pleasure;* but Shakespeare has it in a similar sense in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act iii. sc. 1: "And think my *patience* more than thy desert is privilege for thy departure hence."—H. N. H.

how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I 'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there 's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by 'r lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts: she

150. *"the hobby-horse is forgot"*; alluding to the expulsion of the hobby-horse from the May-games, where he had long been a favorite. —H. N. H.

151. Much has been said to explain the introduction of the dumb-show; from the historical point of view its place in a court-play is not surprising, *vide* Glossary, "Dumb Show."—I. G.

seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they 'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Aye, or any show that you 'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he 'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I 'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must: 181
For women's fear and love holds quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is sized, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear,
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, 190
Honor'd, beloved; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

182. The reading of the Ff.; Qq. is:—

"For women feare too much, even as they love,
And women's fear and love holds quantity."

Johnson believed that a line was lost rhyming with *"love."*—I. G.

183. *"In neither aught, or in extremity";* Malone's emendation; Ff., *"In neither ought,"* &c.; Qq., *"Eyther none, in neither ought,"* &c.—I. G.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change,
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favorite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;

219. *"favorite";* F. 1, *"favorites,"* a reading for which much is to be said.—I. G.

For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain!
[*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she 'll keep her word.

235. *"opposite"*; rebuff, adversity.—C. H. H.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offense in 't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offense i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

255. *"Vienna"*; Q. 1, *"Guyana"*; for *"Gonzago,"* Q. 1 reads *Albertus,* who is throughout called Duke; in Q. 2 it is always *King;* except here where Hamlet says *"Gonzago is the Duke's name."*—I. G.

255. *"Gonzago is the duke's name"*; all the old copies read thus. Yet in the dumb show we have, "Enter a *King* and Queen"; and at the end of this speech, "Lucianus, nephew to the *king.*" This seeming inconsistency, however, may be reconciled. Though the interlude is the *image* of the murder of the *duke* of Vienna, or in other words founded upon that story, the Poet might make the principal person in *his fable* a *king. Baptista* is always the name of a man.—H. N. H.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ear.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name 's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

269. *"take your husbands";* alluding, most likely, to the language of the Marriage service: "To have and to hold from this day forward, *for better, for worse,* for richer, for poorer," &c.—All the old copies, but the first quarto, have *mistake;* which Theobald conjectured should be *must take,* before any authority for it was known. —H. N. H.

271. *"The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge";*

cp. "The screeking raven sits croaking for revenge,
Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge."
The True Tragedy of Rich. III.—I. G.

274. *"midnight weeds";* that is, weeds collected at midnight; as in Macbeth: "Root of hemlock, *digg'd i'the dark.*"—H. N. H.

King. Give me some light. Away!
Pol. Lights, lights, lights!
[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*
Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers —if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?
Hor. Half a share.
Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.
Hor. You might have rhymed.
Ham. O good Horatio, I 'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?
Hor. Very well, my lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?
Hor. I did very well note him.
Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some music!

299. *"half a share";* the players were paid not by salaries, but by *shares* or portions of the profit, according to merit.—H. N. H.

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Aye, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvelous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make,

you shall command; or rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Aye, sir, but 'while the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

376. *"toil"*; net.—C. H. H.

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ven tages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

379. Hamlet may say with propriety, "I do not well understand that." Perhaps Guildenstern means, "If my duty to the king makes me too bold, my love to you makes me importunate even to rudeness." —H. N. H.

Re-enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit Polonius.*

Ham. 'By and by' is easily said. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;

423. *"bitter business as the day";* so Ff.; Qq. read *"business as the bitter day."*—I. G.

How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!
[*Exit.*

Scene III

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.
Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.
Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armor of the mind
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What 's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

7. *"lunacies"*; so Ff.; Qq., *"browes."*—I. G.

Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
For we will fetters put about this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. }
Guil. } We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Enter Polonius

Pol. My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself,
To hear the process: I 'll warrant she 'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I 'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*

30. *"as you said."* Polonius astutely (or obliviously) attributes his own suggestion to the king.—C. H. H.

33. *"speech of vantage"* probably means "speech having the advantage of a mother's partiality."—H. N. H.

O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
mercy
But to confront the visage of offense?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned being down? Then I'll look
up.
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul
murder'?
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offense?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd

38 *not"*; that is, "though I were not only willing, but
strongly to pray, my guilt would prevent me."—H. N. H.

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death;
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter Hamlet

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I 'll do 't: and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd;
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;

71–76, 78–81, 161–165, 167–170, 202–210, omitted in Ff.—I. G.

72. *"All may be well";* "This speech well marks the difference between crime and guilt of habit. The conscience here is still admitted to audience. Nay, even as an audible soliloquy, it is far less improbable than is supposed by such as have watched men only in the beaten road of their feelings. But the final—"All may be well!" is remarkable;—the degree of merit attributed by the self-flattering soul to its own struggles, though baffled, and to the indefinite half promise, half command, to persevere in religious duties" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

79. *"hire and salary";* so Ff.; Qq. misprint, *"base and silly."*—I. G.

And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At game, a-swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

King. [*Rising*] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV

The Queen's closet.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,

83. "So far as we can judge by inference."—C. H. H.

And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I 'll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within*] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I 'll warrant you; fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides behind the arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what 's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What 's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forget me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I 'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!
Ham. [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducate, dead!
[*Makes a pass through the arras.*
Pol. [*Behind*] O, I am slain! [*Falls and dies.*
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the king?
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Aye, lady, 'twas my word.
[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not brass'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Aye me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:

49. *"solidity";* the earth.—C. H. H.

53. *"Look here, upon this picture, and on this."* It has been doubted whether Hamlet here points to two portraits hung on the walls or takes a miniature of his father from his pocket. Irving and Salvini even suppose the pictures to be drawn only to the imagination. That the Elizabethans understood actual paintings of considerable size may probably be gathered from the German version, where Hamlet says: *"Aber sehet, dort in jener Gallerie hängt das Conterfait Eures ersten Ehegemahls, und da hängt das Conterfait des itzigen"* (iii. 5.).—C. H. H.

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion: but sure that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardor gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason pandars will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,

And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in my ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he 's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

2. *"Enter ghost";* when the Ghost goes out, Hamlet says,—"Look, how it steals away! my father, *in his habit as he liv'd."* It has been much argued what is meant by this; that is, whether the Ghost should wear armor here, as in former scenes, or appear in a different dress. The question is set at rest by the stage-direction in the quarto: "Enter the Ghost, *in his night-gown."*—H. N. H.

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is 't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Stand up and stand an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears perchance for blood.

129. *"my stern effects"; affects* was often used for *affections;* as in *Othello,* "the young *affects* in me defunct." The old copies read *effects,* which was a frequent misprint for *affects.* Singer justly remarks, that "the 'piteous action' of the Ghost could not alter things already *effected,* but might move Hamlet to a less stern *mood of mind.*"—H. N. H.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [*Exit Ghost.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what 's past, avoid what is to come,

144. *"would gambol from";* science has found the Poet's test a correct one. Dr. Ray, of Providence, in his work on the *Jurisprudence of Insanity,* thus states the point: "In simulated mania, the imposter, when requested to repeat his disordered idea, will generally do it correctly; while the genuine patient will be apt to wander from the track, or introduce ideas that had not presented themselves before."—H. N. H.

And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness

162. *"is angel yet in this";* a very obscure and elliptical passage, if indeed it be not corrupt. We have adopted Caldecott's pointing, which gives the meaning somewhat thus: "That monster, custom, who devours or eats out all sensibility or feeling as to what we do, though he be the devil or evil genius of our habits, is yet our good angel in this." Collier and Verplanck order the pointing thus: "Who all sense doth eat of habits, devil, is angel yet in this." Where the meaning is,—"That monster, custom, who takes away all sense of habits, devil though he be, is still an angel in this respect." This also pleads a fair title to preference, and we find it not easy to choose between the two. Dr. Thirlby proposed to read, "Of habits *evil";* which would give the clear and natural sense, that by custom we lose all feeling or perception of bad habits, and become reconciled to them as if they were nature. The probability, however, that an antithesis was meant between *devil* and *angel,* is against this reading; otherwise, we should incline to think it right. —The whole sentence is omitted in the folio; as is also the passage beginning with "the next more easy," and ending with "wondrous potency."—H. N. H.

To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either . . . the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I 'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius.*
I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wantom on your cheek, call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,

169. *"And either . . . the devil";* some such word as *"master," "quell," "shame,"* has been omitted in Qq., which read *"and either the devil."*—I. G.

184. *"reechy kisses"; reeky* and *reechy* are the same word, and always applied to any vaporous exhalation, even to the fumes of a dunghill.—H. N. H.

But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who, that 's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There 's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,

199. *"What thou hast said to me";* "I confess," says Coleridge, "that Shakespeare has left the character of the Queen in an unpleasant perplexity. Was she, or was she not, conscious of the fratricide?" This "perplexity," whatever it be, was doubtless designed by the Poet; for in the original form of the play she stood perfectly clear on this score; as appears from several passages in the quarto of 1603, which were afterwards disciplined out of the text. Thus, in one place of this scene, she says to Hamlet,—

"But, as I have a soul, I swear to Heaven,
I never knew of this most horrid murder."

And in this place she speaks thus:

"Hamlet, I vow by that Majesty,
That knows our thoughts and looks into our hearts,
I will conceal, consent, and do my best,
What stratagem soe'er thou shalt devise."—H. N. H.

They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing:
I 'll lug the guts into the neighbor room.
Mother, good night. Indeed this counselor
Is now most still, most secret and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There 's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries 'A rat, a rat!'
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.

4. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what 's untimely done. . . . 40
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name
And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt*

Scene II

Another room in the castle.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. } [*Within*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet.
Guil. }

Ham. But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

40–44. F. 1 omits these lines, and ends scene with the words—
"And what's untimely done. Oh, come away,
My soul is full of discord and dismay."

Theobald proposed to restore the line by adding *"for, haply, slander."* —I. G.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Ros. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?
Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?
Ham. Aye, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.
Ros. I understand you not, my lord.
Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.
Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.
Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—
Guil. A thing, my lord?
Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

19. *"like an ape";* so Ff.; Qq., *"like an apple";* Farmer conj. *"like an ape, an apple";* Singer, from Q. I, *"like an ape doth nuts";* Hudson (1879), *"as an ape doth nuts."*—I. G.

25. *"A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear";* a sentence proverbial since Shakespeare's time, but not known earlier.—I. G.

32. *cp.* Psalm cxliv., *"Man is like a thing of naught";* 32–33, *"Hide fox, and all after,"* the reading of Ff.; omitted in Qq.—I. G.

Scene III

Another room in the castle.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He 's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offense. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of public worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that 's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

21–23. There is a punning allusion to the Diet of Worms.—C. H. H.

28–31. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

29–30. Probably pure mystification.—C. H. H.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.
Ham. For England?
King. Aye, Hamlet.
Ham. Good.
King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.
King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.
Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England! [*Exit.*
King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed abroad;
Delay it not; I 'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

45. *"this deed, for thine";* so Qq.; Ff., *"deed of thine, for thine."* —I. G.
48. *"with fiery quickness";* so Ff.; omitted in Qq.—I. G.

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV

A plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, a Captain and Soldiers, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;

73. *"my haps, my joys were ne'er begun";* so Ff.; Qq., *"my haps, my joyes will nere begin";* Johnson conj., *"my hopes, my joys are not begun";* Heath conj. *"'t may hap, my joys will ne'er begin";* Collier MS., *"my hopes, my joyes were ne're begun";* Tschischwitz, *"my joys will ne'er begun."*—I. G.

3. *"Craves";* so Qq.; Ff. 1, 2, *"Claimes."*—I. G.

6. *"express our duty in his eye";* in the *Regulations for the Establishment of the Queen's Household,* 1627: "All such as doe service *in the queen's eye.*" And in *The Establishment of Prince Henry's Household,* 1610: "All such as doe service *in the prince's eye.*"—H. N. H.

And let him know so.
Cap. I will do 't, my lord.
For. Go softly on.
[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.
Ham. How purposed, sir, I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them, sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.
Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

8. *"Go softly on";* these words are probably spoken to the troops. The folio has *safely* instead of *softly*.—H. N. H.
9–66. the reading of the Qq.; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*
Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I 'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'this thing 's to do,'
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
It not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw

50. *"Makes mouths at"*; mocks at.—C. H. H.

When honor 's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of frame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[*Exit.*

Scene V

Elsinore. A room in the castle.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.
Gent. She is importunate, indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen. What would she have?
Gent. She speaks much of her father, says she hears
There 's tricks i' the world, and hems and beats her heart,
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit Gentleman.*

[*Aside*] To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Gentleman, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. [*Sings*] How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

13. *"Unhappily"* is here used in the sense of *mischievously.*—H. N. H.

14–16; Qq. and Ff. assign these lines to Horatio; Blackstone rearranged the lines as in the text.—I. G.

22. *"Ophelia";* in the quarto of 1603, this stage-direction is curious as showing that Ophelia was originally made to play an accompaniment to her singing. It reads thus: "Enter Ophelia, playing on a lute, and her hair down, singing."—H. N. H.

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[*Sings*] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Oh, oh!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[*Sings*] White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [*Sings*] Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know

33. *Nay, but Ophelia"*; "There is no part of this play in its representation on the stage more pathetic than this scene; which, I suppose, proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes. A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effects. In the latter case the audience supply what is wanting, and with the former they sympathize" (Sir J. Reynolds).—H. N. H.

38. *"grave,"* so Q. 1, Ff.; Qq., *"ground"; "did go"*; Pope's emendation of Qq.; Ff., *"did not go."*—I. G.

41. *"The owl was a baker's daughter"*; this is said to be a common tradition in Gloucestershire. Mr. Douce relates it thus: "Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough in the oven to bake for him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who, insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size. The dough, however, immediately began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size,

what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let 's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[*Sings*] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I 'll make an end on 't:

Whereupon the baker's daughter cried out, 'Heugh, heugh, heugh,' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour to transform her into that bird for her wickedness." The story is told to deter children from illiberal behavior to the poor.—H. N. H.

49–56. Song in Qq.; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

49. *"Saint Valentine's day";* the origin of the choosing of Valentines has not been clearly developed. Mr. Douce traces it to a Pagan custom of the same kind during the Lupercalia feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, celebrated in the month of February by the Romans. The anniversary of the good bishop, or Saint Valentine, happening in this month, the pious early promoters of Christianity placed this popular custom under the patronage of the saint, in order to eradicate the notion of its pagan origin. In France the *Valantin* was a movable feast, celebrated on the first Sunday in Lent, which was called the *jour des brandons,* because the boys carried about lighted torches on that day. It is very probable that the saint has nothing to do with the custom; his legend gives no clue to any such supposition. The popular notion that the birds choose their mates about this period has its rise in the poetical world of fiction.—H. N. H.

[*Sings*] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.

He answers:

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,

79. *"Death, O"*; Qq., *"death, and now behold, ê."*—I. G.

For good Polonius' death; and we have done
but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere
beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard
the door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him
lord;

91. *"Feeds on his wonder";* Johnson's emendation; Qq., *"Feeds on this wonder";* Ff., *"Keepes on his wonder";* Hanmer, *"Feeds on his anger."*—I. G.

96. *"Alack, what noise is this";* omitted in Qq.—I. G.

And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king!'
Caps, hands and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'
Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!
[*Noise within.*
King. The doors are broke.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.
Danes. No, let 's come in.
Laer. I pray you, give me leave.
Danes. We will, we will.
[*They retire without the door.*
Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king,
Give me my father!
Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.
Laer. That drop of blood that 's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brows
Of my true mother.

105. *"as the world"; as* has here the force of *as if*. The explanation sometimes given of the passage is, that the rabble are the ratifiers and props of every *idle* word. The plain sense is, that antiquity and custom are the ratifiers and props of every *sound* word touching the matter in hand, the ordering of human society and the State.—H. N. H.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed: let him go, Gertrude:
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I 'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I 'll be revenged
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I 'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty

121. *"unsmirched brows";* Grant White's emendation; F. 1, *"unsmirched brow."*—I. G.

127. *"Acts little of his will";* "Proofs," says Coleridge, "as indeed all else is, that Shakespeare never intended us to see the King with Hamlet's eyes; though, I suspect, the managers have long done so." —H. N. H.

Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I 'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!

153. *"your judgment pierce";* the folio has *pierce;* the quartos, *pear,* meaning, of course, *appear.* The latter is both awkward in language and tame in sense. Understanding *level* in the sense of *direct, pierce* gives an apt and clear enough meaning.—H. N. H.

156. *"Re-enter Ophelia";* modern editions commonly add here, *"fantastically dressed with Straws and Flowers."* There is no authority, and not much occasion, for any such stage-direction.—H. N. H.

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia! 160
O heavens! is 't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. [*Sings*] They bore him barefaced on the bier:
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear,—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge, 170
It could not move thus.

Oph. [*Sings*] You must sing down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing 's more than matter.

Oph. There 's rosemary, that 's for remem-

162–165, 167, omitted in Qq.—I. G.

168. *"rain'd"*; so Qq.; Ff. 1, 2, *"raines."*—I. G.

174–175. *"It is the false steward,"* &c.; the story has not yet been identified.—I. G.

177. *"There's rosemary"*; our ancestors gave to almost every flower and plant its emblematic meaning, and, like the ladies of the east, made them almost as expressive as written language. Perdita, in *The Winter's Tale,* distributes her flowers in the same manner as Ophelia, and some of them with the same meaning. *The Handfull of Pleasant Delites,* 1584, has a ballad called "A Nosegaie alwaies sweet for Lovers to send for Tokens," where we find,—

"Rosemarie is for *remembrance*
Betweene us day and night."

Rosemarie had this attribute because it was said to strengthen the

Ophe. "There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb of grace o'Sundays. O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they wither'd all when my father died; they say he made a good end."

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Act. 4, Sc. 5.

brance: pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There 's fennel for you, and columbines: there 's rue for you: and here 's some for me: we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There 's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when father died: they say a' made a good end,—
[*Sings*] For bonnie sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, She turns to favor and to prettiness.

memory, and was therefore used as a token of remembrance and affection between lovers. Why *pansies* (pensées) are emblems of thoughts is obvious. *Fennel* was emblematic of *flattery*. Browne, in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, says,—

> "The *columbine*, in tawny often taken,
> Is then ascrib'd to such as are *forsaken*."

Rue was for *ruth* or *repentance*. It was also commonly called *herb grace*, probably from being accounted "a present remedy against all poison, and a potent auxiliary in exorcisms, all evil things fleeing from it." Wearing it with a difference was an heraldic term for a mark of distinction. The *daisy* was emblematic of a *dissembler*. The *violet* is for *faithfulness*, and is thus characterized in *The Lover's Nosegaie*.—H. N. H.

190. Poor Ophelia in her madness remembers the ends of many old popular ballads. "Bonny Robin" appears to have been a favorite, for there were many others written to that tune. This last stanza is quoted with some variation in *Eastward Ho!* 1605, by Jonson, Marston, and Chapman.—H. N. H.

191. "*Thought*" was used for *grief, care, pensiveness*. "Curarum volvere in pectore. He will die for sorrow and *thought*" (Baret). —H. N. H.

Oph. [*Sings*] And will a' not come again?
And will a' not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' you. [*Exit.*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will.
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labor with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,

198. *cp. "Eastward Hoe"* (1604), by Jonson, Marston, and Chapman, for a travesty of the scene and this song (Act III. Sc. i.).—I. G.

No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.
King. So you shall;
And where the offense is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Another room in the castle.

Enter Horatio and a servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?
Serv. Sea-faring men, sir: they say they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in. [*Exit Servant.*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.
Hor. Let him bless thee too.
First Sail. He shall, sir, an 't please him.
There 's a letter for you, sir; it comes from
the ambassador that was bound for Eng-

220. *"call it in question";* the funerals of knights and persons of rank were made with great ceremony and ostentation formerly. Sir John Hawkins observes that "the sword, the helmet, the gauntlet, spurs, and tabard are still hung over the grave of every knight."—H. N. H.

2. *"Sea-faring men";* so Qq.; Ff. read *"Sailors."*—I. G.

land; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads*] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

'He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.'

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Another room in the castle.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they 're strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
She 's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;

9. *"mainly were stirr'd up"*; had the strongest motive to do.—C. H. H.

14. *"She's so conjunctive"*; so Ff.; Qq. read *"She is so concline"*; Q., 1676, *"She is so precious."*—I. G.

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio; he received them
Of him that brought them.

22. *"loud a wind,"* so Ff.; Qq. 2, 3, *"loued Arm'd"*; Qq. 4, 5, *"loued armes."*—I. G.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*

[*Reads*] 'High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.

'HAMLET.'

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked'!
And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.'
Can you advise me?

Laer. I 'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus didest thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Aye, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:

59. *"As how should it be so? how otherwise?"* It is incomprehensible, and yet, on the evidence, beyond question.—C. H. H.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—
I 've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As had he been incorpsed and demi-natured

69–82. *"my lord . . . graveness"*; omitted in Ff.; so, too, ll. 115–124.—I. G.

78. *"A very riband"*; we have elsewhere found *very* used in the sense of *mere*.—H. N. H.

With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.
Laer. A Norman was 't?
King. A Norman.
Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.
King. The very same.
Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.
King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defense,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this—
Laer. What out of this, my lord?
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why ask you this?
King. Not that I think you did not love your father,

97. *"gave you such a masterly report";* i. e. reported him to be such a master.—C. H. H.

But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too much: that we would do
We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son indeed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.

112. As *"love is begun by time,"* and has its gradual increase, so *time* qualifies and abates it. *"Passages of proof"* are transactions of daily experience.—H. N. H.

123. *"a spendthrift sigh";* Mr. Blakeway justly observes, that "Sorrow for neglected opportunities and time abused seems most aptly compared to *the sigh of a spendthrift;*—good resolutions not carried into effect are deeply injurious to the moral character. Like sighs, *they hurt by easing;* they unburden the mind and satisfy the conscience, without producing any effect upon the conduct."—H. N. H.

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We 'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't;

And for that purpose I 'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I 'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

141. *"anoint my sword":* Warburton having pronounced Laertes "a *good* character," Coleridge thereupon makes the following note: "Mercy on Warburton's notion of goodness! Please to refer to the seventh scene of this Act;—'I will do't; and, for this purpose, I'll anoint my sword,'—uttered by Laertes after the King's description of Hamlet: 'He, being remiss, most generous, and free from all contriving, will not peruse the foils.' Yet I acknowledge that Shakespeare evidently wishes, as much as possible, to spare the character of Laertes,—to break the extreme turpitude of his consent to become an agent and accomplice of the King's treachery;—and to this end he re-introduces Ophelia at the close of this scene, to afford a probable stimulus of passion in her brother."—H. N. H.

149. *"it may be death";* Ritson has exclaimed against the villainous treachery of Laertes in this horrid plot: he observes "there is more

King. Let 's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this did blast in proof. Soft! let me see:
We 'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings:
I ha 't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink, I 'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen!

occasion that he should be pointed out for an object of abhorrence, as he is a character we are led to respect and admire in some preceding scenes." In the quarto of 1603 this contrivance originates with the king.—H. N. H.

163. *"But stay, what noise?"*; the reading of Qq.; omitted in Ff. —I. G.

164. *"How now, sweet queen"*; "That Laertes," says Coleridge, "might be excused in some degree for not cooling, the Act concludes with the affecting death of Ophelia; who in the beginning lay like a little projection of land into a lake or stream, covered with spray-flowers, quietly reflected in the quiet waters; but at length is undermined or loosened, and becomes a faery isle, and after a brief vagrancy sinks almost without an eddy."—H. N. H.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
Laer. Drown'd! O, where?
Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like a while they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas, then she is drown'd!
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,

167. *"There is a willow"*; this exquisite passage is deservedly celebrated. Nothing could better illustrate the Poet's power to make the description of a thing better than the thing itself, by giving us his eyes to see it with.—H. N. H.

178. *"tunes"*; so F. and Q. 1; Q. 2, *"lauds"* (*i. e.* chants).—I. G.

And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [*Exit.*

King. Let 's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let 's follow. [*Exeunt.*

192. *"douts"*; Knight's emendation; F. 1, *"doubts"*; Qq., *"drownes."* —I. G.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that willfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be 'se offendendo;' it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

13. *"wittingly";* Shakespeare's frequent and correct use of legal terms and phrases has led to the belief that he must have served something of an apprenticeship in the law. Among the legal authorities studied in his time, were Plowden's *Commentaries,* a black-letter book, written in the old law French. One of the cases reported by Plowden, is that of Dame Hales, regarding the forfeiture of a lease, in consequence of the suicide of Sir James Hales; and Sir John Hawkins has pointed out, that this rich burlesque of "crowner's-quest law" was probably intended as a ridicule on certain passages in that case. He produces the following speech of

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Aye, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this

one of the counsel: "Walsh said that the act consists of three parts. The first is the imagination, which is a reflection or meditation of the mind, whether or no it is convenient for him to destroy himself, and what way it can be done. The second is the resolution, which is a determination of the mind to destroy himself, and to do it in this or that particular way. The third is the perfection, which is the execution of what the mind has resolved to do. And this perfection consists of two parts, the beginning and the end. The beginning is the doing of the act which causes the death; and the end is the death, which is only a sequel to the act."—H. N. H.

22. *"shortens not his own life";* we must here produce another passage from Plowden, as given by Hawkins. It is the reasoning of one of the judges, and is nearly as good as that in the text: "Sir James Hales was dead, and how came he to his death? It may be answered, by drowning; and who drowned him? Sir James Hales. And when did he drown him? in his life-time. So that Sir James Hales, being alive, caused Sir James Hales to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then for this offence it is reasonable to punish the living man who committed the offence, and not the dead man. But how can he be said to be punished alive, when the punishment comes after his death? Sir, this can be done no other way but by divesting out of him, from the time of the act done in his life which was the cause of his death, the title and property of those things which he had in his life-time." —H. N. H.

had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and gravemakers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. A' was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I 'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

39–42, omitted in Qq.—I. G.

Sec. Clo. 'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'

First Clo. Aye, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To 't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, afar off.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker:' the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit Sec. Clown.*

[*He digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for-a my behove,
O, methought, there-a was nothing-a meet.

70. *"In youth when I did love";* the original ballad from whence these stanzas are taken is printed in Tottel's *Miscellany,* or *Songes and Sonnettes* by Lord Surrey and others, 1575. The ballad is attributed to Lord Vaux, and is printed by Dr. Percy in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry.* The *ohs* and the *ahs* are caused by the forcible emission of the digger's breath at each stroke of the mattock. The original runs thus:

"I lothe that I did love,
In youth that I thought swete:
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not mete.

"For age with stealing steps
Hath claude me with his crowch;
And lusty youthe away he leaps,
As there had bene none such."—**H. N. H.**

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. [*Sings*] But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Aye, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here 's fine

86. *"Cain's jaw-bone";* alluding to the ancient tradition that Cain slew Abel with the jaw-bone of an ass.—C. H. H.

98. *"now my lady Worm's";* the skull that was *my lord such-a-one's* is now *my lady worm's.*—H. N. H.

revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on 't.

First Clo. [*Sings*] A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

Ham. There 's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Aye, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

119–121. *"is this . . . recoveries";* omitted in Qq.—I. G.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave 's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.

[*Sings*] O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in 't.

First Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

First Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

136, omitted in Qq.—I. G.

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Aye, marry, why was he sent into Eng- 170
land?

First Clo. Why, because a' was mad; a' shall recover his wits there: or, if a' do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How 'strangely'? 180

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

167. *"the very day that young Hamlet was born";* by this scene it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-three years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is spoken of as one that designed to go back to the university of Wittenburgh.—H. N. H.

170. *"there the men are as mad as he."* The "madness" of Englishmen was a proverbial jest, like the gluttony of the Dutch and the family pride of the Welsh.—C. H. H.

First Clo. I' faith, if a' be not rotten before a' die—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—a' will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that a' will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a skull now: this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

First Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merri-

209, omitted in Qq.—I. G.

ment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What 's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bunghole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

> Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
> O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
> Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

Enter Priests &c, in procession; the Corpse of Ophelia, Laertes and Mourners following; King, Queen, their trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark.
[*Retiring with Horatio.*

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead

266. *"of bell and burial"; of* has here the force of *with.*—H. N. H.

To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.
Laer. Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.
Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!
Queen. [*Scattering flowers*] Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.
Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
Ham. [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow

269. *"a requiem"* is a mass sung for the rest of the soul. So called from the words, "Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine."—H. N. H.

278. *"treble woe"*; the reading of Qq. 2, 3, 6; F. 1, *"terrible woer"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"terrible wooer."*—I. G.

Conjures the wandering stars and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*
Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[*Grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.
King. Pluck them asunder.
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!
All. Gentlemen,—
Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
Queen. O my son, what theme?
Ham. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?
King. O, he is mad, Laertes.
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou 'lt do:
Woo 't weep? woo 't fight? woo 't fast? woo 't tear thyself?
Woo 't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?

308. *"woo't drink up eisel"; vide* Glossary, *"eisel";* the various emendations *"Weissel," "Vssel,"* (a northern branch of the Rhine), *"Nile," "Nilus,"* are all equally unnecessary.—I. G.

I 'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[*Exit Horatio.*

[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We 'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?
Hor. Remember it, my lord!
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometime serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should learn us
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is most certain.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery!— an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,

9. *"pall"*; so Q. 2; F. 1, *"parle"*; Pope, *"fail."*—I. G.

Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is 't possible?

Ham. Here 's the commission: read it at more leisure,
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villainies,—
Or I could make a prologue to my brains, 30
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labor'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Aye, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish, 40
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As' es of great charge,

23. *"the supervise, no leisure bated"; the supervise* is the looking over; *no leisure bated* means without any abatement or intermission of time.—H. N. H.

31. *"they," i. e.* my brains.—I. G.

That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in the form of the other;
Subscribed it; gave 't the impression; placed it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, 'think'st thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king, and whored my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;

57, 68–80. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life 's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I 'll court his favors:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter Osric.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a

78. *"court";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"count."*—I. G.

chough, but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot, or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him

102. *"or my complexion—"*; some such words as "deceives me" are understood. But Hamlet must be supposed to break off, as in his next speech, not to be *interrupted* by Osric.—H. N. H.

111–150. These lines are omitted in Ff., which read, *"Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon."*—I. G.

the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all 's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

134. *"another tongue";* Johnson conj. *"a mother tongue";* Heath conj. *"a mother tongue?"* No change is necessary; it's a bit of sarcasm.—I. G.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he 's unfellowed.

Ham. What 's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That 's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three lib-

150. *"to know a man well were to know himself";* I dare not pretend to know him, lest I should pretend to an equality: no man can completely know another, but by knowing himself, which is the utmost of human wisdom.—H. N. H.

165–166. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

eral-conceited carriages; that 's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer 'no'?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osric.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age

203–204. *"many more of the same breed";* so Qq.; F. 1 reads,

dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all 's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

"mine more of the same Beauty"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"nine more of the same Beavy."*—I. G.

210–225. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit; we defy augury: there is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all; since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and Lords, Osric and other Attendants with foils and gauntlets; a table and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I 've done you wrong;

244–245. *"Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be."* The reading is taken partly from the Folios and partly from the Quartos; a long list of proposed emendations is given by the Cambridge editors.—I. G.

Johnson thus interprets the passage: "Since *no man knows aught* of the state which *he leaves;* since he cannot judge what other years may produce; why should we be afraid of *leaving* life betimes?" Warburton's explanation is very ingenious, but perhaps strains the Poet's meaning: "It is true that by death we lose all the goods of life; yet seeing this loss is no otherwise an evil than as we are sensible of it; and since death removes all sense of it; what matters it how soon we lose them?"—H. N. H.

But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honor and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he 's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: if 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honor
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters of known honor
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungored. But till that time
I do receive your offer'd love like love
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,

262. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.
266. *"brother";* so Qq.; Ff. read *"mother."*—I. G.

And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I 'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace has laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Aye, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;

283. *"laid the odds"*; the king had wagered *six Barbary horses* to a few *rapiers, poniards,* &c.; that is, about *twenty* to one. These are the *odds* here meant. The odds the king means in the next speech were *twelve* to *nine* in favor of Hamlet, by Laertes giving him three.—H. N. H.

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well; again.

King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here 's to thy health..
[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*
Give him the cup.

Ham. I 'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come. [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He 's fat and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

309. *"He's fat and scant of breath"; vide* Glossary, "Fat."—I. G.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I 'll hit him now.
King. I do not think 't.
Laer. [*Aside*] And yet it is almost against my conscience.
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*
Osr. Nothing, neither way.
Laer. Have at you now!
[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*
King. Part them; they are incensed.
Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The Queen falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is 't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swounds to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*
Ham. O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [*Laertes falls.*
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother 's poison'd:
I can no more: the king, the king 's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion: is thy union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly served;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here 's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou 'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I 'll have 't.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.
[*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence.
[*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
[*March within.*
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, and the English Ambassadors, with drum, colors, and Attendants.

367. "*live*"; so Ff.; Qq., "*I leave.*"—I. G.

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it you would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?
First Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us haste to hear it,

405. *"forced cause"*; so Ff.; Qq. read *"for no cause."*—I. G.

And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the bodies: after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A', he; (Ff. *"he"*); II. i. 58.

About, get to your work! II. ii. 638.

Above; "more a," moreover; II. ii. 128.

Abridgement (Ff. *'Abridgements'*), entertainment for pastime (with perhaps a secondary idea of that which makes one brief and shortens tedious conversation); II. ii. 453.

Absolute, positive; V. i. 154; perfect, faultless (used by Osric); V. ii. 111.

Abstract, summary, or epitome; (Ff. *"abstracts"*); II. ii. 566.

Abuse, delusion; IV. vii. 51.

Abuses, deceives; II. ii. 653.

Acquittance, acquittal; IV. vii. 1.

Act, operation; (Warburton *"effect"*); I. ii. 205.

Addition, title; I. iv. 20.

Address, prepare; I. ii. 216.

Admiration, wonder, astonishment; I. ii. 192.

Adulterate, adulterous; I. v. 42.

Æneas' tale to Dido; burlesque lines from an imaginary play written after the grandiloquent manner of quasi-classical plays (*e. g.* Nash's contributions to Marlowe's *Dido, Queen of Carthage*); II. ii. 486.

Afeard, afraid; V. ii. 321.

Affection, affectation; (Ff. *"affectation"*); II. ii. 482.

Affront, confront, encounter; III. i. 31.

A-foot, in progress; III. ii. 87.

After, according to; II. ii. 570.

Against, in anticipation of; III. iv. 50.

Aim, guess; IV. v. 9.

Allowance, permission (according to some, "regards of a."= allowable conditions); II. ii. 79.

Amaze, confound, bewilder; II. ii. 612.

Amazement, astonishment; III. ii. 351.

Ambition, attainment of ambition; III. iii. 55.

Amble, move in an affected manner; III. i. 153.

Amiss, misfortune; IV. v. 18.

Anchor's, Anchorite's, hermit's; III. ii. 233.

"And will he not come again," etc.; a well-known song found in song-books of the period, called *The Milkmaid's Dumps;* IV. v. 193.

An end, on end; (Q. 1, *"on end"*); I. v. 19.

Angle, angling-line; V. ii. 66.

An if, if; I. v. 177.

Annexment, appendage; III. iii. 21.

Anon, soon, presently; II. ii. 525.

Answer, reply to a challenge; V. ii. 183.
Answer'd, explained; IV. i. 16.
Antic, disguised, fantastic; I. v. 172.
Antique, ancient; V. ii. 363.
Apart, aside, away; IV. i. 24.
Ape; "the famous ape," etc., a reference to an old fable which has not yet been identified; III. iv. 193–196
Apoplex'd, affected with apoplexy; III. iv. 73.
Appointment, equipment; IV. vi. 17.
Apprehension, conception, perception; II. ii. 327.
Approve, affirm, confirm, I. i. 29; credit, make approved, V. ii. 144.
Appurtenance, proper accompaniment; II. ii. 399.
Argal, Clown's blunder for *ergo;* V. i. 13.
Argument, subject, plot of a play; II. ii. 382.
——, subject in dispute; IV. iv. 54.
Arm you, prepare yourselves; III. iii. 24.
Arras, tapestry (originally made at Arras); II. ii. 165.
Article, clause in an agreement, I. i. 94; "a soul of great a." *i. e.* a soul with so many qualities that its inventory would be very large; V. ii. 124.
As, as if; II. i. 91.
——, as if, as though; IV. v. 105; so; IV. vii. 159; namely; I. iv. 25.
As'es, used quibblingly, (Ff. *"Assis"*; Qq. *"as sir"*); V. ii. 43.
Aslant, across; IV. vii. 168.
Assault; "of general a.", "incident to all men"; II. i. 35.
Assay, trial, test; II. ii. 71.
——, try; III. i. 14.
——, "make a.", "throng to the rescue"; III. iii. 69.
Assays of bias, indirect aims, (such as one takes in the game of bowls, taking into account the bias side of the bowl); II. i. 65.
Assigns, appendages; V. ii. 160.
Assistant, helpful; I. iii. 3.
Assurance, security; with play upon the legal sense of the word; V. i. 132.
Attent, attentive; I. ii. 193.
Attribute, reputation; I. iv. 22.
Aught; "hold'st at a.", holds of any value, values at all; IV. iii. 63.
Authorities, offices of authority, attributes of power; IV. ii. 17.
Avouch, declaration; I. i. 57.
A-work, at work; II. ii. 527.

Back, "support in reserve"; IV. vii. 154.
Baked-meats, pastry; "funeral b.", cold entertainment prepared for the mourners at a funeral; I. ii. 180.
Ban, curse; III. ii. 276.
Baptista, used as a woman's name (properly a man's, *cf. Tam. of Shrew*); III. ii. 256.
Bare, mere; III. i. 76.
Bark'd about, grew like bark around; I. v. 71.
Barren, barren of wit, foolish; III. ii. 50.
Barr'd, debarred, excluded; I. ii. 14.
Batten, grow fat; III. iv. 67.
Beaten, well-worn, familiar; II. ii. 283.
Beating, striking; (Q. 1, *"towl-*

ing"; Collier MS., *"tolling"*); I. i. 39.

Beautied, beautified; III. i. 51.

Beautified, beautiful, endowed with beauty, (Theobald *"beatified"*); II. ii. 110.

Beaver, visor; movable part of the helmet covering the face; I. ii. 230.

Bedded, lying flat, (?) matted; III. iv. 121.

Bed-rid, bed-ridden; (Qq. 2–5 *"bed red"*); I. ii. 29.

Beetles, projects, juts over; I. iv. 71.

Behove, behoof, profit; V. i. 72.

Bent, straining, tension; (properly an expression of archery); II. ii. 30.

——, "to the top of my b.", to the utmost; III. ii. 416.

Beshrew, a mild oath; II. i. 113.

Besmirch, soil, sully; I. iii. 15.

Bespeak, address, speak to; II. ii. 142.

Best; "in all my b.", to the utmost of my power; I. ii. 120.

Bestowed, placed, lodged; II. ii. 565.

Beteem, allow, permit; I. ii. 141.

Bethought, thought of; I. iii. 90.

Bilboes, stocks or fetters used for prisoners on board ship; V. ii. 6.

Bisson; 'b. rheum,' *i. e.* blinding tears; II. ii. 527.

Blank, "the *white* mark at which shot or arrows were aimed" (Steevens); IV. i. 42.

Blanks, blanches, makes pale; III. ii. 235.

Blast in proof, "a metaphor taken from the trying or proving of firearms or cannon, which blast or burst in the proof" (Steevens); IV. vii. 155.

Blastments, blighting influences; I. iii. 42.

Blazon; "eternal b.", publication of eternal mysteries; (perhaps 'eternal'=infernal, or used 'to express extreme abhorrence'); I. v. 21.

Blench, start aside; II. ii. 647.

Bloat (Qq. *'blowt;'* Ff. *'blunt'*), bloated; III. iv. 182.

Blood, passion; IV. iv. 58; "b. and judgement," passion and reason; III. ii. 78.

Blown, full blown, in its bloom; III. i. 169.

Board, address; II. ii. 172.

Bodes, forebodes, portends; I. i. 69.

Bodkin, the old word for dagger; III. i. 76.

Bodykins, diminutive of body; "the reference was originally to the sacramental bread;" II. ii. 572.

"Bonnie Sweet Robin," the first words of a well-known song of the period (found in Holborne's *Cittharn Schoole*, 1597, *etc.*); IV. v. 190.

Bore, calibre, importance of a question; IV. vi. 29.

Borne in hand, deceived with false hopes; II. ii. 67.

Bound, ready, prepared; I. v. 6.

——, was bound; I. ii. 90.

Bourn, limit, boundary; III. i. 79.

Brainish, imaginary, brain-sick; IV. i. 11.

Brave, glorious; II. ii. 320.

Bravery, ostentation, bravado; V. ii. 79.

Breathe, whisper; II. i. 31.

Breathing, whispering; I. iii. 130.

Breathing time, time for exercise; V. ii. 187.

Bringing home, strictly, the bridal procession from church; applied to a maid's funeral; V. i. 266.

Broad, unrestrained; III. iv. 2.

Broke, broken; IV. v. 111.

Brokers, go betweens; I. iii. 127.

Brooch, an ornament worn in the hat; IV. vii. 94.

Brood; "on b.", brooding; III. i. 175.

Bruit, proclaim abroad; I. ii. 127.

Budge, stir, move; III. iv. 18.

Bugs, bugbears; V. ii. 22.

Bulk, body; (according to some = breast); II. i. 95.

Business, do business; I. ii. 37.

Buttons, buds; I. iii. 40.

Buz, buz! an interjection used to interrupt the teller of a story already well known; II. ii. 425.

Buzzers, whisperers; (Q. 1676, *"whispers"*); IV. v. 92.

By and by, immediately; III. ii. 415.

By'r lady, by our lady; a slight oath; III. ii. 147.

Can, can do; III. iii. 65.

Candied, sugared, flattering; III. ii. 69.

Canker, canker worm; I. iii. 39.

Canon, divine law; I. ii. 132.

Capable, capable of feeling, susceptible; III. iv. 127.

Cap-a-pe, from head to foot (Old Fr. *'de cap a pie'*); I. ii. 200.

Capitol; "I was killed i' the C." (an error repeated in *Julius Cæsar;* Cæsar was killed in the Curia Pompeii, near the theatre of Pompey in the Campus Martius); III. ii. 114.

Card; "by the c.", with precision (alluding probably to the shipman's card); V. i. 155.

Carnal, sensual; V. ii. 403.

Carouses, drinks; V. ii. 310.

Carriage, tenor, import; I. i. 94.

Carry it away, gain the victory; II. ii. 387.

Cart, car, chariot; III. ii. 170.

Carve for, choose for, please; I. iii. 20.

Cast, casting, moulding; I. i. 73.

——, contrive; 'c. beyond ourselves', to be over suspicious (? to be mistaken); II. i. 115.

Cataplasm, plaster; IV. vii. 144.

Cautel, deceit, falseness; I. iii. 15.

Caviare; "a Russian condiment made from the roe of the sturgeon; at that time a new and fashionable delicacy not obtained nor relished by the vulgar, and therefore used by Shakespeare to signify anything above their comprehension" (Nares); II. ii. 474.

Cease, extinction; (Qq. *"cesse"*; Pope *"decease"*); III. iii. 15.

Censure, opinion; I. iii. 69.

Centre, *i. e.* of the Earth; II. ii. 159.

Cerements, cloths used as shrouds for dead bodies; I. iv. 48.

Chameleon, an animal supposed to feed on air; III. ii. 102.

Change, exchange; I. ii. 163.

Chanson, song (used affectedly; not found elsewhere in Shakespeare; *'pious chanson;'* so Qq.; Ff. *'pons Chanson'; 'pans chanson'*); II. ii. 452.

Character, hand-writing; IV. vii. 53.

Character, write, imprint; I. iii. 59.

Charge, expense; IV. iv. 47; load, weight; V. ii. 43.

Chariest, most scrupulous; I. iii. 36.

Checking at; *"to check at,"* a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game and follows some other; (Qq. 2, 3, *"the King at"*; Qq. 4, 5, 6, *"liking not"*); IV. vii. 63.

Cheer, fare; III. ii. 232.

Chief, chiefly, especially; I. iii. 74.

Chopine, a high cork shoe; II. ii. 462.

Chorus, interpreter of the action of a play; III. ii. 262.

Chough, a sordid and wealthy boor; (*chuff* according to some, ="chattering crow"); V. ii. 89.

Cicatrice, scar; IV. iii. 65.

Circumstance, circumlocution, detail; I. v. 127.

——, "c. of thought", details of thought which lead to a conclusion; III. iii. 83.

Clapped, applauded; II. ii. 366.

Clepe, call; I. iv. 19.

Climatures, regions; I. i. 125.

Closely, secretly; III. i. 29.

Closes with, agrees with; II. i. 45.

Coagulate, coagulated, clotted; II. ii. 502.

Cockle hat; a mussel-shell in the hat was the badge of pilgrims bound for places of devotion beyond sea; IV. v. 25.

Coil; "mortal c.", mortal life, turmoil of mortality; III. i. 67.

Cold, chaste; IV. vii. 173.

Coldly, lightly; IV. iii. 67.

Collateral, indirect; IV. v. 209.

Colleagued, leagued; I. ii. 21.

Collection, an attempt to collect some meaning from it; IV. v. 9.

Columbines, flowers emblematic of faithlessness; IV. v. 182.

Combat, duel; I. i. 84.

Comma, "a c. 'tween their amities," the smallest break or separation; V. ii. 42.

Commandment, command; III. ii. 340.

Comment; "the very c. of thy soul," "all thy powers of observation"; (Ff. *"my soul"*); III. ii. 88.

Commerce, intercourse; III. i. 110.

Compelled, enforced; IV. vi. 19.

Complete steel, full armor; I. iv. 52.

Complexion, temperament, natural disposition; I. iv. 27.

Comply, use ceremony; II. ii. 401.

Compulsatory, compelling; (Ff. *"compulsatiue"*); I. i. 103.

Compulsive, compulsory, compelling; III. iv. 86.

Conceit, imagination; III. iv. 114.

——, design; "liberal c.", tasteful, elaborate design; V. ii. 164.

Concernancy, import, meaning; V. ii. 131.

Conclusions, experiments; III. iv. 195.

Condolement, sorrow; I. ii. 93.

Confederate, conspiring, favoring; III. ii. 274.

Confine, boundary, territory; I. i. 155.

Confines, places of confinement, prisons; II. ii. 257.

Confront, outface; III. iii. 47.

Confusion, confusion of mind; (Rowe *"confesion"*; Pope (in margin), *"confession"*); III. i. 2.

Congregation, collection; II. ii. 323.

Congruing, agreeing; (Ff. *"coniuring"*); IV. iii. 69.

Conjunctive, closely joined; IV. vii. 14.

Consequence; "in this c."; in the following way; or, 'in thus following up your remarks' (Schmidt); II. i. 45.

Consider'd, fit for reflection; "at our more c. time," when we have more time for consideration; II. ii. 81.

Consonancy, accord, friendship; II. ii. 301.

Constantly, fixedly; I. ii. 235.

Contagion, contagious thing; IV. vii. 148.

Content, please, gratify; III. i. 24.

Continent, that which contains; IV. iv. 64; inventory; V. ii. 107.

Contraction, the making of the marriage contract; III. iv. 46.

Contriving, plotting; IV. vii. 136.

Conversation, intercourse; III. ii. 64.

Converse, conversation; II. i. 42.

Convoy, conveyance; I. iii. 3.

Coped withal, met with; III. ii. 64.

Corse, corpse; I. iv. 52.

Coted, overtook, passed by (a term in hunting); II. ii. 339.

Couched, concealed; II. ii. 494.

Couch we, let us lie down, conceal ourselves; V. i. 254.

Count, account, trial; IV. vii. 17.

Countenance, favor; IV. ii. 16.

Counter; hounds *"run counter"* when they follow the scent in the wrong direction; a term of the chase; IV. v. 112.

Counterfeit presentment, portrait; III. iv. 54.

Couple, join, add; I. v. 93.

Couplets; "golden c.", "the pigeon lays only two eggs, at a time, and the newly hatched birds are covered with yellow down"; V. i. 319.

Cousin, used of a nephew; I. ii. 64.

Cozenage, deceit, trickery; V. ii. 67.

Cozen'd, cheated; III. iv. 77.

Cracked within the ring; "there was formerly a ring or circle on the coin, within which the sovereign's head was placed; if the crack extended from the edge beyond this ring, the ring was rendered unfit for currency" (Douce); II. ii. 464.

Crants, garland, used for the chaplet carried before a maiden's coffin, and afterwards hung up in the church; (Ff. *'rites'*; *'Crants'* occurs in the form *corance* in Chapman's *Alphonsus*, (*cf.* Lowland Scotch *crance*); otherwise unknown in English); V. i. 264.

Credent, credulous, believing; I. iii. 30.

Crew, did crow; I. i. 147.

Cried; "c. in the top of mine," were higher than mine; II. ii. 476.

Cries on, cries out; V. ii. 386.

Crimeful, criminal; (Qq. *"criminall"*); IV. vii. 7.

Crocodile; "woo't eat a c.", re-

ferring probably to the toughness of its skin; V. i. 308.

Crook, make to bend; III. ii. 70.

Cross, go across its way; (to cross the path of a ghost was to come under its evil influence); I. i. 127.

Crow-flowers, (probably) buttercups; IV. vii. 171.

Crowner, coroner; V. i. 25.

Cry, company; (literally, a pack of hounds); III. ii. 297.

Cue, catch-word, call; (a technical stage term); II. ii. 608.

Cuffs, fisticuffs, blows; II. ii. 383.

Cunnings, respective skill; IV. vii. 156.

Curb, cringe; "c. and woo", bow and beg, "bend and truckle"; III. iv. 155.

Curiously, fancifully; V. i. 235.

Currents, courses; III. iii. 57.

Daintier, more delicate; V. i. 79.

Daisy, emblem of faithlessness; IV. v. 186.

Dane, King of Denmark; I. i. 15.

Danskers, Danes; II. i. 7.

Day and night, an exclamation; I. v. 164.

Dearest, greatest, intensest; I. ii. 182.

Dearly, heartily, earnestly; IV. iii. 46.

Dearth, high value; V. ii. 125.

Decline upon, sink down to; I. v. 50.

Declining, falling, going from bad to worse; II. ii. 517.

Defeat, destruction; II. ii. 619.

Defeated, disfigured, marred; I. ii. 10.

Defense, skill in weapons, "science of defense"; IV. vii. 98.

Definement, definition; V. ii. 119.

Deject, dejected; III. i. 165.

Delated, set forth in detail, prob. ="*dilated*," (the reading of the folios, properly "*delated*"=entrusted, delegated); I. ii. 38.

Deliver, relate; I. ii. 193.

Delver, digger; V. i. 15.

Demanded of, questioned by; IV. ii. 12.

Denote, mark, portray; I. ii. 83.

Desires, good wishes; II. ii. 60.

Dexterity, nimbleness, celerity; (S. Walker, "*celerity*"); I. ii. 157.

Diet; "your worm is your only emperor for d.", a grim play of words upon "the Diet of Worms"; IV. iii. 23.

Difference, properly a term in heraldry for a slight mark of distinction in the coats of arms of members of the same family; hence = a slight difference; IV. v. 185.

Differences; "excellent d.", distinguishing qualities; V. ii. 113.

Disappointed, (?) unappointed, unprepared; (Pope "*unanointed*"; Theobald "*unappointed*"); I. v. 77.

Disclose, hatching; III. i. 176.

Disclosed, hatched; V. i. 319.

Discourse, conversation; III. i. 108.

——; "d. of reason," *i. e.* the reasoning faculty; I. ii. 150.

Discovery, disclosure, confession; II. ii. 312.

Disjoint, disjointed; I. ii. 20.

Dispatch, hasten to get ready; III. iii. 3.

Dispatch'd, deprived; I. v. 75.

Disposition, nature; I. iv. 55.

Distemper; "your cause of d.",

the cause of your disorder; III. ii. 363.

Distempered, disturbed; III. ii. 322.

Distill'd, dissolved, melted; (so Q. 2; F. 1, *"bestil'd"*); I. ii. 204.

Distract, distracted; IV. v. 2.

Distrust; "I d. you," *i. e.* I am anxious about you; III. ii. 180.

Divulging, being divulged; IV. i. 22.

Do; "to do," to be done; IV. iv. 44.

Document, precept, instruction; IV. v. 180.

Dole, grief; I. ii. 13.

Doom, Doomsday; III. iv. 50.

Doubt, suspect, fear; I. ii. 257.

Douts, does out, extinguishes; (F. 1, *"doubts"*; Qq. F. 2, *"drownes"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"drowns"*); IV. vii. 193.

Down-gyved, pulled down like gyves or fetters; (so F. 1; Qq. 2, 3, 6, *"downe gyved"*; Qq. 4, 5, *"downe gyred"*; Theobald *"down-gyred"*; *i. e.* rolled down); II. i. 80.

Drab, strumpet; II. ii. 636.

Dreadful, full of dread; I. ii. 207.

Drift; "d. of circumstance," round-about methods; (Qq. *"d. of conference"*; Collier conj. *"d. of confidence"*); III. i. 1.

Drives at, rushes upon; II. ii. 511.

Ducats, gold coins; II. ii. 393.

Dull thy palm, *i. e.* "make callous thy palm by shaking every man by the hand" (Johnson); I. iii. 64.

Dumb show, a show unaccompanied by words, preceding the dialogue and foreshadowing the action of a play, introduced originally as a compensatory addition to Senecan dramas, wherein declamation took the place of action; III. ii. 151–152.

Dupp'd, opened; IV. v. 54.

Dye, tinge; (F. 1, *"the eye;"* Qq. 2–5, *"that die"*); I. iii. 128.

Eager, sharp, sour; (Ff. *"Aygre"*; Knight *"aigre"*); I. v. 69.

Eale, ?=e'ile (*i. e.* "evil"), *v.* Note; I. iv. 36.

Ear; "in the e.", within hearing; III. i. 195.

Easiness, unconcernedness; V. i. 77.

Eat, eaten; IV. iii. 30.

Ecstasy, madness; II. i. 102.

Edge, incitement; III. i. 26.

Effects, purposes; III. iv. 129.

Eisel, vinegar; the term usually employed by older English writers for the bitter drink given to Christ (=late Lat. *acetillum*); [Q. (i.) *"vessels"*; Q. 2, *"Esill"*; Ff. *"Esile"*]; V. i. 208.

Elsinore, the residence of the Danish kings, famous for the royal castle of Kronborg, commanding the entrance of the Sound; II. ii. 284.

Emulate, emulous; I. i. 83.

Enact, act; III. ii. 112.

Enactures, actions; III. ii. 212.

Encompassment, circumvention; II. i. 10.

Encumber'd, folded; I. v. 174.

Engaged, entangled; III. iii. 69.

Enginer, engineer; III. iv. 206.

Enseamed, defiled, filthy; III. iv. 90.

Entertainment; "gentle e.", show of kindness; V. ii. 224.

Entreatments, solicitations; I. iii. 122.

Enviously, angrily; IV. v. 6.

Erring, wandering, roaming; I. i. 154.

Escoted, maintained; II. ii. 372.

Espials, spies; III. i. 32.

Estate, rank; V. i. 253.

Eternal, ?=infernal; V. ii. 387; (*cp.* "(eternal) blazon)."

Even, honest, straightforward; II. ii. 304.

Even Christian, fellow-Christian; V. i. 33.

Event, result, issue; IV. iv. 41.

Exception, objection; V. ii. 253.

Excrements, excrescences, outgrowth; (used of hair and nails); III. iv. 121.

Expectancy, hope; (Qq. *"expectation"*); III. i. 162.

Expostulate, discuss; II. ii. 86.

Express, expressive, perfect; II. ii. 326.

Extent, behavior; II. ii. 401.

Extolment, praise; V. ii. 123.

Extravagant, vagrant, wandering beyond its limit or confine; I. i. 154.

Extremity; "in ex.", going to extremes; III. ii. 183.

Eyases, unfledged birds; properly, young hawks taken from the nest (Fr. niais); II. ii. 365.

Eye, presence; IV. iv. 6.

Eyrie, a brood of nestlings; properly, an eagle's nest; II. ii. 364.

Faculties, peculiar nature; (Ff. *"faculty"*); II. ii. 610.

Faculty, ability, (Qq. *"faculties"*); II. ii. 325.

Fair, gently; IV. i. 36.

Falls, falls out, happens; IV. vii. 71.

Fancy; "express'd in f.", gaudy; I. iii. 71.

Fang'd, having fangs; (according to some, "deprived of fangs"); III. iv. 203.

Fantasy, imagination; I. i. 23; whim, caprice; IV. iv. 61.

Fardels, packs, burdens; III. i. 76.

Farm, take the lease of it; IV. iv. 20.

Fashion, a mere temporary mood; I. iii. 6; "f. of himself," *i. e.* his usual demeanor; III. i. 185.

Fat, fatten; IV. iii. 23.

Fat; "f. and scant of breath," ?=out of training (but, probably, the words were inserted owing to the physical characteristics of Burbage, who sustained the part of Hamlet); V. ii. 309.

Favor, charm; IV. v. 192; appearance; V. i. 222.

Fawning, cringing; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"faining"*; F. 4, *"feigning"*); III. ii. 71.

Fay, faith; (Ff. *"fey"*); II. ii. 278.

Fear, object of fear; III. iii. 25.

——, fear for; I. iii. 51; IV. v. 124.

Feature, figure, form; (Qq. *"stature"*); III. i. 169.

Fee, payment, value; I. iv. 65; fee-simple; IV. iv. 22.

Fellies, the outside of wheels; II. ii. 534.

Fellowship, partnership; III. ii. 297.

Fennel, the symbol of flattery; iv. v. 182.

Fetch, artifice; "fetch of war-

rant," justifiable stratagem; (Qq. *"f. of wit"*); II. i. 38.

Few; "in f.", in few words, in brief; I. iii. 126.

Fierce, wild, terrible; I. i. 121.

Fiery quickness, hot haste; IV. iii. 48.

Figure, figure of speech; II. ii. 98.

Find, find out, detect; III. i. 196.

Fine of his fines, end of his fines; with a play upon the other sense of the word; V. i. 120.

Fire (dissyllabic); I. iii. 120.

First, *i. e.* first request; II. ii. 61.

Fishmonger, probably used in some cant coarse sense, (?) "seller of women's chastity"); II. ii. 176.

Fit, prepared, ready; V. ii. 239.

Fitness, convenience; V. ii. 217.

Fits, befits; I. iii. 25.

Flaw, gust of wind; V. i. 247.

Flush, in full vigor; (Ff. *"fresh"*); III. iii. 81.

Flushing, redness; "had left the f.", *i. e.* had ceased to produce redness; I. ii. 155.

Foil, used with play upon its two senses, (i.) blunted rapier, (ii.) gold-leaf used to set off a jewel; V. ii. 277.

Fond, foolish; I. v. 99.

Fond and winnowed, foolish and over-refined; (so Ff.; Q. 2, *"prophane and trennowed"*; Johnson, *"sane and renowned"*; Warburton, *"fann'd and winnowed"*); V. ii. 208.

Fools of nature, made fools of by nature; I. iv. 54.

Foot; "at f." at his heels; IV. iii. 59.

For, as for; I. ii. 112; in place of, instead; V. i. 262; "for all," once for all; I. iii. 131; "for and," and also; V. i. 106.

Fordo, destroy; V. i. 253.

Foreknowing, foreknowledge, prescience; I. i. 134.

Forestalled, prevented; III. iii. 49.

Forged process, false statement of facts; I. v. 37.

Forgery, invention, imagination; IV. vii. 90.

Forgone, given up; II. ii. 315.

Fortune's star, an accidental mark or defect; I. iv. 32.

Forward, disposed; III. i. 7.

Four; "f. hours", probably used for indefinite time; (Hanmer *"for"*); II. ii. 162.

Frame, order, sense; III. ii. 331.

Free, willing, not enforced; IV. iii. 66; innocent; II. ii. 608; III. ii. 258.

Fret, vex, annoy; with a play upon *'fret'*='small lengths of wire on which the fingers press the strings in playing the guitar'; III. ii. 403.

Fretted, carved, adorned; II. ii. 321.

Friending, friendliness; I. v. 186.

Frighted, frightened, affrighted; III. ii. 285.

From, away from, contrary to; III. ii. 25.

Front, forehead; III. iv. 56.

Fruit, dessert; (Ff. 1, 2, *"newes"*); II. ii. 52.

Fruits, consequences; II. ii. 147.

Function, the whole action of the body; II. ii. 603.

Fust, becomes fusty, mouldy; (Rowe, *"rust"*); IV. iv. 39.

Gaged, pledged; I. i. 91.

Gain-giving, misgiving; V. ii. 235.

Gait, proceeding; I. ii. 31.

Galled, wounded, injured; ("let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung," proverbial); III. ii. 259.

——, sore, injured by tears; I. ii. 155.

Galls, hurts, injures; I. iii. 39.

Garb, fashion, manner; II. ii. 401.

Gender; "general g.", common race of men; IV. vii. 18.

General, general public, common people; II. ii. 474.

Gentry, courtesy; II. ii. 22; V. ii. 115.

Germane, akin; V. ii. 169.

Gib, a tom-cat, (a contraction of *Gilbert*); III. iv. 190.

Gibber, gabble; I. i. 116.

Gibes, jeers; V. i. 216.

Gis, a corruption of Jesus; IV. v. 60.

Giving out, profession, indication; I. v. 178.

Glimpses, glimmering light; I. iv. 53.

Globe, head; I. v. 97.

Go about, attempt; III. ii. 374.

Go back again, *i. e.* refers to what once was, but is no more; IV. vii. 27.

God-a-mercy, God have mercy; II. ii. 174.

God be wi'ye, good bye; (Qq. "*God buy ye*"; Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*God buy you*"; F. 4, "*God b' w' you*"); II. i. 69.

God 'ild you, God yield, reward you; IV. v. 41.

God kissing carrion, said of "the sun breeding maggots in a dead dog"; (Warburton's emendation of Qq. and Ff. "*good kissing carrion*"); II. ii. 184.

Good, good sirs; I. i. 70.

Good my brother, my good brother; I. iii. 46.

Goose-quills; "afraid of g.", *i. e.* afraid of being satirized; II. ii. 370.

Go to, an exclamation of impatience; I. iii. 112.

Grace, honor; I. ii. 124.

Gracious, *i. e.* Gracious king; III. i. 43.

——, benign, full of blessing; I. i. 164.

Grained, dyed in grain; III. iv. 90.

Grating, offending, vexing; III. i. 3.

Green, inexperienced; I. iii. 101.

Greenly, foolishly; IV. v. 85.

Gross, great, palpable; IV. iv. 46.

——, "in the g.", *i. e.* in a general way; I. i. 68.

Groundlings, rabble who stood in the *pit* of the theatre, which had neither boarding nor benches; III. ii. 13.

Grunt, groan; III. i. 77.

Gules, red; a term of heraldry; II. ii. 497.

Gulf, whirlpool; III. iii. 16.

Habit; "outward h.", external politeness; V. ii. 206.

Handsaw = heronshaw, or hernsew, = heron; ("when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a h.", for the birds fly with the wind, and when it is from the south, the sportsman would have his back to the sun and be able to distinguish them); II. ii. 410.

Handsome; "more h. than fine"; "*handsome* denotes genuine

natural beauty; *fine* artificial labored beauty" (Delius); II. ii. 484.

HAP, happen; I. ii. 249.

HAPLY, perchance, perhaps; III. i. 181.

HAPPILY, haply, perchance; (according to some = luckily); I. i. 134.

HAPPY; "in h. time", in good time (*à la bonne heure*); V. ii. 222.

HAPS, fortune; IV. iii. 73.

HATCHMENT, an armorial escutcheon used at a funeral; IV. v. 217.

HAUNT; "out of h.", from the haunts of men; IV. i. 18.

HAVE; "you h. me," you understand me; II. i. 68.

HAVE AFTER, let us go after, follow him; I. iv. 89.

HAVE AT YOU, I'll begin, I'll hit you; V. ii. 324.

HAVIOR, deportment; I. ii. 81.

HEAD, armed force; IV. v. 103.

HEALTH; "spirit of health", "healed or saved spirit"; I. iv. 40.

HEARSED, coffined; I. iv. 47.

HEAT, anger; III. iv. 4.

HEAVY; "'tis h.", it goes hard; III. iii. 84.

HEBENON (so Ff.; Qq., *"hebona"*), probably henbane, but possibly (i.) the yew, or (ii.) the juice of ebony; I. v. 62.

HECATE, the goddess of mischief and revenge (dissyllabic); III. ii. 276.

HECTIC, continual fever; IV. iii. 71.

HEDGE, hedge round, encompass; IV. v. 125.

HEIGHT; "at h.", to the utmost; I. iv. 21.

HENT, hold, seizure; III. iii. 88.

HERALDRY; "law and h.", *i. e.* heraldic law; I. i. 87.

HERB OF GRACE, rue; IV. v. 184.

HERCULES AND HIS LOAD TOO; possibly an allusion to the Globe Theatre, the sign of which was Hercules carrying the Globe; II. ii. 388.

HEROD, a common character in the mystery plays, represented as a furious and violent tyrant; III. ii. 17.

HEY-DAY, frolicsome wildness; III. iv. 69.

HEY NON NONNY, meaningless refrain common in old songs; IV. v. 167.

HIC ET UBIQUE, here and everywhere; I. v. 156.

HIDE FOX, AND ALL AFTER, a children's hide-and-seek game; IV. ii. 32.

HIES, hastens; I. i. 154.

HILLO, a falconer's cry to recall his hawk; I. v. 116.

HIM, he whom; II. i. 42.

HIS, its; I. iii. 60.

HOAR LEAVES, the silvery-grey underside of willow leaves; IV. vii. 169.

HOBBY-HORSE, a principal figure in the old morris dances, suppressed at the Reformation; III. ii. 149.

HOIST, *i. e.* hoised, hoisted; III. iv. 207.

HOLDS QUANTITY, keep their relative proportion; III. ii. 182.

HOLD UP, continue; V. i. 36.

HOME, thoroughly; III. iii. 29.

HONEST, virtuous; III. i. 103.

HONESTY, virtue; III. i. 107.

HOODMAN-BLIND, blind man's buff; III. iv. 77.

Hoops, bands (Pope, *"hooks"*); I. iii. 63.

Hour (dissyllabic); I. iv. 3.

Hugger-mugger; "in h." *i. e.* in secrecy and in haste; IV. v. 86.

Humorous, full of humors or caprices; "the h. man", a standing character of many plays of the period; II. ii. 346.

Husband, manage; IV. v. 140.

Husbandry, thrift, economy; I. iii. 77.

Hush (used as adjective); II. ii. 525.

Hyperion, Phœbus Apollo; taken as the type of beauty; I. ii. 140.

Hyrcanian beast, the beast of Hyrcania, *i. e.* the tiger; II. ii. 490.

I,=(?) "ay"; III. ii. 300.

Idle, unoccupied (? frivolous, light-headed); III. ii. 99.

Ilium, the palace in Troy; II. ii. 513.

Ill-breeding, hatching mischief; IV. v. 15.

Illume, illumine; I. i. 37.

Image, representation, reproduction; III. ii. 254.

Immediate; "most i.", nearest; I. ii. 109.

Impart, (?) bestow myself, give all I can bestow; perhaps = "impart 't" *i. e.* impart it (the throne); I. ii. 112.

Impasted, made into paste; II. ii. 499.

Imperious, imperial; V. i. 244.

Implorators, implorers; I. iii. 129.

Imponed, staked; V. ii. 158.

Important, urgent, momentous; III. iv. 108.

Importing, having for import; I. ii. 23.

—— concerning; V. ii. 21.

Imposthume, abscess; IV. iv. 27.

Impress, impressment, enforced public service; I. i. 75.

Imputation, reputation; V. ii. 151.

In, into; III. iv. 95.

Incapable, insensible to, unable to realize; IV. vii. 180.

Incorporal, incorporeal, immaterial; (Q. 1676, *"incorporeal"*); III. iv. 118.

Incorpsed, incorporate; IV. vii. 88.

Incorrect, not subdued; I. ii. 95.

Indentures; "a pair of i.", "agreements were usually made in duplicate, both being written on the same sheet, which was cut in a crooked or *indented* line, so that the parts would tally with each other upon comparison"; V. i. 124.

Index, prologue, preface; III. iv. 52.

Indict, accuse; II. ii. 482.

Indifferent, ordinary, average; II. ii. 235.

——, indifferently, fairly; III. i. 124.

Indifferently, pretty well; III. ii. 45.

Indirections, indirect means; II. i. 66.

Individable; "scene ind.", probably a play in which the unity of place is preserved; II. ii. 432.

Indued, suited; IV. vii. 181.

Inexplicable, unintelligible, senseless; III. ii. 15.

Infusion, qualities; V. ii. 125.

Ingenious, intelligent, conscious; V. i. 280.

Inheritor, possessor; V. i. 126.
Inhibition, prohibition; a technical term for an order restraining or restricting theatrical performances; II. ii. 356.
Innovation, change (for the worse); "the late i." perhaps alludes to the license granted Jan. 30, 1603–4, to the children of the Revels to play at the Blackfriars Theatre, and elsewhere (according to some, the reference is to "the practice of introducing polemical matter on the stage"); II. ii. 357.
Inquire, enquiry; II. i. 4.
Insinuation, artful intrusion, meddling; V. ii. 59.
Instance, example; IV. v. 164.
Instances, motives; III. ii. 196.
Instant, immediate, instantaneous; I. v. 71.
Intents, intentions, purposes; (Ff., *"events"*; Warburton *"advent"*); I. iv. 42.
In that, inasmuch as; I. ii. 31.
Inurn'd, entombed, interred; (Qq., *"interr'd"*); I. iv. 49.
Investments, vestments, vestures; I. iii. 128.
"In youth, when I did love," etc.; stanzas from a song attributed to Lord Vaux, printed in *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557); V. i. 70.
It, its; (Qq. 2, 3, 4, Ff. 1, 2, *"it"*; Qq. 5, 6, Ff. 3, 4, *"its"*; Q. 1, *"his"*); I. ii. 216.

Jealousy, suspicion; II. i. 113.
"Jephthah, judge of Israel," *etc.*, a quotation from an old ballad, to be found in Percy's *Reliques;* II. ii. 436.
Jig, a ludicrous ballad; II. ii. 539.
Jig, walk as if dancing a jig; III. i. 152.
John-a-dreams, John of Dreams, John the Dreamer; II. ii. 616.
Jointress, dowager; I. ii. 9.
Jowls, knocks; V. i. 85.
Joys, gladdens; III. ii. 214.
Jump, just; (so Q. 2; Ff. *"just"*); I. i. 65.

Keep, dwell; II. i. 8.
Kettle, kettle-drum; V. ii. 297.
Kibe, chilblain or sore on the heel; V. i. 160.
Kind; "more than kin, and less than k."; used equivocally for (i.) natural, and (ii.) affectionate, with a play upon "kin"; I. ii. 65.
Kindless, unnatural; II. ii. 630.
Knotted, interwoven; (Ff. *"knotty"*); I. v. 18.
Know, acknowledge; V. ii. 7.

Laborsome, laborious, assiduous; I. ii. 59.
Lack, be wanting; I. v. 187.
Lamond, possibly a name suggested by that of Pietro Monte, a famous swordsman, instructor to Louis the Seventh's Master of the Horse, called "Peter Mount" in English (Ff. *"Lamound"*; Qq. *"Lamord"*); IV. vii. 92.
Lapsed; "l. in time and passion"; having let time slip by indulging in mere passion; III. iv. 107.
Lapwing, the symbol of a forward fellow; V. ii. 200.
Larded, garnished; (Qq. *"Larded all"*); IV. v. 37.
Lawless, unruly; (Ff., *"Landlesse"*); I. i. 98.

Lazar-like, like a leper; I. v. 72.

Leans on, depends on; IV. iii. 62.

Learn, teach; (Ff. *"teach"*); V. ii. 9.

Leave, permission; I. ii. 57.

——, leave off; II. i. 51; give up; III. iv. 91.

Lends, gives; (Ff. *"giues"*); I. iii. 117 (*v.* Note).

Lenten, meagre; II. ii. 338.

Lethe, the river of oblivion; ("Lethe wharf"=Lethe's bank;) I. v. 33.

Lets, hinders; I. iv. 85.

Let to know, informed; IV. vi. 11.

Liberal, free-spoken; IV. vii. 172.

Liberty; *v.* "writ."

Lief, gladly, willingly; III. ii. 4.

Life; "the single and peculiar l.", the private individual; III. iii. 11.

——, "in my l.", *i. e.* in my continuing to live; V. ii. 22.

Lightness, lightheadedness; II. ii. 151.

Like, likely; I. ii. 237.

Likes, pleases; II. ii. 80.

Limed, caught as with bird-lime; III. iii. 68.

List, muster-roll, (Q. I, *"sight"*); I. i. 98.

——, boundary; IV. v. 101.

——, listen to; I. iii. 30.

Living, lasting (used perhaps equivocally); V. i. 329.

Loam, clay; V. i. 242.

Loggats, a game somewhat resembling bowls; the *loggats* were small logs about two feet and a quarter long; V. i. 103.

Long purples, "the early *purple orchis* (*Orchis mascula*) which blossoms in April and May"; IV. vii. 171.

Look through, show itself; IV. vii. 152.

Lose, waste, throw away; I. ii. 45.

Luxury, lust; I. v. 83.

Machine, body; II. ii. 126.

Maimed, imperfect; V. i. 251.

Main, main point, main cause; II. ii. 56.

——, the country as a whole; IV. iv. 15.

Majestical, majestic; I. i. 143.

Make, brings; II. ii. 284.

Manner, fashion, custom; I. iv. 15.

Margent, margin; it was a common practice to write comment or gloss in the margins of old books; V. ii. 166.

Mark, watch; III. ii. 163.

Market of his time, "that for which he sells his time" (Johnson); IV. iv. 34.

Mart, marketing, traffic; I. i. 74.

Marvellous, marvellously; II. i. 3.

Massy, massive; III. iii. 17.

Matin, morning; I. v. 89.

Matter, sense; IV. v. 176.

Matter, subject; (misunderstood wilfully by Hamlet to mean "cause of dispute"); II. ii. 198.

Mazzard, skull; used contemptuously; (Qq. 2, 3, *"massene"*; Qq. 4, 5, 6, *"mazer"*); V. i. 100.

Means, means of access; IV. vi. 15.

Meed, merit; V. ii. 152.

Meet, proper; I. v. 107.

Merely, absolutely; I. ii. 137.

Metal, mettle; I. i. 96.

Mighing mallecho, mouching

(*i. e.* skulking) mischief; (Span. *malhecho,* ill-done); III. ii. 152.

Might, could; I. i. 56.

Mightiest, very mighty; I. i. 114.

Milch, milk-giving = moist = tearful; (Pope *"melt"*); II. ii. 538.

Milky, white; II. ii. 517.

Mincing, cutting in pieces; II. ii. 535.

Mineral, mine; IV. i. 26.

Mining, undermining; (Ff. 3, 4, *"running"*); III. iv. 148.

Mistook, mistaken; V. ii. 406.

Mobled, muffled; (*cp.* Prov. E. *mop,* to muffle; *"mob-cap,"* etc.); [Qq. *mobled"*; F. 1, *inobled;* Upton conj. *"mob-led"*; Capel, *ennobl'd, etc.*]; II. ii. 543.

Model, exact copy, counterpart; V. ii. 50.

Moiety, portion; I. i. 90.

Moist; "the moist star," *i. e.* the moon; I. i. 118.

Mole of nature, natural defect, blemish; I. iv. 24.

Mope, be stupid; III. iv. 81.

Mortal, deadly; IV. vii. 143.

Mortised, joined with a mortise; III. iii. 20.

Most, greatest; I. v. 180.

Mote, atom; (Qq. 2, 3, 4, *"moth"*); I. i. 112.

Motion, emotion, impulse; (Warburton, *"notion"*); III. iv. 72.

——, movement; I. ii. 217.

Motion, "attack in fencing, opposed to guard or parrying"; IV. vii. 158.

Mould of form, the model on which all endeavored to form themselves; III. i. 163.

Mouse, a term of endearment; III. iv. 183.

Mouth, rant; V. i. 315.

Mows, grimaces; II. ii. 392.

Muddy-mettled, dull-spirited, irresolute; II. ii. 615.

Murdering-piece, a cannon loaded with case-shot, so as to scatter death more widely; IV. v. 97.

Mutes, dumb spectators; V. ii. 357.

Mutine, mutiny, rebel; III. iv. 83.

Mutines, mutineers; V. ii. 6.

Napkin, handkerchief; V. ii. 310.

Native, kindred, related; I. ii. 47.

——, "n. hue," natural color; III. i. 84.

Nature, natural affection; I. v. 81.

Nature's livery, a natural blemish; I. iv. 32.

Naught, naughty; III. ii. 162.

Near, is near; I. iii. 44.

Neighbor, neighboring; III. iv. 212.

Neighbor'd to, intimate, friendly with; II. ii. 12.

Nemean lion, one of the monsters slain by Hercules; I. iv. 83.

Nero, the Roman Emperor, who murdered his mother Agrippina; III. ii. 426.

Nerve, sinew, muscle; I. iv. 83.

Neutral, a person indifferent to both; II. ii. 520.

New-hatch'd, newly hatched; (Ff. *"unhatch't"*); I. iii. 65.

New-lighted, newly alighted; III. iv. 59.

Nick-name, misname; III. i. 153.

Nighted, dark, black as night; (Ff. *"nightly"*; Collier MS. *"nightlike"*); I. ii. 68.

Nill; "will he, nill he," *i. e.*

whether he will, or whether he will not; V. i. 19.

NIOBE, daughter of Tantalus, whose children were slain by Apollo and Artemis, while she herself was turned into stone upon Mount Sipylus in Lydia, where she weeps throughout the summer months; I. ii. 149.

NOMINATION, naming; V. ii. 136.

NO MORE, nothing more; III. i. 61.

NONCE, "for the n.", for that once, for the occasion; (Qq. 4, 5, *"once"*); IV. vii. 161.

NORWAY, King of Norway; I. i. 61.

NOSE, smell; IV. iii. 41.

NOTE, notice, attention; III. ii. 93.

NOTED, known; II. i. 23.

NOTHING, not at all; I. ii. 41.

NOYANCE, injury, harm; III. iii. 13.

OBSEQUIOUS, dutiful, with perhaps a reference to the other sense of the word = "funereal"; I. ii. 92.

OCCULTED, concealed, hidden; III. ii. 89.

OCCURRENTS, occurrences; V. ii. 379.

ODDS; "at the o.", with the advantage allowed; V. ii. 230.

O'ER-CROWS, triumphs over; V. ii. 375.

O'ER-RAUGHT, over-reached, overtook; (Qq. *"ore-raught"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"ore-wrought"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"o're-took"*; Warburton *"o'er-rode"*); III. i. 17.

O'ER-REACHES, outwits; (F. 1, *"o're Offices"*; F. 2, *"ore-Offices"*); V. i. 88.

O'ER-SIZED, covered with size, a sort of glue; II. ii. 502.

O'ER-TEEMED, worn out with childbearing; II. ii. 529.

O'ERTOOK, overcome by drink, intoxicated; II. i. 58.

O'ERWEIGH, outweigh; III. ii. 34.

OF, resulting from; IV. iv. 41; by; I. i. 25; IV. iii. 4; in; I. v. 60; on; IV. v. 203; about, concerning; IV. v. 46; upon, (*"I have an eye of you"*); II. ii. 307; over; II. ii. 27.

OFFENCE, advantages gained by offence; III. iii. 56.

OMEN, fatal event portended by the omen; (Theobald *"omen'd"*); I. i. 123.

OMINOUS, fatal; II. ii. 494.

ON, in; V. i. 218; in consequence of, following on; V. ii. 417.

ONCE, ever; I. v. 121.

ON'T, of it; III. i. 185.

OPED, opened; I. iv. 50.

OPEN'D, discovered, disclosed; II. ii. 18.

OPERANT, active; III. ii. 189.

OPPOSED, opponent; I. iii. 67.

OPPOSITES, opponents; V. ii. 62.

OR, before, ere; V. ii. 30.

ORB, earth; II. ii. 524.

ORCHARD, garden; (Q. 1676, *"garden"*); I. v. 35.

ORDER, prescribed rule; V. i. 260.

ORDINANT, ordaining; (Ff. *"ordinate"*); V. ii. 48.

ORDNANCE, cannon; (F. 1, *"Ordinance"*); V. ii. 292.

ORE, gold; IV. i. 25.

OR ERE, before; I. ii. 147.

ORGAN, instrument; IV. vii. 71.

ORISONS, prayers; III. i. 89.

OSSA; a reference to the story of the giants, who piled Olympus, Pelion, and Ossa, three moun-

tains in Thessaly, upon each other, in their attempt to scale heaven; V. i. 315.

Ostentation, funeral pomp; IV. v. 218.

Outstretched, puffed up; II. ii. 276.

Overlooked, perused; IV. vi. 14.

Overpeering, overflowing, rising above; IV. v. 101.

Owl was a baker's daughter; alluding to a story current among the folk telling how Christ went into a baker's shop, and asked for bread, but was refused by the baker's daughter, in return for which He transformed her into an owl; IV. v. 41.

Packing, plotting, contriving; (?) going off in a hurry; used probably in the former sense, with play upon the latter; III. iv. 211.

Paddock, toad; III. iv. 190.

Painted; "p. tyrant," *i. e.* tyrant in a picture; II. ii. 519; unreal, fictitious; III. i. 53.

Pajock,= pea-jock (*i. e.* jack), peacock, (*cp.* Scotch "bubbly-jock"= a turkey); III. ii. 304.

Pall, become useless; (Qq. 3, 4, 6, "*fall*"; Pope, "*fail*"); V. ii. 9.

Pansies, "love-in-idleness," the symbol of thought; (F. 1, "*Paconcies*"); IV. v. 179.

Pardon, permission to take leave; I. ii. 56.

Parle, parley; I. i. 62.

Part, quality, gift; IV. vii. 77.

Partisan, a kind of halberd; I. i. 140.

Parts, gifts, endowments; IV. vii. 74.

Party, person, companion; II. i. 42.

Pass, passage; II. ii. 77.

——, "p. of practice," treacherous thrust; IV. vii. 139.

Passage; "for his p.", to accompany his departure, in place of the passing bell; V. ii. 420.

Passeth, surpasseth; (Qq. "*passes*"); I. ii. 85.

Passion, violent sorrow; II. ii. 560.

Passionate, full of passion, feeling; II. ii. 469.

Pate, a contemptuous word for *head;* V. i. 121.

Patience, permission; III. ii. 118.

Patrick, invoked as being the patron saint of all blunders and confusion; (or perhaps as the Keeper of Purgatory); I. v. 136.

Pause, time for reflection; III. i. 68.

——, "deliberate p.", a matter for deliberate arrangement; IV. iii. 9.

——, "in p.", in deliberation, in doubt; III. iii. 42.

Peace-parted, having departed in peace; V. i. 270.

Peak, sneak, play a contemptible part; II. ii. 615.

Pelican, a bird which is supposed to feed its young with its own blood; (F. 1, '*politician*'); IV. v. 148.

Perdy, a corruption of *par Dieu;* III. ii. 315.

Periwig-pated, wearing a wig; (at this time wigs were worn only by actors); III. ii. 11.

Perpend, consider; II. ii. 105.

Perusal, study, examination; II. i. 90.

Peruse, examine closely; IV. vii. 137.

Petar, petard, "an Engine (made like a Bell or Mortar) wherewith strong gates are burst open" (Cotgrave); III. iv. 207.

Picked, refined, fastidious; V. i. 158.

Pickers and Stealers, *i. e.* hands; (alluding to the catechism "Keep my hands from picking and stealing"); III. ii. 361.

Picture in little, miniature; II. ii. 394.

Pigeon-liver'd, too mild tempered; II. ii. 626.

Pioner, pioneer; I. v. 163.

Pitch, height, importance; (originally, height to which a falcon soars); (Ff. *"pith"*); III. i. 86.

Piteous, pitiful, exciting compassion; II. i. 94.

Pith and marrow, the most valuable part; I. iv. 22.

Plausive, plausible, pleasing; I. iv. 30.

Plautus; "P. too light," alluding to the fact that Plautus was taken as the word for comedy by the Academic play-wrights; II. ii. 433.

Played i' the university; alluding to the old academic practice of acting Latin or English plays at Christmas-tide, or in honor of distinguished visitors; (a play on Cæsar's death was performed at Oxford in 1582); III. ii. 108.

Played; "p. the desk or tale-book", *i. e.* been the agent of their correspondence; II. ii. 138.

Plot, piece of ground; IV. iv. 62.

Plurisy, plethora, a fulness of blood, (*as if* Latin *plus,* more, but really an affection of the lungs, Gk. πλευρα); IV. vii. 118.

Point; 'at p.' completely; (so Qq.; Ff. *'at all points'*); I. ii. 200.

Polack, Pole; II. ii. 75.

——, Polish; V. ii. 398.

Polacks, Poles; (Qq. F. 1, *'pollax'*; *v.* note); I. i. 63.

Pole, pole-star; I. i. 36.

Politician, plotter, schemer; V. i. 88.

Porpentine, porcupine; I. v. 20.

Posset, curdle; (Qq. *"possesse"*); I. v. 68.

Posy, motto, verse on a ring; III. ii. 167.

Powers, armed force, troops; IV. iv. 9.

Practice, artifice, plot; IV. vii. 68.

Precedent, former; III. iv. 98.

Precurse, forerunning; I. i. 121.

Pregnant, yielding, ready; III. ii. 70.

Prenominate, aforesaid; II. i. 43.

Prescripts, orders; (Ff., *"precepts"*); II. ii. 144.

Presently, at once, immediately; II. ii. 172.

Present push, immediate proof; V. i. 327.

Pressure, impress, imprint; III. ii. 30.

Pressures, impressions; I. v. 100.

Prevent, anticipate; II. ii. 312.

Prick'd on, incited, spurred on; I. i. 83.

Primal, first; III. iii. 37.

Primy, spring-like; I. iii. 7.

Privates, common *soldiers;* II. ii. 242.

Probation, proof; (quadrisyllabic); I. i. 156.

Process, decree; IV. iii. 68.

Prodigal, prodigally; I. iii. 116.

Profit, advantage; II. ii. 24.

Progress, journey made by a sovereign through his own country; IV. iii. 34.

Pronounce, speak on; III. ii. 333.

Proof, trial of strength; II. ii. 529.

Proper, appropriate; II. i. 114.

——, own, very; V. ii. 66.

Property, kingly right, (? "own person"); II. ii. 618.

Proposer, orator; II. ii. 303.

Provincial roses, properly, double-damask roses; here, rosettes of ribbon worn on shoes; the name was derived either from Provence or Provins near Paris, both places being famous for their roses; III. ii. 296.

Puff'd, bloated; I. iii. 49.

Puppets; "p. dallying"; (?) the figures in the puppet-show (in which Ophelia and her lover were to play a part); more probably used in some wanton sense; III. ii. 264.

Purgation; "put him to his p.", "a play upon the legal and medical senses of the word"; III. ii. 328.

Pursy, fat with pampering; III. iv. 153.

Put on, incite, instigate; IV. vii. 132; put to the test, tried; V. ii. 419; assume; I. v. 172.

Put on me, impressed upon me; I. iii. 94.

Quaintly, artfully, skilfully; II. i. 31.

Quality, profession, calling (especially the actor's profession); II. ii. 373.

Quantity, measure, portion; III. iv. 75.

Quarry, heap of dead; V. ii. 386.

Question, talk; III. i. 13.

——; "cry out on the top of q.", *i. e.* speak in a high key, or in a high childish treble; II. ii. 365.

Questionable, inviting question; I. iv. 43.

Quest law, inquest law; V. i. 25.

Quick, alive; V. i. 143.

Quiddities, subtleties; (Ff., *"quiddits"*); V. i. 111.

Quietus, a law term for the official settlement of an account; III. i. 75.

Quillets, subtle arguments; V. i. 112.

Quintessence, the highest or fifth essence; (a term in alchemy); II. ii. 330.

Quit, requite; V. ii. 68.

Quoted, observed, noted; II. i. 112.

Rack, mass of clouds in motion; II. ii. 523.

Range, roam at large; III. iii. 2.

Ranker, richer, greater; IV. iv. 22.

Rankly, grossly; I. v. 38.

Rapier, a small sword used in thrusting; V. ii. 155.

Rashly, hastily; V. ii. 6.

Ravel out, unravel; (Qq. 2–5, *"rouell"*); III. iv. 186.

Razed, slashed; III. ii. 296.

Reach, capacity; II. i. 64.

Recks, cares, minds; (Qq. *"reck'st"*); I. iii. 51.

Recognizances; "a recognizance is a bond or obligation of record testifying the recognizer to owe to the recognizee a certain sum of money" (Cowel); V. i. 118.

Recorders, a kind of flute or flageolet; III. ii. 313.

Recoveries, a law term; (*v.* "Vouchers"); V. i. 119.

Rede, counsel, advice; I. iii. 51.

Redeliver, report; V. ii. 193.

Reels, dances wildly; I. iv. 9.

Regards, conditions; II. ii. 79.

Region, air; ("originally a division of the sky marked out by the Roman augurs"); II. ii. 526.

Relative, conclusive, to the purpose; II. ii. 654.

Relish of, have a taste, flavor; III. i. 121.

Remember; "I beseech you, r.", the full saying is found in *Love's Labor's Lost;* V. i. 103; *"I do beseech thee remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee apparel thy head"*; V. ii. 109.

Remembrances, mementos; III. i. 93.

Remiss, careless; IV. vii. 135.

Remorse, pity; II. ii. 530.

Remove, removal; IV. v. 83.

Removed, retired, secluded; I. iv. 61.

Repast, feed; IV. v. 149.

Replication, reply, answer; IV. ii. 13.

Requite, repay; I. ii. 251.

Residence, a fixed abode as opposed to strolling; used technically of theatrical companies; II. ii. 353.

Resolutes, desperadoes; I. i. 98.

Resolve, dissolve, melt; I. ii. 130.

Re-speaking, re-echoing; I. ii. 128.

Respect, consideration, motive; III. i. 68.

Rest, stay, abode; II. ii. 13.

Rests, remains; III. iii. 64.

Retrograde, contrary; I. ii. 114.

Return'd; "had r.", would have returned; (Qq. *"returne"*); I. i. 91.

Reverend, venerable; II. ii. 518.

Revolution, change; V. i. 101.

Re-word, repeat in the very words; III. iv. 143.

Rhapsody, a collection of meaningless words; III. iv. 48.

Rhenish, Rhenish wine; I. iv. 10.

Riband, ribbon, ornament; IV. vii. 78.

Rights of memory, rights remembered; (Ff. *"Rites"*); V. ii. 411.

Rites, funeral service; V. i. 251.

Rivals, partners, sharers; I. i. 13.

Robustious, sturdy; III. ii. 11.

Romage, bustle, turmoil; I. i. 107.

Rood, cross; "by the rood," an oath; III. iv. 14.

Roots itself, takes root, grows; I. v. 33.

Roscius, the most celebrated actor of ancient Rome; II. ii. 423.

Rose, charm, grace; III. iv. 42.

Rosemary, a herb; the symbol of remembrance, particularly used at weddings and funerals; IV. v. 177.

Rough-hew, make the rough, or first form; a technical term in carpentering; V. ii. 11.

Round, in a straightforward manner; II. ii. 141.

Rouse, bumper, revel; ("the Danish *rousa*"); I. ii. 127.

Row, stanza (properly, = line); II. ii. 452.

Rub, impediment; a term in the game of bowls; III. i. 65.

Rue, called also "herb of grace"; emblematic of repentance; (Ophelia is probably playing on *rue* = repentance, and *"rue, even for ruth"* = pity; the former signification for the queen, the latter for herself) (*cp.* Richard II.; III. iv. 104); IV. v. 183.

Sables, fur used for the trimming of rich robes; perhaps with a play on *"sable"* = black; III. ii. 143.

Safety; trisyllabic; (so Qq.; Ff., *"sanctity"*; Theobald, *"sanity"*); I. iii. 21.

Sallets, salads; used metaphorically for "relish"; (Pope *"salts"*, later *"salt"*); II. ii. 480.

Sandal shoon, shoes consisting of soles tied to the feet; (*shoon*, archaic plural); (Qq., *"Sendall"*); IV. v. 26.

Sans, without; III. iv. 79.

Sate, satiate; I. v. 56.

Satyr, taken as a type of deformity; I. ii. 140.

Saws, maxims; I. v. 100.

Say'st, say'st well; V. i. 30.

'Sblood, a corruption of *"God's blood"*; an oath; II. ii. 394.

Scann'd, carefully considered; III. iii. 75.

'Scapes, escapes; I. iii. 38.

Scarf'd, put on loosely like a scarf; V. ii. 13.

Scholar, a man of learning, and hence versed in Latin, the language of exorcists; I. i. 42.

School, university; I. ii. 113.

Sconce, colloquial term for head; V. i. 114.

Sconce, ensconce; (Qq., Ff., *"silence"*); III. iv. 4.

Scope, utmost aim; III. ii. 234.

Scourge, punishment; IV. iii. 6.

Scrimers, fencers; IV. vii. 101.

Scullion, the lowest servant; used as a term of contempt; II. ii. 637.

Sea-gown; "esclavine; a seagowne; or a coarse, high-collared, and short-sleeved gowne, reaching downe to the mid-leg, and used most by seamen, and Saylors" (Cotgrave); V. ii. 13.

Seals; "to give them s.", to ratify by action; III. ii. 431.

Sea of troubles, (*v.* "take arms,") *etc.*

Season, temper, restrain; I. ii. 192.

——, ripen; I. iii. 81.

——, qualify; II. i. 28.

Seasons, matures, seasons; III. ii. 224.

Secure, careless, unsuspicious; (Johnson, *"secret"*); I. v. 61.

Seeming, appearance; III. ii. 96.

Seized of, possessed of; I. i. 89.

Semblable, equal, like; V. ii. 126.

Seneca; "S. cannot be too heavy," alluding to the rhetorical Senecan plays taken as models for tragedy by the Academic play-wrights; II. ii. 432.

Sense, feeling; sensibility; III. iv. 71.

Sensibly, feelingly; (F. 1, *"sensible"*); IV. v. 152.

Se offendendo, Clown's blunder for *se defendendo;* V. i. 9.

Sequent, consequent, following; V. ii. 54.

Sergeant, sheriff's officer; V. ii. 358.

Set, regard, esteem; IV. iii. 67.

Several, different; V. ii. 20.
Shall, will; III. i. 186.
Shall along, shall go along; III. iii. 4.
Shape; "to our s.", to act our part; IV. vii. 151.
Shards, fragments of pottery; V. i. 263.
Shark'd up, picked up without selection; I. i. 98.
Sheen, brightness, lustre; III. ii. 172.
Sheeted, enveloped in shrouds; I. i. 115.
Shent, put to the blush, reproached; III. ii. 430.
Short; "kept s.", kept, as it were, tethered, under control; IV. i. 18.
Should, would; III. ii. 326.
Shreds and patches, alluding to the motely dress worn by the clown, and generally by the Vice; III. iv. 102.
Shrewdly, keenly, piercingly; I. iv. 1.
Shriving-time, time for confession and absolution; V. ii. 47.
Siege, rank; IV. vii. 77.
Simple, silly, weak; I. ii. 97.
Simples, herbs; IV. vii. 145.
Sith, since; IV. iv. 12.
Skirts, outskirts, borders; I. i. 97.
Slander, abuse; I. iii. 133.
Sledded, travelling in sledges; I. i. 63.
Slips, faults, offences; II. i. 22.
Sliver, a small branch of a tree; IV. vii. 175.
So, such; III. i. 69; provided that; IV. vii. 61.
Softly, slowly; (Ff. *"safely"*); IV. iv. 8.
Soft you now, hush, be quiet; III. i. 88.
Soil, stain; I. iv. 20.
Sole, only; III. iii. 77.
Solicited, urged, moved; V. ii. 380.
Something, somewhat; (Ff. *"somewhat"*); I. iii. 121.
Sometimes, formerly; I. i. 49.
Sort, associate; II. ii. 280.
——, turn out; I. i. 109.
Sovereignty; "your s. of reason," the command of your reason; I. iv. 73.
Splenitive, passionate, impetuous; V. i. 293.
Springes, snares; I. iii. 115.
Spurns, kicks; IV. v. 6.
Stand me upon, be incumbent on me; V. ii. 63.
Star, sphere; II. ii. 143.
Station, attitude in standing; III. iv. 58.
Statists, statesman; V. ii. 33.
Statutes, "particular modes of recognizance or acknowledgment for securing debts, which thereby become a charge upon the party's land" (Ritson); V. i. 118.
Stay, wait for; V. ii. 24.
Stay'd, waited; I. iii. 57.
Stays, waits for me; III. iii. 95.
Stay upon, await; III. ii. 117.
Stick fiery off, "stand in brilliant relief"; V. ii. 279.
Stiffly, strongly; I. v. 95.
Still, always; I. i. 122.
Stithy, smithy; (F. 1, *"Stythe"*; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Styth"*; Theobald, *"Smithy"*); III. ii. 93.
Stomach, courage; I. i. 100.
Stoup, drinking cup; V. i. 69.
Straight, straightway; II. ii. 467.
Stranger; "as a s.", *i. e.* without doubt or question; I. v. 165.
Strewments, strewing of flowers

over the corpse and grave; V. i. 265.

STRIKE, blast, destroy by their influence; I. i. 162.

STUCK, thrust; an abbreviation of *stoccato;* IV. vii. 162.

SUBJECT, subjects, people; I. i. 72.

SUCCESSION, future; II. ii. 378.

SUDDENLY, immediately; II. ii. 219.

SULLIES, stains, blemishes; II. i. 39.

SUN; "too much i' the s.", probably a quibbling allusion to the old proverb "Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun," = out of comfort, miserable; I. ii. 67.

SUPERVISE, supervision, perusal; V. ii. 23.

SUPPLIANCE, dalliance, amusement; I. iii. 9.

SUPPLY, aiding; II. ii. 24.

SUPPOSAL, opinion; I. ii. 18.

SWADDLING CLOUTS, swaddling clothes; (Ff. *"swathing"*); II. ii. 414.

SWEET, sweetheart; III. ii. 240.

SWINISH; "with s. phrase," by calling us swine; (a pun on *"Sweyn"* has been found in the phrase); I. iv. 19.

SWITZERS, Swiss guards; (Qq. *"Swissers"*); IV. v. 97.

SWOOPSTAKE, sweepstake; (the term is taken from a game of cards, the winner sweeping or drawing the whole stake); IV. v. 144.

'SWOUNDS, a corruption of *God's wounds;* an oath; II. ii. 625.

SWOUNDS, swoons, faints; (Qq. 2–5, Ff. 1, 2, *"sounds"*); V. ii. 330.

TABLE, tablet; I. v. 98.

TABLES, tablets, memorandum-book; I. v. 107.

TAINTS, stains, blemishes; II. i. 32.

TAKE ARMS AGAINST A SEA; an allusion to a custom attributed to the Kelts by Aristotle, Strabo, and other writers; "they throw themselves into the foaming floods with their swords drawn in their hands," *etc.* (Fleming's trans. of Aelian's *Histories,* 1576); III. i. 59.

TAKES, affects, enchants; (Ff. 1, 2, *"talkes"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"talks"*); I. i. 163.

TAKE YOU, pretend; II. i. 13.

TARDY; "come t. off," being too feebly shown; III. ii. 31.

TARRE, incite; II. ii. 380.

TAX'D, censured; I. iv. 18.

TELL, count; I. ii. 238.

TEMPER'D, compounded; (Ff. *"temp'red"*); V. ii. 350.

TEMPLE, (applied to the body); I. iii. 12.

TEND, wait; IV. iii. 50.

TENDER, regard, have a care for; I. iii. 107.

TENDERS, promises; I. iii. 106.

TENT, probe; II. ii. 647.

TERMAGANT, a common character in the mystery-plays, represented as a most violent tyrant; often referred to in association with Mahoun, and seemingly as a Saracen god; III. ii. 17.

TETTER, a diseased thickening of the skin; I. v. 71.

THAT, that which; II. ii. 7.

——, so that; IV. v. 220.

THEFT, the thing stolen; III. ii. 98.

THEREABOUT OF IT, that part of it; II. ii. 486.

THEWS, sinews, bodily strength; I. iii. 12.

THIEVES OF MERCY, merciful thieves; IV. vi. *22*.

THINKING; "not th. on," not being thought of, being forgotten; III. ii. 148.

THINK'ST THEE, seems it to thee; (Qq. *"think thee"*); V. ii. 63.

THOUGHT, care, anxiety; IV. v. 191.

THOUGHT-SICK, sick with anxiety; III. iv. 51.

THRIFT, profit; III. ii. 71.

THOROUGHLY, thoroughly; IV. v. 138.

TICKLE O' THE SERE, easily moved to laughter; used originally of a musket in which the *"sere"* or trigger is "tickle," *i. e.* "easily moved by a touch"; II. ii. 348.

TIMBER'D; "too slightly t.," made of too light wood; IV. vii. *22*.

TIME, the temporal world; III. i. 70.

TINCT, dye, color; III. iv. 91.

TO, compared to; I. ii. 140.

TO-DO, ado; II. ii. 379.

TOILS, makes to toil; I. i. 72.

TOO TOO, (used with intensive force); I. ii. 129.

TOPP'D, overtopped, surpassed. (Ff. *"past"*); IV. vii. 89.

TOUCH'D, implicated; IV. v. 210.

TOWARD, forthcoming, at hand; I. i. 77.

TOY IN BLOOD, a passing fancy; I. iii. 6.

TOYS, fancies; I. iv. 75.

TRACE, follow; V. ii. 127.

TRADE, business; III. ii. 358

TRANSLATE, transform, change; III. i. 114.

TRAVEL, stroll, go on tour in the provinces (used technically); II. ii. 353.

TRICK, toy, trifle; IV. iv. 61; faculty, skill; V. i. 101; habit; IV. vii. 189.

TRICK'D, adorned; a term of heraldry; II. ii. 497.

TRISTFUL, sorrowful; III. iv. 50.

TROPICALLY, figuratively; III. ii. 253.

TRUANT, idler; I. ii. 173.

TRUANT, roving; I. ii. 169.

TRUE-PENNY, honest fellow; I. v. 150.

TRUMPET, trumpeter; I. i. 150.

TRUSTER, believer; I. ii. 172.

TURN TURK, change utterly for the worse; (a proverbial phrase); III. ii. 295.

TWELVE FOR NINE; this phrase, according to the context, must mean "twelve to nine," *i. e.* twelve on one side, to nine on the other; V. ii. 179.

TYRANNICALLY, enthusiastically, vehemently; II. ii. 366.

UMBRAGE, shadow; V. ii. 128.

UNANELED, not having received extreme unction; I. v. 77.

UNBATED, not blunted, without a button fixed to the end; IV. vii. 139.

UNBRACED, unfastened; II. i. 78.

UNCHARGE, not charge, not accuse; IV. vii. 68.

UNDERGO, bear, endure; I. iv. 34.

UNEFFECTUAL; "u. fire;" *i. e.* ineffectual, being "lost in the light of the morning"; I. v. 90.

UNEQUAL, unequally; II. ii. 510.

UNGALLED, unhurt; III. ii. 291.

UNGORED, unwounded; V. ii. 272.

UNGRACIOUS, graceless; I. iii. 47.

Unhousel'd, without having received the Sacrament; I. v. 77.

Unimproved, unemployed, not turned to account; (? *"unapproved," i. e.* "untried"; Q. 1, *"inapproved"*); I. i. 96.

Union, fine orient pearl; (Q. 2, *"Vnice"*; Qq. 3–6, *"Onyx"* or *"Onixe"*); V. ii. 294.

Unkennel, discover, disclose; III. ii. 90.

Unlimited; "poem u.", *i. e.* (probably regardless of the Unities of Time and Place; II. ii. 432.

Unmaster'd, unbridled; I. iii. 32.

Unpregnant, unapt, indifferent to; II. ii. 616.

Unprevailing, unavailing, useless; I. ii. 107.

Unproportion'd, unsuitable; I. iii. 60.

Unreclaimed, untamed, wild; II. i. 34.

Unshaped, confused; IV. v. 8.

Unsifted, untried; I. iii. 102.

Unsinew'd, weak; IV. vii. 10.

Unsure, insecure; IV. iv. 51.

Unvalued, low born, mean; I. iii. 19.

Unwrung, not wrenched, ungalled; III. ii. 260.

Unyoke, your day's work is done; V. i. 60.

Up, "drink u." (used with intensive force); V. i. 308.

Upon; 'u. your hour,' *i. e.* on the stroke of, just at your hour; I. i. 6.

Upon my sword, *i. e.* Swear upon my sword, (the hilt being in form of a cross); I. v. 147.

Upshot, conclusion; V. ii. 406.

Up-spring, the wildest dance at the old German merry-makings; I. iv. 9.

Vailed lids, lowered eyelids; I. ii. 70.

Valanced, adorned with a beard; II. ii. 458.

Validity, value, worth; III. ii. 204.

Vantage; "of v.", from an advantageous position, or opportunity (Warburton); III. iii. 33.

Variable, various; IV. iii. 26.

Vast, void; (so Q. 1; Q. 2, F. 1, *'wast'*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *'waste'*); I. ii. 198.

Ventages, holes of the recorder; III. ii. 386.

Vice of kings, buffoon, clown of a king; alluding to the *Vice*, the comic character, of the old morality plays; III. iv. 98.

Videlicet, that is to say, namely; II. i. 61.

Vigor; "sudden v.", rapid power; I. v. 68.

Violet, emblem of faithfulness; IV. v. 187.

Virtue, power; IV. v. 157.

Visitation, visit; II. ii. 25.

Voice, vote, opinion; V. ii. 271.

Vouchers; "double v., his recoveries," "a recovery with *double voucher* is the one usually suffered, and is so denominated from *two* persons (the latter of whom is always the common cryer, or some such inferior person) being successively *vouched*, or called upon, to warrant the tenant's title" (Ritson); V. i. 119.

Wag, move; III. iv. 39.

Wake, hold nightly revel; I. iv. 8.

Wandering stars, planets; V. i. 288.

Wann'd, turned pale; II. ii. 601.

Wanton; effeminate weakling; V. ii. 321.

——, wantonly; III. iv. 183.

Wantonness, affectation; III. i. 154.

Warranty, warrant; V. i. 259.

Wash, sea; III. ii. 171.

Wassail, carousal, drinking bout; I. iv. 9.

Watch, state of sleeplessness; II. ii. 150.

Water-fly (applied to Osric); "a water-fly skips up and down upon the surface of the water without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler" (Johnson); V. ii. 84.

Waves, beckons; (Ff. *"wafts"*); I. iv. 68.

We; "and we," used loosely after conjunction instead of accusation of regard, *i. e.* "as for us;" I. iv. 54.

Weeds, robes; IV. vii. 81.

Well-took, well undertaken; II. ii. 83.

Wharf, bank; I. v. 33.

What, who; IV. vi. 1.

Wheel, the burden or refrain of a song, (or, perhaps, the spinning-wheel to which it may be sung); IV. v. 174.

Whether, (monosyllabic); II. ii. 17.

Which, who; IV. vii. 4.

Wholesome, reasonable, sensible; III. ii. 339.

Wildness, madness; III. i. 40.

Will; "virtue of his will," *i. e.* his virtuous intention; I. iii. 16.

Wind; "to recover the w. of me," a hunting term, meaning to get to windward of the game, so that it may not scent the toil or its pursuers; III. ii. 375.

Windlasses, winding, indirect ways; II. i. 65.

Winking; "given my heart a w.", closed the eyes of my heart; (Qq. 2–5, *"working"*); II. ii. 139.

Winnowed, (*vide* "Fond").

Wit, wisdom; II. ii. 90.

Withal, with; I. iii. 28.

Withdraw; "to w. with you," "to speak a word in private with you" (Schmidt); III. ii. 373.

Withers, the part between the shoulder-blades of a horse; III. ii. 260.

Within's, within this; III. ii. 140.

Wittenberg, the University of Wittenberg (founded 1502); I. ii. 113.

Wonder-wounded, struck with surprise; V. i. 289.

Woodcocks, birds supposed to be brainless; hence proverbial use; I. iii. 115.

Woo't, contraction of *wouldst thou;* V. i. 307.

Word, watch-word; I. v. 110.

Worlds; "both the w.", this world and the next; IV. v. 136.

Would, wish; I. ii. 235.

Woundless, invulnerable; IV. i. 44.

Wreck, ruin; II. i. 113.

Wretch, here used as a term of endearment; II. ii. 169.

Writ; "law of w. and liberty," probably a reference to the plays written with or without decorum, *i. e.* the supposed canons of dramatic art,= "classical" and "romantic" plays; (according to some,= "adhering to the text or extem-

porizing when need requires"); II. ii. 434.

YAUGHAN; "get thee to Y." (so F. 1; Q. 2, *"get thee in and"*); probably the name of a well-known keeper of an ale-house near the Globe, perhaps the Jew, "one Johan," alluded to in *Every Man out of his Humor;* V. iv.; V. i. 69.

YAW, stagger, move unsteadily; (a nautical term); V. ii. 122.

YEOMAN'S SERVICE, good service, such as the yeoman performed for his lord; (Qq. 2, 3, 4, *"yemans"*); V. ii. 36.

YESTY, foamy; V. ii. 206.

YORICK, the name of a jester, lamented by Hamlet; perhaps a corruption of the Scandinavian name Erick, or its English equivalent; (the passage possibly contains a tribute to the comic actor Tarlton); V. i. 206.

YOURSELF; "in y.", for yourself, personally; II. i. 71.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What was the story on which the outline plot of the play was based? Is the nature of the actual times of the story set forth in the play? To what period do the manners of the play belong?

2. What is the predominant nature of this tragedy?

3. Describe fully the character of Hamlet. Describe the condition of mind and feeling into which his circumstances have thrown him.

4. What is Hamlet's estimate of Polonius?

5. How does he treat the sycophancy of the courtiers? What does this tell of his character?

6. To whom alone does he show his true nature and mind?

7. Describe the character of Laertes. Does he seem an imperfectly constructed character, or is there something to explain or extenuate his final plot against Hamlet and to make it compatible with an originally noble nature?

8. What is the character of Claudius's penance? What impression is produced of his inner state of mind? Does he specifically express his feeling? Cite passages in explanation.

9. What seems to have been the root of Gertrude's behavior? What faults of nature are set forth in her?

10. Describe the experiences of mind and emotion that cause Ophelia's madness. What passages make the character of her love apparent?

11. How is the character of Horatio expressed? In

what passages are his qualities especially manifest? Cite Hamlet's expressions of feeling for him.

12. Does any important action of the plot hinge upon an element of Polonius's character? What element is it? Is this use of personal traits in the persons of his dramas characteristic of Shakespeare?

13. In what way is the Fortinbras and Norway situation important to the action?

14. What passages are characterized by particular technical excellence, beauty, and simplicity, throughout the play?

15. What causes Hamlet's delay of action against the king? What elements of the situation if thoroughly known to him, would have made restraint just and rational? What would it have bespoken of him, if he had acted on impulse of the Ghost's revelation? What does his restraint in this matter indicate regarding his character and state of mental control?

16. In what different ways does Hamlet's suffering lead him to express himself? How does his initial grief effect his relations in other directions? Explain the psychological impulse for such varying manifestations in the several cases.

17. What is the main difference in being overwrought in nerves and emotions and in being actually insane, even temporarily? Compare the final uncontrol of Laertes with the action of Hamlet throughout.

18. In applying their hypotheses and diagnoses might pathologists sometimes charge insanity even upon strong and sane men whose tenor of behavior is characterized by consistence and control, however overwrought they may be on occasions from strain of nerves and feeling? Do these overwrought states of nerves necessarily suppose or produce unbalance of a strong intellect. Apply your conclusion to Hamlet's case.

ACT I

19. What is the striking characteristic of scene i?

20. What is the dramatic value of the Ghost's reservation of its speech for Hamlet?

21. What lines bring out most the tragedy and pathos of Hamlet's feeling, in his speech with the Ghost of his father? What do they show of his character?

22. By what means do Hamlet's speeches to the king and queen convey the impression of the undercurrent of his feeling and his secret knowledge?

23. What is the dramatic effect of placing Horatio's tale of the Ghost's appearance immediately after Hamlet's soliloquy in scene ii?

24. What characteristics does Polonius display in his talk with Laertes?

25. Is it natural for Laertes to warn his sister against Hamlet's protestations of love? What lines of Laertes' make his warning compatible with respect for Hamlet?

26. What is the dramatic treatment of Hamlet's distraught state after his experience of grief and supernatural conference, in scene v?

27. Explain the psychology of his state of mind and feeling in this instance?

28. What is the general dramatic effect of the scenes in which the Ghost appears? What characterizes the preliminaries to the appearances?

ACT II

29. How does the character of Polonius further display itself in scene i?

30. What aspect of character is exhibited by Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in scene ii?

31. How does Hamlet's behavior help the impression that he is mad?

32. What is the technical distinction between the lines recited by Hamlet and the players as quotations,—and the lines of the characters in their proper persons?

33. Trace the dawning in Hamlet's mind of the suggestion for his use of the players.

34. What is the feature of Hamlet's final soliloquy in scene ii?

35. Why does he still doubt his suspicion of Claudius?

ACT III

36. To what state of mental distress has Hamlet arrived in scene i?

37. How is it reflected in his passage with Ophelia? Explain the emotional and intellectual process that could lead him to talk thus to Ophelia.

38. Cite the beauties of Ophelia's soliloquy after Hamlet leaves her. What state of feeling does it express?

39. Where does the impression of Claudius's fear of Hamlet begin? Why was it to his advantage to try to have Hamlet diverted?

40. What does Hamlet's talk with the players in scene ii make evident of the Poet's ideals of good acting?

41. Wherein is the pathos of Hamlet's choosing to sit near Ophelia during the enactment of the play in scene ii?

42. In what lines in this scene is the bitter irony of Hamlet's sentiment especially poignant?

43. Is it natural that the play-scene should produce the effect it does upon the king? Give your reasons.

44. What is the mood of Hamlet's talk with Horatio after the play?—Explain the mood and thought of it as carried over into the passage with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

45. What characterizes Hamlet's talk concerning his mother?—and to her, in their interview?

46. Does the passage between the Ghost and Hamlet voice Hamlet's own conflicting feelings about his mother? What constitutes the subtlety of Shakespeare's use of apparitions?

47. Is it clear whether or not Gertrude knew of the murder of her husband? Is there an effect gained by its

doubtfulness? How did the earlier versions of the play treat Gertrude's relation to the murder?

ACT IV

48. Why does the death of Polonius give the king further alarm?

49. Why was the King afraid to harm Hamlet openly?

50. What dramatic application is made of the information the Captain gives Hamlet in scene iv?

51. Why does Gertrude not want to see Ophelia?

52. What lines through Ophelia's mad scenes are reminiscent of her love and griefs? Describe the dramatic expression of her madness.

53. Characterize the spirit of Laertes' lines throughout his passage with the King. His expression of sentiment over Ophelia's madness.

54. Comment on the effect of the king's villainy upon Laertes.

ACT V

55. What constitutes the dramatic perfection of scene i in the process of its development?

56. How has the psychology of presentiment been employed for dramatic purpose in this act? Cite other instances.

57. To what specifically does Hamlet apply his figures in lines 60–62, scene ii?

58. Does Hamlet feel any foreboding concerning the sword play? What does Horatio urge? What is the nature of Hamlet's reasoning in reply?

59. What in the dramatic method gives the superbly convincing effect of fatality in the final resolution?

60. What is the climax and end of the play? What constitutes an anti-climax?

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